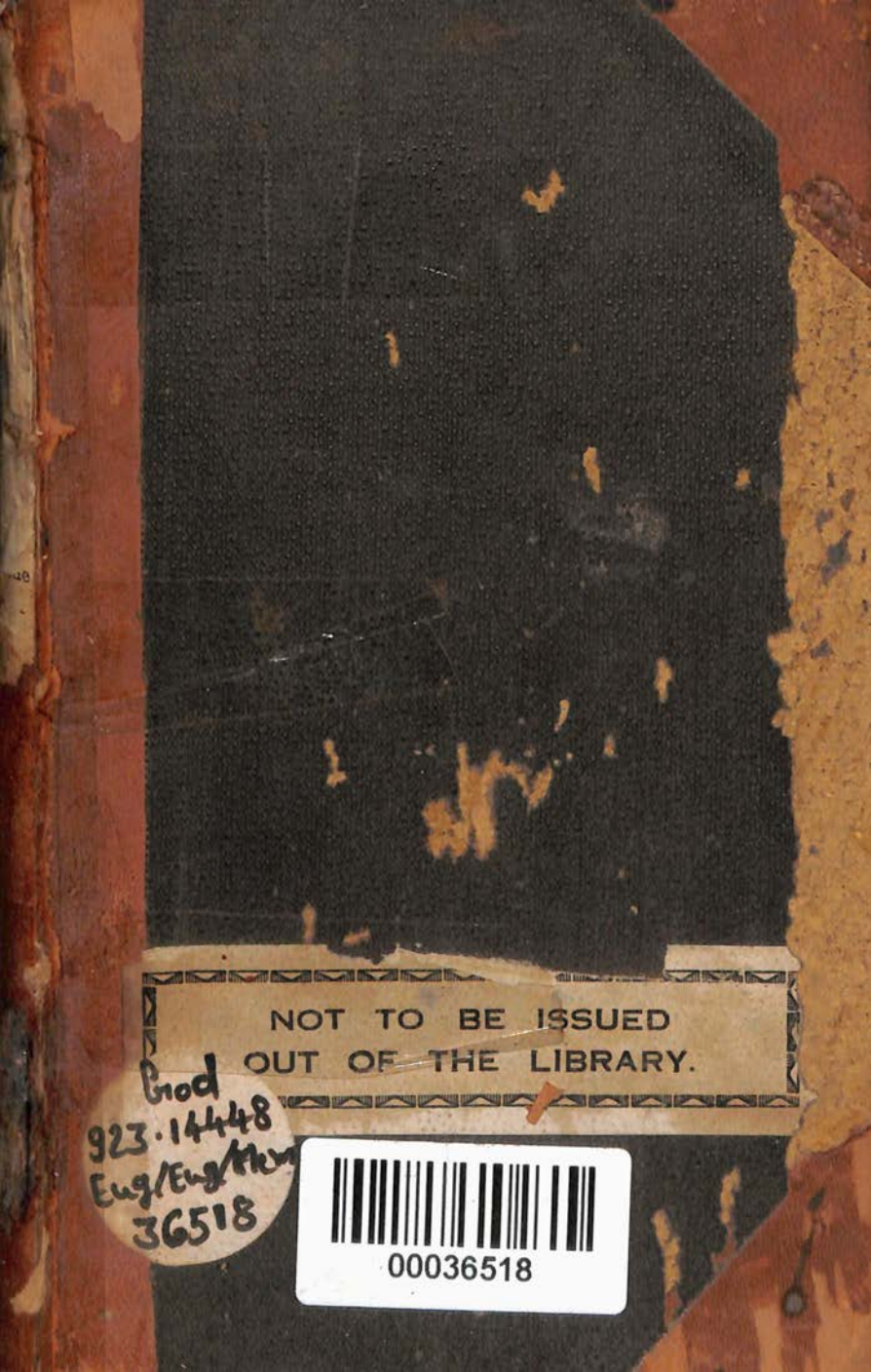
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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GENUINE FRENCH EDITION,

CONTAINING ALL THOSE PASSAGES WHICH HAVE SINCE BEEN SUPPRESSED BY ORDER OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT,

BY FREDERIC SHOBERL.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN,

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CONDUIT-STREET, NEW BOND-STREET.

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R. CLARKE, Printer, Will-Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE original of the work here presented to the public first appeared at Weymar, in 1809. It was afterwards reprinted at Paris, where considerable pains were taken to correct numerous errors in the names and punctuation, and it is from one of these improved copies that the present translation has been made. Another edition has since been published in France, but with the omission of various passages which probably appeared obnoxious to the government of that country. All these passages will be found in the following sheets, which the reader may be assured contain a faithful version of the entire work, without abridgment or mutilation.

On the merits of this singular production of a man, whose history for a long period is interwoven with that of all Europe, it is unnecessary to offer any comment, after the opinion which has been given by the ablest of our critical Reviewers. "We are admitted, in these memoirs," says the Edinburgh Review*, "into the confidence of a statesman and hero, with whose life a very important period of our history is closely connected. We are instructed by the candid recitals of a powerful mind, viewing every object in a great and masterly style; disclosing the most secret causes of events; simplifying the apparent mysteries of Court intrigues; doing justice to neglected or injured merit; and throwing the broad light of genius over the obscurest parts of his career.

"We are particularly struck, in this work, with the candor and warmth of heart displayed by Prince Eugene, in speaking of the French generals to whom he was opposed, and by the simplicity with which he relates his own actions, as well as the severity with which he judges his own mistakes. It is in this respect, perhaps, that we feel the strongest and the most humiliating contrast to the habits of modern times, when, instead of this chivalrous tone of magnanimity, modesty, and candor, we meet with no-

* No. XXXIII. p. 40.

thing, even in the narratives of great commanders, but specimens of that vulgar, boasting, and degrading rancor, which used to be the characteristic of the lowest of the people. Of his friends and colleagues the Prince generally writes, or rather speaks, with enthusiasm: for he appears to have dictated the greater part of the book to a secretary, in consequence of which, perhaps, it has all the ease and poignancy of private consideration. We consider it, indeed, as a treasure of anecdote.

"The work bears internal marks of authenticity. It is written with great brevity, great carelessness, and great vivacity—in a tone of levity and occasional hardheartedness, that marks the man of the world—and with so much of the gay, familiar, and sarcastic manner of the genuine French wits, as frequently to remind us of the brilliant Memoires de Grammont."

It may not be amiss to remark that the publisher has spared no pains to render this work worthy of a place in every library. The portrait of the illustrious author, and the fac-simile of his hand-writing, cannot fail to prove a pleasing accompaniment.

The present edition, after the rapid sale of the first, is presented to the public with new and still stronger claims to patronage. The Introduction, containing an account of the family of Prince Eugene, and an historical sketch of the circumstances under which he commenced his glorious career, together with copious notes, collected with considerable labor, will, it is presumed, prove highly acceptable to every class of readers, and in particular to the soldier and politician. The researches undertaken for this purpose also afforded the means of correcting numerous errors, chiefly in the names of persons and places, which had not previously been detected; so that to the recommendations of this edition it adds the merit of superior accuracy to any of its predecessors in any language.

PREFACE

TO THE WEYMAR EDITION.

WHOEVER has been acquainted with Vienna must know that the Count de Canales resided in that city, near thirty years, as the minister of the King of Sardinia. One of his daughters is there married to the Count de Harde[illegible]g, grand-huntsman, and one or two others are canonesses. In the interval which followed the death of Prince Eugene, and preceding the coming of the Count de Canales, the prince's niece and heiress, married to the Prince of Hildburghausen, possessed an excellent house, and kept a kind of little court in the prince's garden, now known by the appellation of the Belvidere. There the Count de Canales was introduced the day after his arrival; she soon became attached to him, not only as the minister of the king, her cousin, but also as a very agreeable and

well-informed man. The Memoirs of Prince Eugene were yet fresh; he circulated in society many of the expressions, sarcasms, and anecdotes contained in them.

The Count de Canales was a great collector. An editor of that class who at the present day impose upon the living pretended relics of the dead, would have abundant opportunity to make the latter say whatever he pleased. I know not whether the Count de Canales committed to writing what he learned from very recent tradition; but nothing of the sort was found among his papers. It was among those of another person, that what is here presented to the public was discovered, and in the following manner.

The Princess of Hildburghausen, after relating a great deal concerning her uncle, said to him:—"As to his military transactions, you must excuse me: but here is a short sketch of them, written partly by the hand of the prince himself, between his last campaign and his death. Do not keep it; read it with attention, and then return it to me."

I imagine that the Count de Canales was in no great hurry; at least so much is certain that the manuscript was still in his hands when the princess died, I believe in 1752 or 1753.

It was not thought of for a great length of time. Count O'Donel, general of cavalry, and uncle, after the fashion of Bretagne, to the Count O'Donel, who is at present at Vienna, told me that he had read it.

For upwards of twenty years the Count de Canales passed all his evenings with the celebrated Metastasio and the Baron de Hagen, who died president of the Aulic Council, seven or eight years ago. Sometimes the graver classics were the subjects of their conversation; sometimes they culled the lighter beauties of the language and literature of every nation.

The Abbé Guasco, a friend of Montesquieu's, was admitted as a Piedmontese and a man of letters to the evening parties of the Count de Canales, whenever he returned from Paris or Tournay, where he had a canonry.

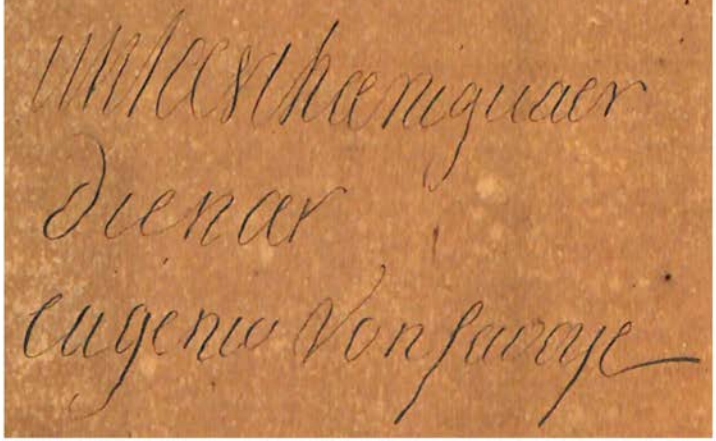
One day when all four were on the subject of history, Prince Eugene happened to be mentioned. "Here," said the Count de Canales, "is what I have collected respecting his private and military life; you shall hear it, but you must not carry it away. I will not give you the prince in *robe de chambre;* but I am desirous to shew him to you in helmet and armour," continued he, turning to the Abbé de Guasco, "for the instruction of your brother: he ought to study him; he will have occasion for it, since he has just been appointed quarter-master general of Marshal Daun's army."—This conversation must consequently have taken place in the month of February, 1757.

Many people still living can attest the accuracy of what I am advancing, and especially that of the dates, on which point I am particularly scrupulous. To one I venture to appeal, if he be yet alive, as I hope, for two years ago he was recovering from a severe illness at Moron, a small town in Tyrol, whither, driven from Italy, I, unhappy emigrant, repaired with my slender baggage. Should he be dead,

his daughter is not; she was promised the appointment of canoness at Halle. She will not refuse to certify the truth of what I say; for she was present at my conversations with her venerable father, aged ninety-two, M. de Ferraris, major on half-pay, formerly aid-de-camp to the Count de Guasco, general of infantry.

The reader will begin to trace the descent of the work which I have printed, and to perceive in what manner it has found its way before the public. Want of money on my part, the curiosity of an old soldier, gratitude for my attentions on his part, and the indifference of a dying man to all that is passing around him: this it was that procured me this magnificent present, which he made me with a voice scarcely audible. Besides, nothing was to be sold in a little town of the Tyrol; there are no buyers. The kind M. de Ferraris gave or suffered those around him to take what they pleased. Some of his old friends, half-pay officers like himself, took possession of his books; an Austrian general employed at Inspruck of his maps; and I, though I

never expect to have armies to command, fell upon a manuscript whose title rendered it valuable to me. The letters are made long and narrow in this manuscript, the authenticity of which may be ascertained by comparing it with the Prince's signature at the Aulic Council of war, at Vienna, of which a copy is subjoined. It is very remarkable that the German character and orthography were both unknown to him, and that he signed his name in three different languages. It was in this manner, which I defy any person whatsoever to disprove.



For the rest, it is only the conversations which he had with different persons, the reflections, and the last year that are in his own hand writing. He appears to have dictated the rest to a secretary.

This Major Ferraris was a man of great merit; he possessed the confidence of his general, whose dangers he shared, and whose operations he seconded at the siege of Schweidnitz in 1762. He contributed the more towards it, as he frequently reconciled the differences that took place between M. de Guasco and M. de Gribeauval, a celebrated French engineer—differences which invariably occur between officers whose authority is not accurately determined; and he inherited all the plans and books belonging to his general; on his death as a prisoner, a year or two afterwards I believe, at Königsberg. Having become possessed of this manuscript, I put it into the hands of George Conrad Waldburg, printer and bookseller at Klagenfurt, where the curious may examine the handwriting of Prince Eugene, and thus have an

opportunity of ascertaining its authenticity. The following is a copy of his acknowledgment of the receipt of this valuable manuscript.

"I acknowledge with gratitude that Monsieur N...., a French emigrant officer, has put this manuscript of Prince Eúgene's into my possession.

"GEORGE CONRAD WALDBURG.

"Klagenfurt, January 1st, 1807."

I know not whether some person in the chancery of the prince might not possibly have taken a copy of this excellent work, which may have furnished the outline of the history reprinted at Vienna, by Briffaut, in 1777. I cannot tell what the author meant by this expression: "I had an opportunity to avail myself of what was written by Prince Eugene in the German language." Did he intend to assert or to make people believe that the prince wrote in German? I have shewn above that he was not sufficiently acquainted

with the language for that. I think it was a Monsieur Lazzay, or a Monsieur Rousset, who was the author or printer of a history in five volumes.

In the style of the prince will be found a military air, which well accords with his physiognomy and his actions: Another proof of the authenticity of this manuscript is the garrulity of age which it exhibits; repetitions which a professed author would have avoided, negligences which a man of letters would not have committed; in a word, there is no part of it but what betrays the military man. The tone which pervades it would be ill adapted to any other character, but may be allowed in a soldier, whose style is not always excellent, and sometimes too familiar. That of the prince, such as it is, is clear and concise; so he was also in conversation, as I have been told by the Prussian General Lentulus, who retired to Neufchatel, where he died at a very advanced age. He had served under him in his last campaign on the Rhine, whither he had accompanied the great Frederic, then

prince royal. Here is abundance of facts, dates, and names, which may be confronted; my name alone shall not be made public.

INTRODUCTION.

In relating the parentage of the author and hero of these Memoirs, it would be unnecessary to go back to the origin of the ancient house of Savoy, from which he sprung. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to observe that Charles Emanuel, surnamed the Great, Duke of Savoy, married Catherine of Austria, daughter of Philip II. of Spain, by whom he had several children, among whom were four sons: Philip Emanuel, who died an infant; Victor Amedæus, his successor; Emanuel Philibert, viceroy of Naples: Maurice, who was first a cardinal, but renounced the ecclesiastical condition to marry his niece, of whom he became enamored; and Thomas Francis, founder of the branch of Carignan. The latter went to France, where he married Mary de Bourbon, daughter of Charles, Count of Soissons, who was killed at the battle of Sedan, in 1641. This lady, who was of the blood-royal of France, brought him the county of Soissons, which title he assumed. By this union he had three sons, Philibert Emanuel, Prince of Carignan; Joseph Emanuel, Count of Soissons; and Eugene Maurice, who on the death of the preceding assumed his title, and having married Olympia Mancini, one of the nieces of the celebrated Cardinal Mazarine, had by her three daughters and four sons, the youngest of whom, Francis Eugene, was born October the 18th, 1663.

Cardinal Mazarine, it is well-known, had elevated himself to the high situation of prime minister, du-

ring the minority of Louis XIV. and the regency of his mother, Anne of Austria. The Cardinal, a native of Italy, sent to that country for his two sisters, who were widows, the one with two daughters, and the other with five. These he introduced at the French court, when the young monarch began to approach the years of manhood; and as his ambition was equal to his avarice, he probably hoped that some one of them might so far captivate the heart of the inexperienced Louis, then only seventeen years old, as to induce him in time to make her the partner of his throne. The eldest of the Mancinis was soon married to the Duke de Mercœur, and Louis, from associating chiefly with these ladies, began to cast his eyes on the next sister, then only eighteen. According to Madame de Motteville, she was far from being a perfect beauty. Her eyes were full of fire, and though her face was not very lovely, yet her youth made amends for that. She was inclining to be fat, her complexion was very fair, and her face long, but she had fascinating dimples in her cheeks, which were very pretty, as was also her mouth, which was very small. She had delicate hands, and in short, the magnificence of her dress, and her wit, made her a very fine young lady, though far inferior in that respect to her sister; but she pleased the king best, and was an accomplished beauty in his eyes, though not in those of other people. He saw her often, till it was feared that this connection, notwithstanding his youth, would at last induce him to do her a greater honor than was becoming, or she could pretend to. With this lady the king continued for some time to amuse himself, but shewed no signs of a passion for her; yet his partiality to her company procured her great honors, and considerable advantages at court. The king always danced with her; she had the preference on all occasions where a monarch's favor can

be shewn; and it seemed as if all the balls, diversions, and entertainments were given only to divert and please this lady.

She had, however, penetration enough to perceive that the king's love for her was only an amusement; and she was not pleased to see that her uncle the cardinal, so far from studying her individual interest, made no other use of her than to keep up his influence with the king, and aggrandize his family. The attentions of the young monarch declined; his roving desires began to be transferred to other objects, and among the rest to a younger sister of Mademoiselle Mancini, who, in the sequel, gained such power over him, that very serious consequences were justly apprehended. In this situation, Olympia, without wholly renouncing her claim upon Louis's affections, resolved to procure herself a solid establishment, and accordingly gave her hand to Eugene Maurice, of Savoy, Count of Soissons, who combined with his illustrious descent, the character of a truly honorable man, and an excellent husband.

The king, we are told, saw this marriage solemnized without the least concern, and from this indifference, it is fair to infer, that his passion was not very violent, and that many who had feared otherwise were mistaken. The Queen-mother indeed had always declared that it was ridiculous to imagine that her son could do any thing derogatory to his dignity, that she could answer for the integrity of the Cardinal's intentions, and there was nothing to fear from Mademoiselle Mancini's ambition. One day, says Madame de Motteville, after the marriage was agreed upon, the queen seeing Cardinal Mazarine and the Princess of Carignan talking together of this affair, said to me: Did I not tell you right, that

there was nothing to be apprehended from the king's passion for Madame de Mancini?—These facts prove at least how extensive must have been her influence over the youthful monarch.

The Count of Soissons was too complaisant a courtier and a husband to take umbrage at the visits which the king continued to pay to his wife, notwithstanding his own marriage to the infanta of Spain. The countess was appointed superintendant of the queen's household, and as such had apartments assigned her in the Tuileries. Here she reigned, says the Duke de St. Simon, after the death of her uncle, and here she maintained her empire by a relic of the cardinal's munificence, and still more by her genius and her address. Her residence had become the rendezvous of a very select party of the most distinguished persons of both sexes, which made it the focus of the gallantry of the court, of intrigues and ambitious projects, over which relatio ship had considerable influence: and the countess was then as much courted, caressed, and respected, as she was afterwards neglected and forgotten. It was this brilliant company that the king at first frequented, and here he acquired that polish, and air of gallantry which he ever afterwards retained; but the adventures and intrigues which, though a monarch, he here met with, produced impressions that were too strong for him, and proved eventually pernicious. Nothing, says the same writer, in another place, was equal to the splendor of the Countess of Soissons, from whom the king never stirred either before or after his marriage, till the fear of being obliged to share her empire with his mistresses involved her in a silly affair which occasioned her to be banished with Vardes and the Count de Guiche.

The Duke of Orleans, the only brother of Louis

XIV. had married the Princess Henrietta, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I of England. The king, who had despised her a few years before on account of her youth, felt such a partiality for her when she had become his sister-in-law, that he was seldom out of her company; and as he kept his court sometimes at her house, and sometimes at that of the Countess of Soissons, this led to an intimacy between those ladies. About this time a quarrel between the Countess and the Duchess de Navailles, lady of honor to the queen, concerning the rights of their respective offices, set the whole court of France in a flame. The matter in dispute being referred to the king, was by him decided in favor of the latter. Such was the resentment of the countess on this occasion, that she prevailed on the count to send a challenge to the duke, who, partly from religious motives, partly from gratitude for the favors conferred on him by Cardinal Mazarin, refused to fight the husband of his niece. The consequence was, that the count was banished from the court.

Nevertheless, as we are told by Madame de Motteville, the Countess of Soissons redoubled her efforts to regain the king's affections, and she and the Duchess of Orleans became his constant companions. They engaged by day in an incessant round of pleasures and entertainments, and took excursions by night in the woods of Fontainebleau, frequently not returning till two or three o'clock in the morning. The Queen-mother, grieved at this disregard of all decorum, remonstrated on the subject with the king and her daughter-in-law, with whom, however, her admonitions had very little weight. But what maternal authority was not able to effect, was accomplished by a new passion which began to inflame the fickle heart of the king.

Among Madame's ladies of honor, whom the king had frequent opportunities of seeing in his visits to her, was Mademoiselle de la Valliére, who, according to some writers of that period, was purposely thrown in his way by the duchess and the Countess of Soissons, to prevent the scandal of a suspected amour with his sister-in-law. According to others, however, his attentions, which those two ladies attributed to themselves, were in reality paid to la Valliére, for a considerable time before the true object was discovered. Thus, if he ordered entertainments, tournaments, ballets; if, anxious to shine, he himself performed a part in them, they knew not that it was for the purpose of gaining a look of approbation from a humble female in their train. If they always found him gallant and sprightly in their company, if he took delight in saying agreeable things to all the young ladies in their circle, they knew not that it was with a view to get without suspicion at the object of his attachment, who saw through the artifice. When he distributed among la Valliére's companions sometimes ribbons, feathers, handsome trinkets, at others, lace, diamonds, and costly finery, the princess and countess had no idea that it was for the purpose of making her accept some valuable present which he had the art to allot to her, as if by accident, and which she would not have taken had she not been emboldened by the example of the others.

On discovering that la Valliére had robbed her of her remaining favor with the king, ambition, love, and jealousy, divided the soul of the Countess of Soissons. She set up a rival to the new mistress, in the person of Mademoiselle de la Mothe Houdancourt, one of the queen's maids of honor, whom he visited at the house of the countess, and she neglected no opportunity of insulting the new favorite. The latter hav-

ing one day passed the lady who was thus destined to supplant her in the king's affections without saluting her, the countess said aloud to Madame de Ventadour: "I knew perfectly well that Valliére was a cripple, but I never knew till now that she was blind." La Valliére complained to the king, who forbade the countess to appear at the Louvre. "We shall at least know," observed the exasperated countess, "whom we are to adore; and the king must either renounce la Valliére, or disgrace that scrupulous creature by a public avowal."

Louis, says Mad. de Motteville, was in the habit of going into the apartment of the maids of honor, and when the duchess de Navailles, the lady of honor, forbade him this liberty, he used to converse with Mademoiselle de la Mothe Houdancourt through a hole in the wainscot partition. The duchess having received information that men, who from their appearance could not be suspected of being robbers, had been seen at night going along the gutters of the roof, by which such adventurers might gain access to the chambers of the maids of honor, her zeal on this occasion was so great, that without taking time to consider of a method which might with less noise prevent what she feared, she immediately ordered those passages to be stopped with iron grates. Of this circumstance the Countess of Soissons did not fail to avail herself, and with a view of recovering her influence over the king, as well as to revenge herself of her old enemy the Duchess of Navailles, she gave every possible encouragement to this new amour, and took the greatest pains to enrage him against the grates, which she said were made more to contradict and affront him, than out of any scruple of conscience. Louis had, nevertheless, sufficient command of himself not to shew all his resentment on the subject of the grates; he concealed his vexa-

tion under an air of raillery and scorn, but did not forget them, as his vengeance against those who had presumed to oppose him afterwards demonstrated.

The intimacy between Madame and the Countess of Soissons still subsisted, and they drew into their society all the courtiers of both sexes, most distinguished for gallantry. Among the men were the Count de Guiche, son of the Marquis of Grammont, and Du Bec Crepin, Marquis de Vardes, the former attached to Madame, the latter to the Countess of Soissons, both of whom it was said made an adequate return. Louis still took delight in their company, but he visited them less frequently since la Valliére, who shunned the great world, kept him by her side. Irritated at being thus deprived of the king, they resolved at least to part her from him. To accomplish this design, they contrived a scheme to make the young queen acquainted with the infidelity of her husband; under the idea that she would not fail to complain of it to the queen-mother, that both of them would harass the king on account of it, and that Louis would either dismiss la Valliére to obtain quietness, or that she, ashamed of causing discord among the royal family, vexed at the mortifications which she would have to endure, would withdraw of herself, and then the king would return to their society. This plan being agreed upon, de Vardes composed a letter, as if written by the King of Spain to his daughter, and de Guiche translated it into Spanish. The Countess of Soissons furnished the cover of a letter which had really come from Spain, and which she had picked up for the purpose in the queen's apartment. She likewise undertook to put it in such a place that it could not help falling into the hands of that princess; but whether from these measures being awkwardly executed, or from some inevitable accident, the packet was found by

Molina, the queen's chief waiting woman. Surprized at such a discovery, she examined it, and perceiving something suspicious, particularly in the seal, carried it to the king, without shewing it to her mistress. The astonishment of his majesty may easily be conceived; he took a survey of his whole court, and considered who could have been the author of this trick. Being unable to fix upon any individual, he called Vardes, a man of sound understanding, and who possessed his confidence, and began again the same examination together with him. This lover of the Countess of Soissons, as had been previously agreed, at first hesitated, and at length threw out some suspicions against Mad. de Navailles. "Recollect," said the treacherous confidant to the king, "that this woman has never ceased to oppose the inclinations of your Majesty. Have you not remarked that she affects an exclusive attachment to the queen? that when her majesty is dejected, the queen-mother and Mad. de Navailles look at each other with gestures expressive of compassion, that they appear to invite her to ease her heart by relating to them the subject of her grief, and that it seems as if the secret were a burden to themselves? I will even confess, that lately, when the countess spoke by your order to the queen to quiet her respecting Madame de la Valliére, she found her better informed than she imagined. Whence can she obtain her intelligence except from the lady of honor, who never leaves her? And then, who could have furnished the cover except herself, as she has constan and daily access to the queen's apartments? As to the letter, nothing is more easy than to get it written and translated into Spanish, which plenty of people about the court are capable of doing." The king, who cherished a secret resentment against the lady of honor, was neither difficult of persuasion, nor slow to punish. Regardless of the entreaties of his mo-

ther, whom he thought mistaken or suspected of connivance, he deprived the Duke and Duchess of Navailles of all their employments, and banished them to their estates.

This treachery, however, went not long unpunished. Numberless intrigues were formed in the company of those with whom it originated. Madame having shewn rather too marked a kindness for the Count de Guiche, the Duke of Orleans, her husband, was made jealous of her, for he would never have been so of himself. He required that his supposed rival should leave the kingdom. During his absence, Vardes, whom he had entrusted to watch over his interests with madame, endeavoured to supplant him with that princess, who would not listen to him. Exasperated at her refusal, he behaved with insolence to the duchess; she complained of his treatment to the king, who sent him to the Bastille. The Countess of Soissons, exasperated against madame, for depriving her of a man to whom she was so much attached, on his release encouraged him anew to defy the princess. She threatened to acquaint the king with all that had passed, and madame fearing the execution of these menaces, was before-hand with her, and informed his majesty of all the circumstances respecting the mysterious letter. The king forgave the part she had taken in that affair, on account of her candor, but on the 13th of March, 1665, the Count and Countess of Soissons, notwithstanding the king's former friendship for her, received an order to leave the court.

Some time after this the countess made her peace with the offended monarch, and obtained permission to return to Paris, on condition of her resigning the office of superintendant of the queen's household, which Louis gave to a new favorite, Madame de Mon-

tespan. She now found herself in a very different sphere from that in which she had formerly moved. In 1673, the Count of Soissons, then serving in the army of Germany, died very suddenly, and in 1680 the countess was involved in a new disgrace. The unbounded licentiousness authorized by the example of the monarch and his court, produced a species of crime, which struck terror into France, and filled all Europe with astonishment and horror. The use of poison as the instrument of vengeance or avarice began to be introduced. Louvois by his innovations was at declared enmity with the most distinguished of the nobility. He was not afraid of open attacks, but apprehended the secret machinations of their hatred. The affair of the Countess de Brinvilliers, a lady of a good family, young and beautiful, who poisoned friends, relations, servants, husband and father, and suffered the punishment due to such atrocities in 1676, excited a great sensation; especially as she was spared the torture and flattered till the last moment with the hope of pardon to prevent her making discoveries. A still stronger sensation was excited in 1680, by the trial of la Vigoureux and Voisin, two women who laid claim to the art of sorcery and predicting future events, who sold essences, pomatums, as well as the most subtle and virulent poisons to women tired of their husbands, and to children desirous of getting rid of their parents. The common people consulted them as fortune-tellers, and the courtiers in the character of poisoners. At first they practiced their arts without much noise. Thirst of gain, or the hope of being skreened by the number of their accomplices, rendered them bolder and bolder, till they at length sold their drugs publicly and without any precaution. Madame de Montespan was afraid of poison, and Louvois of sorcery; and the King yielding to their importunities established the Chambre Ardente,

as it was called, in the arsenal, for the express purpose of taking cognizance of offences connected with those subjects. Among the accused was the Marshal de Luxembourg, who like many others was confined for several months in the Bastille, and the Countess of Soissons. The latter fled to the Netherlands, where, according to report, she was denied admittance into several towns, the magistrates of which informed her that they wanted no poisoners within their walls. At length, however, she found a refuge at Brussels. I have been the more particular in detailing the circumstances attending the last removal of the countess from Paris, to enable the reader to judge of the degree of credit which should be attached to what follows.

From Flanders she went to Spain. Her motives in so doing it was impossible to guess; for in that country foreign princes had no rank, and it could not but prove a great mortification to a woman who had moved in so exalted a sphere in France, to doom herself to live in a place where she could not appear in public with distinction. The queen, a niece of Louis XIV. who had not consented to the match without reluctance, nevertheless lived more happily than she had expected. She had gained the esteem and affection of her husband to such a degree, that the Court of Vienna began to be apprehensive lest she should acquire sufficient influence to detach him from the interests of the emperor. Count Mansfeld was then the imperial ambassador at Madrid: with him the Countess of Soissons on her arrival contracted an intimacy. The queen, ardently attached to France, had a strong desire to see her; but the king, who had heard enough of this lady, and received warning from all quarters that a design had been formed to poison the queen, could not without the greatest difficulty be prevailed upon to consent to the

so much desired interviews. Nevertheless, repeated importunities at length extorted the permission that the countess might sometimes come after dinner by a private staircase to see her, but in the king's presence. By degrees her visits grew more frequent, though they always excited repugnance and suspicion in her husband; so that he begged the queen as a particular favor, never to take any thing presented to her by the countess till he had first tasted it, as he will knew that there could be no intention of poisoning him.—Milk is a rarity at Madrid. One day, the weather being very hot, the queen wished for some. The countess, who had by degrees begun to be left alone with her, said she knew where excellent milk was to be had, and promised to bring her some in an ice. It is asserted that it was prepared at Count Mansfeld's. The countess carried it to the queen, who had no sooner swallowed it, than she was taken extremely ill. Amidst the bustle occasioned by this accident, the countess slipped away from the palace, returned to her house, where her most valuable effects were ready packed, and left Madrid. The king sent after her; but her measures were so well concerted, that his messengers could not overtake her. The queen died suddenly like her mother, and was much regretted in Spain, as Henrietta was in France. The countess fled to Germany, where she lived in great obscurity. Mansfeld, on the contrary, was recalled, and invested with the highest offices at the Court of Vienna. When Charles II. afterwards married a German princess, the countess obtained permission to return to Flanders. She again fixed her residence at Brussels. How far from enviable was then the situation of this lady, who had been mistress to the greatest monarch of Europe, may be inferred from the following fact, recorded by Dangeau. "On the 15th of March, 1695," says he, "the Countess of

Soissons, reduced, as it were, to beggary, applied to the Duke of Mazarine, who sent her two thousand francs." She died, we are told by Anquetil, at Brussels, forsaken by all, poor, and universally despised, and even very little noticed by the Prince Eugene, her son.

Such were the principal features in the life of the Countess of Soissons, a knowledge of which will serve to elucidate certain expressions in these Memoirs, that might not otherwise be understood by the generality of readers. Let us now proceed to give a brief sketch of the early years of her celebrated son.

In France, as elsewhere, it was commonly the lot of younger children to be destined for the church. Scarcely had Eugene attained the age of seven years, when he had two abbies given him, both situated in Piedmont, near Turin. Though he displayed an excellent capacity for study, it soon appeared that the condition for which he was designed was by no means suited to his inclination. At a very early age he took delight in hearing of battles and sieges, and his eyes sparkled with joy at the sound of the trumpet or the drum. The death of his father, when he was about ten years old, made no change in the progress of his education; though it made a great alteration in his mother's circumstances, by the loss of his salary as governor of Champagne. The disgrace of his mother, which followed some time afterwards, completely deranged the affairs of his family. The court of France, however, continued a pension to Prince Eugene, that he might appear according to his rank. He went by the name of the Abbé de Savoye, and the king jocosely called him *the Little Abbé*. His martial inclination grew stronger with his years. The appellation of Abbé

had become hateful to him, because it was an obstacle to his military ardor; and as soon as he was emancipated from the superintendence of a tutor, he requested permission of the king to resign the ecclesiastical dignities which he had been pleased to confer on him, and to give him a commission in his army, in which he might serve him much more usefully. Louis refused his request, either for the reasons assigned by the prince in his preface, or on account of want of interest at court since his father's death and his mother's disgrace; or the hatred of Louvois, occasioned by the natural pride of the prince, which would not allow him to cringe before that minister. Exasperated at this refusal, Eugene protested before some of his friends that he would enter into the service of some other power, and would never return to France but as a conqueror. While awaiting an opportunity to put these threats and this design into execution, he continued to learn all the exercises befitting a prince destined for the military profession. His highness made a rapid progress both in those of the body and mind; and there was nothing but what his application and military bias rendered easy to him. At length arrived the day which called him to the commencement of his brilliant career.

Leopold, Emperor of Germany, was engaged in a war with the Turks. The severity with which the Court of Vienna had treated Count Stephen Tekeli had lost it the affection of all the Hungarian nobles. The count was a man of high rank in his country, and his great wealth contributed in no small degree to his misfortunes. Troops were sent to take possession of the Castle of Kus, in which Tekeli had shut himself up. Scarcely had the imperialists begun the attack, when the count died so suddenly as to excite suspicions that his

death was not a natural one. His son Emeric, only fifteen years old, fled to another castle, whither he was pursued by the imperialists; at length he escaped to Transylvania. The property left by his father was confiscated, and his estates were laid waste. Young Tekeli, on his arrival in Transylvania, contrived to insinuate himself so far into the good graces of Prince Abaffi, as to prevail on him to assist the malcontents in Hungary against the vexations of the imperialists. Abaffi sent for this purpose an army of twelve thousand men, and appointed Tekeli commander in chief. Inflamed with the desire of revenge, the youthful general made a rapid progress. He penetrated into Lower Hungary and laid siege to Gran. The Turks, under the pretext of supporting the malcontents, likewise took the field. The war continued for some time, after which a truce was concluded between the imperialists and malcontents. Fresh misunderstandings arose; the Turks again flew to arms, and promised Tekeli the sovereignty of the principality of Transylvania, after the death of Abaffi, if he would recommence hostilities. Tekeli, impelled as much by ambition as by revenge, agreed to the proposal. The malcontents on their part engaged to pay the Grand Signor eighty thousand crowns a year, provided he would send them powerful succours. The war was renewed in August, 1681. Tekeli with his forces joined the Turks, who overran all Hungary, and at length proceeded to lay siege to Vienna. On this occasion volunteers hastened from all parts of Christendom to commence their military career in the army under the Duke of Lorraine, who finding himself too weak to oppose the infidels, had taken a position near Vienna. Among these volunteers was Prince Eugene of Savoy.

Having thus conducted the prince to the point at which he commences his memoirs, I should here leave him to speak for himself, did not the very brief and indeed unconnected manner in which he has described the state of affairs on his entering into the Austrian service, lead me to believe a concise account of some of the events of the memorable siege of Vienna, and the treatment experienced by the hero, to whom its deliverance was principally owing, would be acceptable to many of the readers of this work.

Among the princes of Christendom, who, from their vicinity to the theatre of operations, were most alarmed at the rapid progress of the Turks, was John Sobiesky, King of Poland. This monarch, who had already proved himself a formidable foe to the Infidels, had by treaty with the emperor engaged to march in person with his whole army to his assistance, in case of his being attacked by the Turks, and Leopold, if occasion required, was to render the same service to his Polish majesty. Agreeably to this engagement, the latter sent an envoy to the emperor, to inform him that he was ready to succour him with all his forces. Leopold probably thought the danger less imminent than it was, or had no wish to bring into his dominions a king and army so strong as the Polish. His imperial majesty therefore received with coldness the obliging offers of his ally. Piqued at this treatment, Sobiesky dispatched a courier to France, to acquaint Lous XIV. that if he would confer the ducal title on his father-in-law, the Marquis of Arquien, he would not only refuse assistance to the emperor, but would join his forces to those of France to make any diversion he might think fit in Germany.

Meanwhile the grand vizir suddenly advanced to

Vienna. The Duke of Lorraine judiciously retired with his infantry to the Island of Schultz; and Leopold precipitately left Vienna, in a manner which very much resembled a disgraceful flight. The ambassador from the emperor to his Polish majesty and the papal nuncio then threw themselves at Sobiesky's feet, and besought him to save the empire and christendom. The king gave them but little hopes; the siege of Vienna was formed, and there was no appearance of relief. At length his courier returned from France, bringing nothing but thanks for his offers, and a refusal of the favor which he had solicited; which so irritated Sobiesky, that he immediately set out for Vienna, at the head of fifteen thousand well appointed cavalry, and the flower of the Polish nobility. In a few days he arrived on the heights of Closterberg, where he was invested with the chief command of all the troops destined to act against the Turks.

The king on the day of his arrival went with the principal leaders of the allied troops to reconnoitre the grand vizir's camp, the Turkish army and the works of the besiegers. Having looked at them for a short time with his glass, he observed:—"The fellow is badly encamped; I know him well; he is a presumptuous blockhead; we shall get no honor in this affair, the victory will be so easily gained. Those rascals will not expect me." Then turning to the Duke of Lorraine: "Sir," said he, "only take the trouble to order two small pieces of cannon to be to-morrow at day-break on the spot where we stand, and depend upon it, you will see a pretty bustle." His desire was complied with, and soon after sun-rise he ordered one of them to fire upon the great tent in the grand vizir's quarters. Taking his glass, he said: "I see him coming out of his tent." He ordered another shot to be fired in the same direction. "Now," said the king, "I see him

going in again. He then directed the firing to be kept up without intermission. "And now," said he, "I see him mounting his horse; let us go down without losing a moment." Having ordered the cannon to continue playing, he put himself at the head of his troops, and marched straightway to the grand vizir's tents. The first guards of the Turks made a tolerable resistance; but the the grand vizir's quarters, with his tents and baggage, were abandoned. In his tent was found a Pole, with his hands tied and prepared for death. He was soon recognized to be the Chevalier Trosky, his Polish majesty's envoy to the Porte, whom the grand vizir had taken with him to serve, he said, as an hostage for the conduct of his master, having frequently declared that he would order his head to be cut off, if his countrymen took the field. When the king with his glass saw him go back into his tent, it was to give orders for the execution of the envoy, who was just going to be put to death, when the firing of the cannon on the grand vizir's quarters obliged him to quit them with precipitation. The executioners seeing their master set off, thought of nothing but escaping themselves, and forsook the intended victim. It was also found that the Turkish commander, before he mounted his horse, had, with his own hand, cut off the head of his favorite ostrich, which never left him, but slept in his chamber, lest the animal should fall into the hands of his enemies.

The troops defiling on the top of the hill sent word to the king that they could see the Turkish army retreating in great haste, but in very good order. The king pushed forward to the trenches and works of the enemy, where he found nothing but a great quantity of artillery, and almost all the baggage of the enemy at his discretion. The first thing he did was to issue a strict prohibition against plundering. Having posted

some guards between the deserted camp and the rear guard of the Turks, and taken great precaution to prevent pillage, and to watch the march of the enemy, the prince proceeded towards the gate of the city, whither Stahremberg, the governor, with an astonishing multitude of people, went to meet him. Amidst shouts of *Long live Sobiesky! Long live our deliverer!* he rode, or rather was carried with shouts of joy and praise to the great church of St. Stephen, where he intended to alight to thank God for a success so great, so glorious, and so advantageous to christendom.

The king advanced in the same manner, borne by those who crowded about him to the foot of the high alter, where he prostrated himself on the ground, and remained for a considerable time in that attitude of reverence and humility. He then rose, and the acclamations of the people and the flourishes of trumpets produced in the church a kind of military devotion, if any thing more edifying by its confusion than by the arrangement of a Te Deum, which was intended to be sung. The prince beheld so many eyes filled with tears of joy fixed upon him, that he could not himself forbear bursting into tears. He afterwards acknowledged, that he had been so overpowered, that from this moment, not only while he was in the church, but when he had again mounted his horse, and was passing through the streets amidst shouts of triumph; nay, even for a considerable time after he was out of the city, he was wholly unconscious of every thing; so totally was he absorbed by the feelings excited by the excessive joy of the multitude on account of their deliverance, that he was sensible of nothing except that he was in such an extacy of pleasure as he had never before experienced.

The Turkish army was so strong that it was not

judged prudent to pursue it, till the necessary arrangements should be made for following such a superior force, and these were likely to take up some days. The king, impatient of this delay, resolved if possible to appropriate to himself and his nation, the glory of the complete discomfiture of the enemy. Early on the second morning after the siege was raised, he secretly quitted the camp of the allies, and went with his troops in pursuit of the Mussulmans; but on this occasion his ambition got the better of his prudence. He found the Turkish army ready to receive him; he nevertheless commenced the attack in the plain of Barcan, near Gran, where his little army was nearly surrounded by the immensely superior force of the Turks, and he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat, with the loss of three thousand of his followers. As he approached the camp, he met the Duke of Lorraine and all the German princes, who, on discovering his departure, were taking a ride along the same road to learn the event. Nobody could be more candid than Sobiesky in the acknowledgment of his faults. "Gentlemen," said the king, addressing the princes and generals, "I have been severely punished for my imprudence; I have got soundly beaten. I wished, I confess, to deprive you of any share in an action, all the glory of which I coveted for myself and my nation. In a word, I have drawn upon myself, and richly deserved, the disaster that has befallen me." He perceived that his defeat was by no means displeasing to those to whom he was speaking. The more they pitied and excused him, the greater was his vexation. At length, on reaching the grand vizir's tents, where he had fixed his head-quarters: "Give me," said he, "my usual bed, only let me have a little fresh straw." During his campaigns, this prince never used any other bed than a Turkey carpet spread over a heap of straw upon the ground. While his attendants were preparing his straw, the Duke of Lorraine entered the

tent. "Can I be of any service to your majesty?" said the duke. "Zounds! sir," exclaimed the king, "are you come here to insult me? Am I not sufficiently punished, without having others to witness my disgrace and to ask me questions about it? Nothing is to be now thought of but revenge; shall we take it to-morrow?" The duke modestly replied he did not think the army could be in readiness to march so soon as the next day. "When then?" enquired the king. "This is Thursday," replied the duke, "and I think your majesty will not be able to march before Saturday." "Let it be Saturday then," said the king; "give your orders, and let me sleep till Saturday morning. I will not see any body; I want rest, and nothing can give me consolation but the defeat of our enemies, which God is preparing for us."

The king accordingly saw nobody belonging to the imperial army till day-break on Saturday, when the army began its march. His Polish Majesty was at the head of the right wing; the Elector of Bavaria commanded the centre, and the Duke of Lorraine the left. When within sight of the Turks, the army formed in order of battle. The enemy were defeated. The grand vizir, with a view to save part of his force, ordered it to cross a bridge between the little town of Barcan and Gran, which is on the other side of the Danube. From the pressure and confusion which ensued the bridge broke down; a prodigious number of the Turks were drowned, and all those who remained on the other side of the bridge were killed or made prisoners. On this occasion Sobiesky exhibited signal proofs of valour and generalship; the Elector of Bavaria, though very young, highly distinguished himself, and the Duke of Lorraine contributed greatly to the success by his courage and conduct. Almost all the baggage of the Turks fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Meanwhile the emperor quietly returned from Linz to his capital; and as though he had himself shared in the efforts made for his service, he conceived such a jealousy of the glory acquired by others that he would scarcely see the King of Poland, his deliverer. The Duke of Lorraine wished his imperial majesty to go to meet Sobiesky, to embrace and thank him. The emperor made difficulties because there was no precedent of any elective monarch having an interview with the emperor. The duke did all that lay in his power to overcome these difficulties, of which he was ashamed, and was anxious that, after so important a service, the King of Poland should at least return home satisfied with the emperor. His efforts were unavailing, and it was at length agreed that the interview should take place in the camp, so that when they met, each should be on the right hand side of the other.

The king of Poland was armed; he wore a Polish cap, with a beautiful egret, beside which hung a large pearl. He rode one of the finest horses in the world, magnificently accoutred. With the air of a conqueror this prince met the emperor, who, meanly dressed, and miserably mounted, scarcely took off his hat, never had the courage to thank the King of Poland, to express the smallest degree of gratitude, or to pay him a single compliment; for the little that he did say to him, related to the services which the Poles had always received from the friendship and protection of the emperors. At length this most ungracious interview ended with these words, which Sobiesky at parting addressed to the emperor:— "My brother, I am very glad that I have rendered you this service." He then turned his horse to depart, but seeing his eldest son, Prince James, who had not paid his respects to the emperor, he returned and presented the youth, who alighted and saluted his imperial majesty. Leopold scarcely raised his hand to

his hat without taking it off, gave a slight nod, and spoke not a word, though the Polish monarch observed that he was a young prince whom he was bringing up for Christendom. This opportunity of presenting his son likewise furnished an occasion for presenting at the same time some of the principal Palatines. One of them having alighted and kissed the emperor's boot, Sobiesky rode up, and giving him a slight stroke over the shoulders with his whip, said to him: "Mr. Palatine, no meannesses!" Then leaving the emperor, he proceeded to his quarters, and next day set out on his return home. In every place through which he passed on his march he met with nothing but ingratitude, and was even obliged to use force to procure provisions. Instead of receiving those attentions which might naturally have been expected from the imperial court, the latter had issued orders to all the officers in the line of his route to make the Polish monarch pay for every thing that he should be supplied with. He even learned with indignation that the wounded Poles whom he had left at Vienna to be taken care of, were turned out of the city without relief. A hundred times did he afterwards repeat to the French ambassadors and others of that nation: "I appear just what I am. Every body knows that I am fond of money. Had a little been given me, I would have placed the imperial crown on the head of his most christian majesty." Though fate decreed otherwise, yet it must be admitted that no juncture could have been more favorable to the accomplishment of such a design.

Having thus given a brief account of the important event with which these memoirs open, I shall trespass no farther upon the patience of the reader, but leave the illustrious author to speak for himself.

PREFACE

OF PRINCE EUGENE.

THERE are, as I have been told, several Italian and German manuscripts concerning me, which I have neither read nor written. A flatterer, whose name is Dumont, has printed a large folio volume, which is entitled: *My Battles.* This gentleman is extremely bombastic; he panegyrises me at the expence of Turenne, who according to him would have been taken at Cremona in 1702, or killed at Hochstett in 1704, if he had been opposed to me. What stupid stuff!

Some historians, good or bad, will take the trouble to enter into the details of my youth, of which I scarcely remember any thing. They will not fail to speak of my mother, a little too intriguing to be sure, driven from the court, exiled from Paris, and suspected, I believe, of witchcraft, by people who were no great conjurors. They will tell how I was born in France, and how I left it burning

with fury against Louis XIV. who had refused me a company of cavalry, because, he said, I had too weak a constitution; and an abbey, because I pretended (on I know not what stories respecting me current in the gallery of Versailles), that I was fitter for pleasure than for the church. No Huguenot expelled by the revocation of the edict of Nantes ever cherished a stronger hatred against him. When therefore Louvois, on hearing of my departure, said: "So much the better, he will not return to this country again," I vowed that I never would, except as a conquering enemy, and I kept my word.

I have entered it on more sides than one; and it was not my fault that I did not penetrate farther. But for the English, I should have given law in the capital of the *grand monarque*, and shut up his Maintenon in a convent for life.

MEMOIRS

OF

PRINCE EUGENE.

1683.

NEVER was the court so dull as this year. I did wisely to leave it. This was the period of Louis the Fourteenth's devotion, occasioned by the loss of his two sons, the Comte de Vexin and the Duc de Vermandois, Colbert, and the Queen.

His most Christian Majesty, who, previous to his being so religious, assisted the Christians in 1664 against the infidels, having now become eminently pious, excited them against

the emperor, and encouraged the Hungarian rebels. But for him, neither the one nor the other would have advanced to the gates of Vienna. That he might not appear to countenance them, he durst not absolutely forbid the young princes of the blood to go and signalize themselves in this war. I went with them, weary of being called the little Abbé of Louis the Fourteenth. He was very fond of me. It was, perhaps, from motives of conscience that he had refused me the abbey. I was not desirous of shining either in the church or at court: I was perfectly satisfied with my reception in society; but I wished to distinguish myself in war. Accordingly, at twenty I was in the service of Leopold the First, who knew nothing of the matter. He had fled from his capital, both at the siege and at the battle of Vienna. I thought at first sight that I should learn my business better about the person of the Duke of Lorraine, and Prince Louis of Baden, than with the two electors of Bavaria and Saxony. Both the former led me many a dance from one attack to another, and sent me with orders into the hottest places.

The Duke of Lorraine, I was told, employed none but generals, in battle, to carry or even to change an order, if necessary. I was sensible of this honor, and he appeared satisfied with me. The confusion of that day can be but confusedly described. Sobiesky attended mass, with his arms crossed in the church of Leopoldsberg. The Poles who had clambered up thither, I know not why, went down again like madmen, and fought like lions. The Turks, encamped on the spot where I threw lines up in 1703, not knowing which way to front, having neglected the eminences, behaved like idiots.

The emperor returned; I was presented to him. Not being yet familiarized with German manners, I was much amused with his haughty interview with the King of Poland. As a volunteer, I was one of the foremost in the pursuit of the Turks.

We lost no time; and Kuffstein being dead, I was rewarded with his regiment of dragoons on the 11th of December. Three months, to a day, after that signal victory, I was the hap-

piest of men, and was serving under the Duke of Lorraine.

1684.

Having with him taken Vicegrad, Gran, and Weitzen, and fought a glorious battle near the latter place, we had a still more important engagement near the Island of St. Andrew. It is said that I made a very fine manœuvre at the head of my regiment, and that this put the Turks to the rout. They were cut to pieces without mercy. The Duke of Lorraine had secured his centre by a morass, his left by the Danube, his right by an impassable mountain.

We now laid siege to Buda. Many destructive sallies were made by eighteen thousand men: twelve thousand arrived, and waited for the coming up of twice or thrice that number to attack us. The Duke made haste to beat them, and had the goodness to write to the emperor that I had contributed most to the victory. Prince Louis of Baden was ready to eat me with caresses.

The siege was pushed with vigor; visiting the trenches by the side of the Prince of Salm. I there received my first wound from a ball through my arm.

It was thought that a favorable moment for a general assault had arrived; it proved unsuccessful. The assailants were repulsed in every attack. Some altercation or other took place among the principal generals. This is often occasioned by the persons about them. Scandal finds its way into head-quarters as well as into ordinary society. At length, having lost thirty thousand men, the Duke of Lorraine raised the siege on the 1st of November.

At Vienna this furnished occasion for many animadversions and many absurdities. One supposed that our failure proceeded from the want of good engineers. No, said another, 'tis owing to the malice of Guido Stahrenberg, against whose advice the siege was undertaken. A third asserted that it was the result of the mismanagement of the commissariat, or of the ministers in withholding

supplies of all necessaries from the besiegers, with a view to diminish the influence of the Duke of Lorraine, of whom they were jealous. For my part, being yet a very insignificant person, and for that very reason in favor with every body (which is no uncommon thing when one is very young), I retained the friendship of my two masters, Lorraine and Baden, though the latter fell out with the former, seconded by the elector, who was equally attached to me; and I went to spend the winter at Vienna, where I experienced the most flattering reception.

1685.

The marriage of an archduchess with the Elector of Bavaria retarded the opening of the campaign. A pretty reason, truly! The Duke of Lorraine went to reconnoitre Novigrad. The princes of the blood of France and Lorraine, and the volunteers of their retinue, arriving from Paris, joined the escort. Armed with their pistols, they provoked the spahis, and some French heads were cut off

by Turkish sabres. I rescued the others with my dragoons, whom I brought up just at the right time. Delighted with finding myself again in the company of all these young people, who were my old friends, and too young myself to scold, I found no fault with them, but the Duke of Lorraine took that upon himself. He reprehended them severely, at the same time approving in his heart the ardent and impetuous courage of his cousins, Commerci, and Thomas de Vaudemont, who afterwards served under me with such distinction.

The trenches had been opened a month before Neuhausel; and just when an assault was about to be made on the covered way, we received intelligence that a seraskier had arrived with sixty thousand men, that he had retaken Vicegrad and besieged Grau. We marched thither, and he raised the siege on the approach of the Duke of Lorraine, who had left Caprara before Neuhausel. But observe what now happened.

The seraskier thought fit to take an ex-

cellent position. The duke contrived to acquaint him, by means of the country-people, that he had only twenty thousand men, and was retreating ready to die of fear. The honest Turk believed it. The duke halted in an amazingly strong position. I was in the centre, under the Prince of Baden, with my dismounted dragoons. The Elector of Bavaria commanded the right, in front of which the brave, hot-headed young fellows whom I have mentioned obtained permission, with some difficulty, to form a little squadron. They anticipated the Turks, who attacked them with prodigious fury and terrific shouts; but they were surrounded: our cuirassiers relieved them. The duke supported them himself, and was victorious with his wing, as was also the Elector of Bavaria with his, and Prince Louis in the centre, where I seconded him to the utmost of my ability. The Prince of Hanover, and the Count of Lippe, pushed the Turks into a morass. There were three or four great battles in one. The seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to fly.

We were again before Neuhausel on the 19th of August. A breach was made. Commerci, followed by the young volunteers, was the first to mount the walls; and with the Baron d'Asti hoisted upon them the imperial colors. The pacha and the garrison were put to the sword. The seraskier burned and demolished Novigrad, Vicegrad, and Weitzen; and as for me, I set off to spend the winter at Vienna.

1686.

It was on this occasion that the Prince of Baden, taking me by the hand, said to the emperor: "Here, sire, is a young Savoyard ...." Modesty forbids me to repeat the rest. The mismanagement of the last year was a warning for the present: we were admirably supplied. The 13th of June the Prince of Baden and I began the siege under the Elector of Bavaria. All three joined in an assault upon an important tower, of which we made ourselves masters.

From this tower, on the 26th of July, we

battered the castle of Buda in breach: we fully expected to gain possession of it, but were disappointed. Thirty thousand Turks made a sally. I had a horse killed under me. Twice we penetrated, sword in hand, into the castle, and twice we were repulsed. Prince Louis and myself were wounded. A Stahrenberg, a Herberstein, and a Kaunitz were killed; and we were obliged to defer the general assault till another day. Unluckily I was not at it, being ordered to guard the lines, which were threatened by a numerous army; a charge of consequence, indeed, as I was told. But the accursed Grand Vizir, quiet on a height, not daring to attack me, I know not why, saw with more coolness than myself this most important place taken and plundered before his face.

Prince Louis and I went, by the command of the Duke of Bavaria, and took Fünfkirchen, Calveza, Simonthorna, Kaposwar, and Sicklos; and afterwards burned the bridge at Esseck, which was six thousand paces in length, and twenty-four in breadth. The army then took up its quarters for the winter.

I went to spend the carnival at Venice with my dear volunteers and French princes, and so did almost all the other princes in our army, and a great number of generals.

There almost all of them fell in love; the Duke of Mantua did still worse, for he was quite a libertine; I was neither the one nor the other, and was highly diverted at seeing that prince as brave with the Venetians as he was cowardly with the Turks.

The Elector of Bavaria was so tender, that he would have disgusted me of being so, had I been ever so well inclined. The ease with which his heart was affected communicated a fickleness to his mind, in regard to his opinions and resolutions; and from that time I considered (as I have since found with justice) great intrigues as insipid, ridiculous, and calculated for idlers, and little ones as far from reputable.

Morosini entertained us wonderfully well. We had, every day, charming and magnificent fêtes, on shore or at sea. On these occasions

I saw women more enterprising then generals. As all things have an end, I went to pass the rest of the winter at Vienna.

1687.

It was at this time that the Duke of Lorraine crushed the enemies of Jesus Christ and his own, in the army and at court, in which number I was not, though in high favor with the Elector and Prince Louis, who belonged to that party. The duke marched to attack the Grand Vizir: his prudence was equal to his valor: he had recourse to the one as well as the other. Having advanced too far, considering the excellent position of the Turks (for they entrench themselves in an astonishing manner as soon as they arrive), he was not ashamed to retreat. This is a ticklish business with such devilish fellows. I covered with my dragoons the march of the rear; and preserved it from injury by charging, several times, the spahis who annoyed me. After some time the affair became more serious. Ligneville, Thungen, and Zinzendorff were killed. The Duke

of Lorraine drew up fortunately and skilfully, with his wings well supported, near Mount Hersan. The Duke of Mantua, who clambered up it, beheld in safety the whole engagement in the same plain of Mohatz where King Louis had perished. This excited the general laughter of the soldiers, who, thanks to him, ran merrily to meet death. The enemy advanced to attack us: both sides fought with fury. Piccolomini, being almost beaten, was supported by the brave elector. His artillery did execution: my dragoons took advantage of it, and I had the happiness to pursue the Turks to the entrenched camp. Having stopped a moment to survey them, I ordered my dragoons to leap into it; some on foot, the others on horseback with me. It is said that I was the first: it is true that I took a crescent there, and planted the imperial eagle. This was probably the reason that I was dispatched with the news of this victory to the emperor. He gave me his portrait surrounded with diamonds. I had reached Vienna in a very few days; after spending three there, I returned in a very few more to the army, where I was also extremely well received; for at that

time, apparently, I had too little merit to have enemies.

History, I hope, will record the glorious conduct of Commerci at the battle of Hersan. Nothing of consequence afterwards occurred; and the campaign being quite over, I found a very brilliant winter at Vienna, on account of the coronation of the King of Hungary. The Duke of Lorraine, and several other generals, also repaired thither. Some intrigued, others amused themselves: I was among the latter.

1688.

A colonel at twenty, and major-general at twenty-one, I was made lieutenant-general at twenty-five. I conducted a reinforcement to the Prince of Baden in Sclavonia, and returned with great expedition, because it was intended to besiege, or rather to storm Belgrade. The command of the five points of assault, on the 6th of September, was given to other generals. I complained of this:—"You shall remain with me in reserve," re-

plied the elector; "and in this I think I am neither taking nor giving you a bad commission. God knows what may happen!" He had guessed the result: all the assailants were repulsed. Sword in hand this brave prince and myself rallied and cheered them: I mounted the breach; a Janissary cleft my helmet with a stroke of a sabre; I ran my sword through his body; and the elector, who had the preceding year received a musket-ball in the hand, was again wounded with an arrow in the right cheek. Nothing could be more brilliant or more sanguinary. How strangely one may find amusement amidst scenes of the greatest horror! I shall never forget the appearance and grimaces of the Jews, who were compelled to throw into the Danube the bodies of twelve thousand men, killed on both sides, to spare the trouble and expence of burying them. I set out for Vienna.

1689.

Deeply did I regret not having remained with the army; then, perhaps, people would

not have thought of me or of my name. At length, after the finest defence in the world, I sacrificed my glory to my zeal—a sacrifice not a little painful. My three superior officers, masters, and friends, Lorraine and Bavaria, were gathering laurels in the empire, and Baden in Hungary, while I was sent to Italy as a negociator. The French ambassador at Turin was not the dupe of my journey, undertaken, as it was given out, to see my family and the Duke of Savoy. He knew him, as well as I did, to be *sordid, ambitious, deceitful, implacable,* fearing and detesting Louis the Fourteenth; not attached to Leopold, but not bearing any personal enmity to him; always ready to betray both, and led away by his mistresses and his ministers in any thing that was not connected with political affairs.

Being unable, for this reason, to accomplish my purpose by means of either, I addressed him frankly as follows:—"Cousin, you will always be the slave of your mortal enemy, if you do not declare for the emperor, who will confer on you the rank of royal highness and generalissimo; and give you whatever you conquer

in Dauphiné and Provence; and while you keep your intentions secret till every thing is ready, you may take your side."

This, indeed, was working upon him by means of the four predominant qualities which I have underlined above.

"When and where shall I conclude this treaty?" said Victor Amedæus. "Not at Turin, for the French ambassador would have suspicion of it."—"At Venice," I replied. "The ensuing carnival, the Elector of Bavaria, who, like your royal highness (I began to give him this title without delay), is fond of amusement, will meet you there to sign it. This I answer for; and from this time I trust to you to write to the King of France, to employ evasions and excuses, to promise and to gain time."

The four motives of all his measures which I have mentioned, assuring me of his conduct, but not his good faith, which I did not guarantee for any length of time, I gave my word to the emperor, on my speedy return to Vi-

enna, that this time my cousin would be on our side. Leopold thanked me much, and rewarded me with permission to go and see the conclusion of the siege of Mentz, defended by D'Uxelles, which had then lasted six weeks. I arrived just in time for the attack of the covered way, where I received a musket-ball, and returned to Vienna.

1690.

Twenty thousand crowns a month from England, twenty thousand more from Holland, four millions for the expences of the war, a kind of subscription among all the petty princes of Italy, had more effect than my eloquence, and converted the Duke of Savoy, for some time, into the staunchest Austrian in the world. His conduct, which I shall not attempt to justify, reminds me of that formerly pursued by the Dukes of Lorraine, as well as the Dukes of Bavaria. Their geography prevents them from being men of honor.

The emperor's ministers promised me seven

thousand men to go to the assistance of Victor Amedæus. I knew with what tardiness orders are given and executed at Vienna; and eager to engage the French, whom I had never yet seen opposed to me, I went to join the Duke of Savoy in his camp at Villa Franca. "You are just in time," said he; "I am going to give battle to Catinat."—"Be cautious what you do," said I; "he is an excellent general, and commands the old troops, the flower of the French army; your's are new levies, and mine have not yet come up."—"What signifies that?" rejoined the duke. "I know the country better than Catinat: to-morrow I shall advance with my army to the Abbey of Staffarde."

Instead of making the attack, we had to sustain it. The right wing, under the Duke of Savoy, was attacked in front: that of the French crossed morasses which were believed to be impassable, and having turned and beaten ours, both their wings united and fell upon our left, where I commanded. I made my retreat in as good order as I could, and in my rear-guard, composed of gendarmes and the life-guards of Savoy, I was slightly wounded by a

spent ball. I did not chuse to remind my dear cousin of his presumption or my prediction; but I endeavoured to retrieve matters a little, at least, in regard to glory: for some time afterwards I had the good fortune to intercept a large detachment which had pillaged Tivoli. It fell into an ambuscade, from which, hearing the French coming, and singing to the utmost stretch of their throats, I sallied out and cut them to pieces. I scolded my soldiers severely for treating all the prisoners *à la turque*. They had forgotten that it is usual to give quarter to Christians. I proceeded to chastise my old acquaintance the Duke of Mantua, the hero of Hersau, who had formed new connections. I then took my leave of the Duke of Savoy, who had lost every thing but Turin, and set out for Vienna.

1691.

I availed myself of my influence to conduct reinforcements to the Duke of Savoy: but on my arrival I surprised him giving a secret audience to a French emissary. "Why was I denied

admission?" said I to him as I entered. "Who is that man?"—"I acknowledge," said the duke, quite disconcerted, "that I am negociating a little, by means of him, with Catinat: but it is with a view to deceive him the better. There," added he, "is his letter, and copies of mine."—"I imagine," said I, "that you nevertheless intend to retain the considerable subsidies which I procured for you. 'Tis very embarrassing for your royal highness." I watched him more narrowly than ever, well knowing whom I had to deal with. I saved his honor for this time, and contributed to his glory at the expence of his plans, by tricking Balonde, who was besieging Coni, and who, in consequence of a letter, which, as I foresaw, would be intercepted by some French party or other, raised the siege. Catinat recrossed the Po. I charged his rear: he was there in person, and performed prodigies, both as a general and a soldier. I had but a few squadrons with me. Catinat, who was stronger than I, animated his men by his presence. I suffered my ardour to get the better of my judgment; and pushed forward so far into the

combat, that after receiving several balls through my clothes, a French horse-soldier was going to blow out my brains with a pistol, when he was dispatched by a dragoon of my regiment, who was as highly pleased as myself, for I was much beloved by those brave fellows. Reinforcements poured in to us from all sides; I went and took Carmagnole, where all my soldiers again behaved rather too much *à la turque*: but I made some examples. Catinat manœuvred most wonderfully; he would have beaten us, had we not retreated. Langallerie even gained an important advantage over our rear, and it was this that afterwards induced me to take him into the service of the emperor.

I accompanied the Elector of Bavaria, who had also been on our side in this campaign, to Venice, and again beheld with pleasure my old acquaintances. More amours, and for me too, had I been so inclined, husbands but too complaisant, who wished me to procure the dismission of cicisbeos, whom they disliked; too many Potiphars, to whom I acted

the part of Joseph, because I had other matters to attend to. At the beginning of January I returned to Vienna.

1692.

I was very soon sent back to watch the motions of my Catinat, but more especially those of the Duke of Savoy. To keep him steady, I carried him the appointment of generalissimo, with which he was highly pleased. He would have marched immediately to attack Catinat, under Pignerol: all his generals and those of his allies acquiesced in this intention, but I was far from approving it. "Catinat is a skilful commander," said I to him. "If he is beaten, he will have reinforcements; if he beats us again, farewel to Italy. Let us oblige him to give up his conquests by a good diversion, which will humble the great Louis; let us amuse him in this country, and penetrate into Dauphiné in spite of all the obstacles of the passes."

My opinion prevailed: I went and took Quillestre and Embrun: there I received a

contusion on the shoulder, in the trenches by the side of the Duke of Savoy; and Commerci a ball which knocked out three of his teeth. There too I lost Leganes and fifteen hundred men; but at length I was in France. I then made myself master of Gap, and the Duke of Savoy would have marched by way of Sisteron to Aix, and perhaps to Lyons, without the least difficulty, but for the small-pox, which saved France and reduced him to the brink of the grave. By his will he appointed me regent of his dominions. The duchess on her arrival finding him not so ill as he had been, carried him with her to Turin. Stopped by this unlucky accident, which caused us to lose a great deal of time, and by the perplexity of his generals, who, not being exactly acquainted with their master's real intentions, knew not how far they ought to obey me; I was obliged to lead back the army by the same road, for Catinat was waiting for us near Briançon.

"At least," said our soldiers, "we have revenged the atrocities of the French in the Palatinate, without doing it in their way; we

have plundered pretty handsomely, and raised a million in contributions." There were cuirassiers who staked twenty louis on a card.

"Why did the king banish my mother?" said I to Commerci: "I have been expelling from their homes several thousand of his subjects." The order of the Golden Fleece was sent to me at Turin; and on my arrival at Vienna, I was made field marshal, ten years after my entrance into the service. I was delighted, as may easily be conceived, but grieved that Commerci was still but a major-general.

1693.

Victor Amedæus designed to take Pignerol, and wait for Catinat in the plain of Orbassan. I dissuaded him from this plan. "At least," said I, "since you intend to fight near La Marsaille, make yourself master of the height of Piosasque." He was exasperated at the burning by way of retaliation of La Venerie,

a seat of his own, and another belonging to his minister St. Thomas, and sent a message to the French, that he would no longer give quarter to their soldiers. This point was already but too well settled.

Catinat displayed on that day all his talents, and the Duke of Savoy his usual valor. The former, in possession of the height, had every advantage over both our wings, cut up, at the same time, in flank by his artillery. What could I do in the centre? I fought successfully enough for some time, but overwhelmed on either side, I retreated as honorably as I could. Catinat disapproved of the fury of his troops, who cried out: "Let us too treat the Germans *à la tartare*."

It was impossible to determine whether this unaccountable duke wished or did not wish to gain the battles which he fought; but these two were a warning to me; and as it was known that I had advised him against them, I was on that account not the less in favor with the army, the city, and the court. It was then, however, that I began to perceive

that I had enemies. Caprara was the first; he was jealous of me without occasion, for he possessed merit. He was at the head of the Austrian and Spanish cabal, which strove to torment me all my life, but which I always laughed at.

1694.

I went to Vienna to solicit reinforcements. I obtained them, but very late. Italy had ceased to be *à la mode*. Turkey, the empire, and the Low Countries, were more thought of. The ministers had no money: I returned to the Duke of Savoy, and said to him on my arrival:—"You cannot give me the slip this campaign at least, cousin: the siege of Casal shall be the pledge of your conduct: if you have no objection, let us begin it immediately." "'Tis indeed what I wish," replied he, "but it will be very long; in my opinion it will be better to blockade that fortress the whole winter, that we may reduce it in spring." "At least," said I, "let us take the Castle of St. George," and accordingly it was taken. What

a dull campaign! and what a strange man was my cousin!

1695.

I obliged him at length to form the siege. The snow forced us to abandon it till the end of June: I pushed it on briskly when I was in the trenches. Prince Charles of Brandenburg, relieving me there one day, received a musket-ball through his body. Crenon at length capitulated, and I would have laid siege to Pignerol. Every day new pretexts were made to oppose it, under the appearance of agreeing to the measure: we went into winter quarters. What a dull campaign! and what a strange man was my cousin!

1696.

He lost no time. To get away from the spies upon his conduct, whom I had left at Turin, thinking the carnival of Venice likely to excite suspicion, he contrived a journey to

our lady of Loretto. It was, he said, in performance of a vow which he had made in the small-pox. Knowing the pilgrim to be any thing rather than devout, I soon discovered that he had there met the agents of the pope, the Venetians, and the French, and I learned the conditions of the treaty. "I have already told you," said I, to him, on his return to Turin, "that I watched you more closely than Catinat: you will not deceive me again." "'Tis hard," replied he, "to be suspected by a relation." Scarcely had I left his closet, when I was informed of the publication of his truce with the French; and determined not to do him the honor of speaking to him again, I expressed my indignation in the severest letter I ever wrote in my life. Commerci, more hot-headed, sent him a challenge: the duke had accepted it, and was going to the place appointed for the meeting, but was prevented by his ministers and generals.

He now threw off all restraint. He acknowledged that without wishing to be at war with any body, and desirous of putting an end to hostilities in Italy, he had concluded a treaty

of neutrality with Louis XIV. and that since the allies refused to accede to it, he would join the French. Catinat and the Duke of Savoy began operations by laying siege to Valence. The generals of the allies and myself, finding, after this junction, that we were too weak to resist, and fearing for the Milanese, accepted the neutrality; and each, after evacuating Italy, returned either to Germany, or to wait for the French on the other side of the mountains.

Disappointed in the field and in negociation, I returned to Vienna, to acquaint the emperor with my melancholy situation, and that of our affairs. He observed that I had nothing to reproach myself with, and as a proof of his sincerity, he gave me the command of his army in Hungary. "For the rest, sire," said I, "since I still have Italy at heart, the only way to have the Duke of Savoy on our side is for him to declare against us. He will behave in the same manner to the French, and in a short time come over to us again."

Louis XIV. supposing perhaps that I was

discontented, or that others were dissatisfied with me, sent me a proposal to pass into his service. I gave a pretty reception to the person commissioned to speak to me on the subject, and who, I am sure, durst not transmit to him my answer such as it was.

1697.

The Turks are never in a hurry. The grand signor, Kara Mustapha, himself did me the honor to arrive at Sophia, with his army in the month of July. I collected mine at Verismarton ; I called in Vaudemont and Rabutin, as it appeared to me to be the grand signor's design to make himself master of Titul, that he might be able to lay siege to Peterwaradin. I encamped on the 26th of August at Zenta. General Nehm was attacked. I arrived too late to his assistance, but nevertheless praised him, for he could not have held out any longer, overwhelmed as he was by numbers. God be thanked, I never complained of any one, neither did I ever

throw upon another the blame of a fault or misfortune. Titul was burned. The grand vizir remained on this side of the Danube, which it was necessary for the grand signor to cross before he could lay siege to Peterwaradin; but marching along the bank of the river, and concealing my intention by my skirmishes with the spahis, I got before him, passed the bridge, and thus saved the place. This march, I must own, was well conducted, and equivalent to a victory. I entrenched myself with great dispatch, and the enemy durst not attack me. Among some prisoners whom we took, there happened to be a pacha, whom I questioned in vain respecting the designs of Kara Mustapha; but four hussars, with drawn sabres, ready to cut him in pieces, extorted the confession that the enemy at first intended to make an attempt on Segedin; but that the grand signor having afterwards changed his mind, had already begun to cross the Teisse; and that great part of the army under the command of the grand vizir was still in good entrenchments near Zenta. I was marching to attack them, when a cursed

courier brought me an order from the emperor, not to give battle under any circumstance whatever.

I had already advanced too far. By stopping where I was, I should have lost part of my army, and my honor. I put the letter in my pocket, and, at the head of six regiments of dragoons, approached so near to the Turks, as to perceive that they were all preparing to pass the Teisse. I rejoined my army with a look of satisfaction, which, I was told, was considered a good omen by the soldiers. I began the engagement by charging in person two thousand spahis, whom I forced to return to their entrenchments. A hundred pieces of cannon annoyed me greatly. I sent orders to Rabutin to advance his left wing so as to form a curve with it towards the right: and to Stahrenberg, who commanded the right, to do the same towards the left, with a view to take in the whole entrenchment by a semicircle. This I could not have ventured to do before Catinat, who would have interrupted me in so slow and so complicated a movement. The Turks, however, gave me no molestation.

They attacked my left wing too late; yet they would have handled it roughly, but for four battalions of the second line, and the artillery, which I sent very opportunely to repel their cavalry, and make a breach in the entrenchments. It was six in the evening. The Turks, assaulted, and their entrenchments forced in all points, hurried in crowds to the bridge and choaked it up, so that they were obliged to throw themselves into the Teisse, where those who escaped drowning were killed. On every side was heard the cry of *Aman! Aman!* which signifies *Quarter!* At ten at night, the slaughter still continued; I could not take more than four thousand prisoners, for twenty thousand were left dead on the field, and ten thousand were drowned. I did not lose a thousand men. Those alone who first betook themselves to flight at the commencement of the battle, rejoined the corps which had remained on the opposite side of the river. (21) It was the 11th of September: I sent Vaudemont (22) with the account of this affair to Vienna. I then went and took two forts and two castles in Bosnia, burned Seraio, (23) and returned to Hungary into winter quarters.

I set out for Vienna, where I expected to be received a hundred times better than I had ever yet been. Leopold gave me the coldest of audiences; more dry than ever, he listened to me without saying a word. I instantly perceived that somebody or other had been at work during my absence, and that while I was ridding myself of the Turks, some good Christians at Vienna had been trying to get rid of me. I went away from the audience with a feeling of indignation, which grew still stronger when Schlick, (24) in great consternation, came and demanded my sword. I delivered it into his trembling hand with a look of the profoundest disdain, which served to increase his dismay. It was reported that I said: "Take it, yet reeking with the blood of enemies; I have no wish to resume it, except for the benefit of his majesty's service." One half of this sentence would have been a gasconade, and the other a mean resignation. My rage was silent. I was put under arrest in my hotel. Here I was soon informed that Gaspard Kinsky, and some others, wished me to be brought to trial for disobedience

and rashness, and that I was to be tried by a court-martial, by which I should probably be sentenced to die. This report was soon circulated through the whole city. The people assembled about my house; deputies from the body of citizens offered to guard me and to prevent my being taken away, in case of any determination to put the above mentioned design in execution. I entreated them not to violate their duty as loyal subjects, nor to disturb the public tranquillity: I thanked them for their zeal, by which I was moved even to tears. The city of Vienna is small. This assemblage of the people was known at court in a few minutes. Either from fear or repentance, the emperor sent me my sword, with the request that I would still continue to command his army in Hungary. I replied I would, on condition that I should have a *carte blanche*, and be no longer exposed to the malice of his generals and ministers. The poor emperor durst not publicly give me these full powers, though he did privately in a note signed with his own hand; and with this I thought proper to be content.

This anecdote of Leopold, whom I pity for not having felt that a more signal reparation was due to me, fully demonstrates the falsehood of a saying which has been ascribed to me; that of the three emperors whom I have served, the first was my father, the second my brother, and the third my master. A pretty sort of a father truly, to order my head to be cut off for having saved his empire!

I must turn my eyes another way to look for energy. Behold it in the north. Charles XII. King of Sweden, at the age of fifteen, is the mediator of peace between the European powers. It was signed at Ryswick on the 21st of September.

1698.

In consequence of this, my army received reinforcements from that of Germany: nevertheless the Turks were four times as strong. I was disappointed of gaining

another battle of Zenta. In vain I marched and countermarched; the infidels every where entrenched themselves. I then retreated to induce them to leave their holes: all my endeavours were fruitless. I would have marched into Bosnia; but they had received a reinforcement of forty thousand Tartars, and all the passes were guarded. I would have invested Temeswar; but they would have obliged me to raise the siege. Before they could have time to assemble for this operation I thought I should be able to make myself master of the place by intercepting a prodigious convoy on the point of entering it. I marched thither myself at the head of my cavalry, placing my infantry in ambuscade. A hussar who deserted occasioned the failure of this attempt. This was the most wretched campaign for my glory that ever I made in my life. I executed only thirty ringleaders of a plot to revolt, formed by seven regiments, which, having received no pay for four months (for the court left me destitute of money) had resolved to go over to the Turks. On

the 26th of January, the peace of Carlowitz was signed, that as usual, war might be carried on elsewhere.

1699.

I sent back my army, and set out for Vienna. This year I began my fine library, and conceived a passion for gardens and palaces.

I purchased from time to time, some beautiful cabinet paintings and drawings that were not known. I was not rich enough to form a gallery, and was not fond of engravings, because other persons may possess the same. I never liked copies of any kind, and those talents which run away with valuable time. A few wind-instruments, martial airs, hunting-tunes, flourishes of trumpets, or pleasing airs of comic operas, relieved me, during dinner, from the necessity of speaking or listening to tiresome persons.

1700.

A century of continual war was now at an end: the celebrated peace of Westphalia in 1648, which was to extend to all Europe, had not accomplished its object. The good advisers of Leopold, and Leopold himself, not corrected by my example, would have brought Prince Louis of Baden to a court-martial for his campaign on the Rhine. Salm and Kaunitz were the only honest men who opposed this measure; they would, however, have been overpowered but for me. Influenced as much by justice as by consanguinity (25) and intimate friendship, which I retained for him through my whole life, I loudly censured the proceeding, at the same time shewing that I had not forgotten Zenta.

After the peace of Carlowitz, France was so polite as to send us M. Villars as her ambassador. (26) He was received with great distinction by all those with whom he had been acquainted in Hungary, where he had

gained great reputation as a volunteer, and by the whole city, who thought him extremely amiable. But intrigues were carried on at his court against ours without his knowledge. He was highly astonished at the coldness with which he was all at one treated. Notwithstanding the friendship of the king of the Romans for me, I could not prevail upon him to relax in this respect. (27) "Of what use," said I to him, and to the courtiers and generals who followed his example, "is this personal antipathy, which M. Villars does not deserve? I shall see him, and continue on friendly terms with him, till we begin to fire upon one another again." Prince Louis of Baden acted in the same manner, though we were not the better liked for it. We all three parted very good friends. (28) We missed his company much; for when Louis XIV. had at length completed all his machinations, and thrown off the mask, he departed. Previous to this we had the following conversation:

"It is not my fault," said he, "if, without knowing how to suppress your rebellion

in Hungary, you are determined to make war upon us. I had rather your highness would do like those gentlemen who have turned their backs upon me here, as they will do elsewhere, if I command an army." This was truly a sally *à la Villars*. "You hope perhaps that the Turks will interfere, because the abbé Joachim has predicted that the empress will have twins, one of whom shall sit on the throne of Constantinople." (29) "I am not angry with you, M. de Villars," replied I, "for in your correspondence, which to be sure is a little in the light French style, you have transmitted to your court a portrait of me drawn by the hand of friendship; but there are people who complain of certain inadvertencies, and the court of having read in one of your dispatches: 'We shall see if the Christ in Leopold's chapel will speak to him as he did to Ferdinand II. He is there still, I have seen him with my own eyes.' Private individuals never forgive a satire; judge then of the effect which a sarcasm must produce upon a sovereign." "It is only with great reserve in conversation," said he, "that I have sup-

ported myself in this country. I am angry with your Austrians, who, among the tales which they invent concerning me, assert that I conspired with Ragotzi against the person of the emperor." "I can tell you," answered I, "what gave rise to this stupid idea. People recollected an expression in a letter intercepted while you were a volunteer in our service: 'I am an Austrian with the army, but a Frenchman at Vienna.' This implies a great deal, said the fools. No conspiracies have ever been formed against our emperors; they have never been assassinated. We have no Clements or Ravaillacs. (30) The people are not enthusiasts, as with you, but for that very reason, they do not run into extremes. Crimes indeed are very rare in Austria. Last year some persons wanted to persuade Leopold that a design had been formed to kill him because a ball went through his hat while hunting. 'Seek the man,' said he, with his Spanish air; 'he is a bungler one way or other; he is dying of fear or of hunger; give him a thousand ducats."

1701.

The war being on the point of breaking out afresh on account of the Spanish succession, a great council was held on the subject. I gave it as my opinion that the Archduke should be immediately sent to Spain, and that an army should enter Lombardy. It was rejected by Leopold's honest advisers; but they had reason to repent it. Prince Louis was appointed to the chief command in the Empire as I was in Italy.

I had thirty thousand good veteran troops. The Duke of Mantua having a French garrison placed in his capital, I know not whether with or without his consent, pretended that it was a commencement of hostilities on the part of Catinat: this afforded me a pretext for beginning mine.—But a word or two respecting this Duke, of whom I have already made mention. Formigha was almost his prime minister. The Abbé Fantoni, his lord of the bed-chamber,

sometimes provided him courtezans, like one Mathia; sometimes a mistress, like the Countess Calori; and at others a wife to secure him in the interest of Louis XIV. like a Condé or an Elbœuf, furnished by the king. Both of them being gained by France, prevented his marrying an Aremberg, who would have rendered him favorable to us. The Duke had nevertheless a seraglio guarded by eunuchs. Never was there seen so strange a creature.—Thanks to him, however, I was now in the full career of war, after ten days of incredible labor among mountains and precipices with two thousand pioneers; and part of my subsequent success was already decided because I did not respect the neutrality of the republic of Venice.

Catinat, having received from his court positive orders not to violate that neutrality, could not oppose my entering the Veronese. On leaving the Trentino, I sent my excuses by a major to the most Serene Republic, and continued my march. Catinat was waiting for me at another place, where I should have had defiles to pass through, and have

been beaten, but for the expedient, not the most delicate, indeed, which I had adopted. This was a proper case for urging imperious circumstances, misunderstanding, and the uncertainty of a general permission in a republic, as an excuse, and I failed not to avail myself of it. By passing the Adige and the Po, I induced Catinat to extend his army; I attacked and routed St. Fremont at Carpi. Tessé came to his relief and prevented his total destruction, which would have been inevitable had not the roads stopped Commerci with my cavalry. I nevertheless put to flight those two generals, cut off from Catinat, who was waiting for me at Ostiglia, and while pursuing and charging them at the head of the cuirassiers, I received a severe wound from a musket-shot in my left knee. Having joined Commerci, Catinat durst not give me battle, or rather go on with that which had been almost one continued action. He took advantage of the night to cross the Mincio. I followed him from the other side of the river, because he had not time to call in all his detachments; and the Duke of Savoy, who began his old tricks,

had not thought fit to send him his troops. Catinat retreated upon Chiesa, and thus was I master of all the country between the Adige and the Adda, excepting Mantua. I had kept up a regular correspondence with Victor Amedæus, with whom I had a notion that I should be able to do something. One must employ artifice in Italy. I bribed a Franciscan of Mantua, and he gained over the whole convent. Under the pretence of confessing us in our camp, the monks carried arms away with them under their clothes to dispatch the guard at the nearest gate, which they were to open to my soldiers disguised as peasants, one day when I was to go with a large retinue to hear mass at Notre Dame de Grace. They had likewise gained the inhabitants; but being discovered and disarmed, they were punished as they deserved, and thus my scheme was frustrated.

The Duke of Savoy, satisfied with having again become generalissimo, and married his daughter to the Duke of Burgundy, repaired to the army of the two crowns.

I paid him my compliments out of respect, and made him a present, out of friendship, of some beautiful Turkish horses, some of the spoils of Zenta. He ventured to accept but one. Louis XIV. angry because I had deceived Catinat, did me the great favor of putting the ignorant and presumptuous Villeroy (31) in the place of one of the best generals that France ever had. When the Duke of Savoy proposed to undertake any thing, and said to him "I am generalissimo:" Villeroy would reply, "I have orders from the King." So indeed he had to seek me wherever I might be, and to engage me. My cousin had the kindness to apprize me of this. (32) I wanted Chiari for the head of my camp: the Venetian commandant talked to me about neutrality, but I told him that was a thing I only laughed at. He requested me to accept his protest, and I signed just what he pleased. The enemy outwitted me; I was his dupe this time I must confess. Pracontal with all the drums of the army made such a noise at the bridge of Paluzzuolo, that the corps destined to prevent the passage of the Oglio continued there, and the enemy

crossed in another place. I took a position so as to front on three sides. The generous Catinat, instead of rejoicing to see his commander beaten, said to him: "Do not fight; let us retreat." The Duke of Savoy, on the contrary, who wished Villeroy to get a sound drubbing, said, "Fight! let us attack! Catinat is timid, you know."

On the 1st of September, on my left my post of Chiari, notwithstanding its excellence, was nearly forced by the unparalleled impetuosity of the French: the houses, mills, and all were already carried. Never did I witness such valor. Daun drove them back. My right, concealed on the ground behind an entrenchment, suddenly started up and fired when the enemy had advanced quite close. Villeroy ordered an attempt to be made with the centre; but this scarcely ever succeeds when the wings are beaten.

The worthy, the admirable Catinat rallied the troops, led them back to the attack, and received a severe contusion on the breast, and a shot in his hand. As for Victor Amedæus,

he was every where; he exposed himself like the most determined of the soldiers, and had a horse killed under him. What a singular character! This time he wished to lose the battle; but habitual courage stifled the suggestions of policy.

Notwithstanding the loss of the combined army, (33) it was still much stronger than mine. I again took a good position; the two advantages which I had gained had somewhat lowered the presumption and lofty tone of Villeroy. The only actions now fought were between the advanced posts and small detachments. Mine always had the advantage, because my spies, to whom I often gave three hundred ducats for a trifling piece of information, apprised me of the slightest movement. The only thing to be done was to decamp; the first who should break up ran the risk of being beaten, and it was nevertheless absolutely necessary to go into winter quarters.

My horses were destitute of provender; dead leaves were given them to eat; my men

fell away perceptibly, but were attached to me, and endured their hardships with patience; while Villeroy's, who likewise suffered, but in a much less degree, deserted by hundreds. I set an example of temperance and patience. To relieve our *ennui*, my Vaudemont formed a plan for carrying off his father from his quarters. Awakened by the discharge of a musket, he escaped in his morning gown, and this attempt of filial piety miscarried. So did my scheme too; for Catinat stole away under favor of the night from his camp, and repassed the Oglio. Deceived, or rather ill served on this occasion, which was nevertheless of great importance to me, I hurried thither in spite of the darkness, and instead of destroying Villeroy, only took from him four hundred prisoners, and to be sure did some execution on the other side of the river with my artillery, which followed me at full gallop.

The French, dying of hunger and fatigue, went into cantonments. The Venetians would not give me any in the Bressano. To fight with the prospect of being beaten, and to

retire into Tyrol, appeared to me to be equally hard. Whither was I then to go for the winter? Judging the most hazardous step to be the most prudent, I threw myself into the territories of Mantua, took by assault Canette, the ancient Bibriacum, thanks to one of Daun's men, who amidst a shower of shot cut the rope of a draw-bridge, and afterwards made myself master of Mascaria, Rodolesco, and the bridge of Gazolo.

Two little disasters befel detachments of mine, I know not whether through my fault, or through the fault of Drack, who commanded one, or of Merci, who commanded the other. The latter was taken prisoner, and was just going to be put to death by way of retaliation when he was saved by a French officer. He had fallen into an ambuscade formed by Tessé, who had left Mantua upon this expedition, which did him honor. I gained possession, notwithstanding, of all the Mantuano, excepting Goito and Mantua, which I blockaded. I know not whether it was the heart or the understanding of the Princess of Mirandola that pleaded with her

in my behalf; but she gave a grand supper to all the principal French officers to afford me an opportunity of surprising the place. I took Berselo in spite of the Duke of Modena, who made believe to oppose me. The Duke of Parma absolutely insisted that my troops should not enter his dominions: I laughed at his protestations and those of the Pope, whose vassal he called himself. Guastalla had already surrendered to me, and after having thus set to rights all these petty princes of Italy, I occupied three of their provinces to give rest to my troops during the whole winter.

1702.

To myself alone I allowed none; I posted from one quarter to another, and observed with pleasure the negligence that prevailed among the French. "I must," said Villeroy, "make these three princes dance the rigadoon during the carnival." This excited in us a desire to anticipate him by surprising Cremona, by Commerci on one side, and Vaude-

mont on the other. The latter lost his way in the night: one of my detachments had entered by a sewer; I was already master of one of the gates of the city, the barracks, and some streets. These lines, put into the mouths of the French soldiers, record the rest of the story, which is besides perfectly well known: (34)

By the favor of Bellona,
And Fortune's smiles most liberal,
We again have found Cremona,
And have lost our general.

Villeroy, taken by our soldiers, who had thrown him down from his horse, without hat, without wig, and without sword, so that it was impossible to know him again, said to Macdonnel, "I am the Marshal; save me, and I will give you a regiment of cavalry and a pension of two thousand crowns." The streets were dyed with blood. To put an end to all these petty conflicts, I sent Commerci to ask Villeroy to order them all to cease, and the French to surrender. He had the good sense to reply: "Who would obey a prisoner?"—And when he saw Crenan, who had been killed, carried along, he observed:

"I envy his fate." I repaired to the town-house to rouse the citizens. Mahoni said to one of my officers: "Quarter for M. Freiberg!"—"'Tis not a day for mercy," replied the latter; "do your duty and I will do mine,"—and Freiberg was killed. Our soldiers, and in particular the cuirassiers, with whom I was not perfectly satisfied on the score of courage and order, were repulsed on every side. Before they were completely driven out of the city, I went to see Villeroy, whom I could not help pitying. I sent him off to Inspruck, and issued orders for a retreat, which it would have been extremely difficult to effect, if Crequi had cut me off from the rest of my army. (35) I admired the valor of the French, roused from their sleep, and half naked, every where making the most determined resistance, and also the intelligence of their officers. In this qualification mine were extremely deficient. I had the glory of surprising and the disgrace of not keeping what I had gained: but when you are unsuccessful, 'tis much the same as if you had made no attempt. I went to invest Mantua more closely: its duke was dying of fear and famine,

notwithstanding all the exertions of Tessé, who behaved most admirably: he had even the address sometimes to deceive my parties, while he introduced supplies of provisions into the city.

The able, the intrepid, the good, the amiable, the generous, the dexterous discoverer of his enemies' projects, sometimes indiscreet respecting his own, the affable, the indolent Vendôme(36)came to succeed Villeroy. On his arrival he made several movements with his army: I did the same with mine, clearly perceiving that it was his intention to attack me, or to relieve Mantua. The court of Vienna not having given me a sufficient number of troops, either out of malice, or from the want of means, this outset of Vendôme's was highly brilliant: he took from me all my small towns and all my communications. I entrenched myself wherever I went; and the better to watch his motions, I took a camp very near his.

Churlish people have found fault with me for the attempt to seize Vendôme in his house at Rivalto, on the banks of the Lake of Man-

tua, where he had his head-quarters, made by Davia, whom I sent for the purpose with fifty men in boats. One of his soldiers killed the sentinel, whom Davia had directed to be carried off. The guard hastened to the spot. Davia re-embarked, and did wrong to order his men, as they were coming away, to fire at Vendôme's windows.

In the first place, in war *let him trick the other who can;* and in the next it was doing him an honor; for Catinat himself would not have executed his manœuvres with such rapidity. At any rate he was soon even with me. Vendôme caused twelve pieces of cannon to be placed on a height, and ordered them to play upon my house. I rose, for it was ready to tumble about my ears. Commerci's was burned by the red-hot balls, and others battered down; the tents of my guard were pierced, and about a hundred men killed. This I thought perfectly natural, but rather long, for the cannonade lasted three hours, though I never complained of it.

Unwilling to remove any farther from Man-

tua, I raised the entrenchments of my camp to the height of twenty feet. Who would believe that I had learned something from the Turks, and that the Turks had learned something from the Romans? This practice must, I should think, have been transmitted to them by colonies of that people, like the Etruscan forms of vases and pitchers, which are to be found in every cottage. I return to my subject.

I could not boast of the smallest advantage over Vendôme. A large detachment to watch him, commanded by Visconti, who had three horses killed under him, was surprised and beaten. Commerci, though with nothing but his boots on his bare legs, arrived too late, and without being obliged to go, for he was ill. I plainly perceived that I must raise the blockade of Mantua, collect all my detachments and little garrisons, and give battle with my twenty-six thousand men. I marched towards the Seraio, and Vendôme to Luzara, from which place the little garrison that I still had there retired to a tower. From the Seraio I went and crossed the Po, at the com-

mencement of the canal of Zero, and concealed all my infantry behind a great dyke, near the spot upon which the enemy had fixed for his camp. At the moment when the combined army, deceived by my spies, was just about to enter the place, we were discovered by the greatest of accidents. I ordered my soldiers to climb the dyke; they scrambled up as well as they could, and I rushed upon the enemy, who had not time to form in order of battle. My cavalry, with fascines, which I had given them for the purpose, made a passage to support my infantry. The gallant Commerci, my dearest friend and my best general, fell while engaging the left wing. Lichtenstein took his place, and was likewise killed. Langallerie rallied that wing and repulsed the victors, afflicted by the loss of their officers. They returned to the charge, and recovered their ground. Meanwhile my left wing was beaten. Stahrenberg rallied it. Vaudemont came to its assistance, and performed prodigies. I was successful in the centre, notwithstanding the presence of Vendôme, who was also in the centre of his army; and yet I should have been defeated, had I not remarked that part

of my cavalry, hitherto of no use, as was likewise that of the allies, from the nature of the ground, might, by crossing some ditches of no great breadth, and passing through some copses, by no means thick, decide the success of my left, and ensure mine. It would seem that it is lying upon the field of battle which renders the victory certain. (37) It was apparently out of politeness to the King of Spain that Vendôme ordered *Te Deum* to be sung. I was informed that the Duke of Mantua was by the side of that king during the whole battle, which gives me a high ideaof his prudence. (38) As for the Duke of Savoy, he had none of that kind of prudence; he fought in his usual way, but displeased every body by his subtlety. He had been ill received when he repaired to the army of Philip V. who left it two days after the battle, and returned to Spain. Before I abandoned Mantua entirely, I attempted to gain admission into the city by means of my clandestine agents, but was again disappointed. A deserter prevented my being taken when on the point of falling into an ambuscade. I had done all that I could do: I had gained some glory and lost a great deal of ground. It was

not my fault: only consider the superiority of Vendôme's army, which was double the number of mine. Of all my posts I retained Ostiglia alone; and yet I would not go into winter quarters till I had seen the French into their's. I sent Solari to cover the Trentino, and set out for Vienna, where I had not been for two years.

1703.

The emperor made me war-minister instead of Mansfeld. I told him that war could not be carried on without troops and money; that for six months the men had received none, and been in want of every necessary. I wished the other commanders to be better supplied than I had been; and this was accordingly done. I put a stop to the peculations committed in every department. I said to the emperor, "Your army, Sire, is your monarchy; without it your dominions will yet fall a prey to the Turks, the French, or perhaps one of these days to the Hungarians. Your capital is a frontier town. Your Majesty has no for-

tress on any side; every one is paid excepting those who serve you. Make peace, Sire, if you cannot carry on war; and it is evident that you cannot without the money of England. What are your ministers doing, to take no advantage of the hatred against France, and to embroil you with all Europe, even with your own subjects? Besides, if your Imperial Majesty does not give me orders to bring over entirely to our side the Duke of Savoy, who is half gained already, you will never be fortunate in Italy." I carried my point. This was the only ministerial success I met with this year; and my only military success consisted in repulsing the Hungarian rebels so smartly as to prevent any farther alarm at Vienna, and to save Presburg. Though minister at war, I could not even give myself the army which Leopold had promised me, and was unable to do any thing farther.

1704.

This was no great deal indeed; but at last, as I had foreseen, Caroli, at the head of

the malcontents, entered the suburbs of Vienna on Easter Sunday. I know not why they were afraid, and did not proceed to the court; for I found it a difficult task to collect the little garrison and the citizens, whom I posted behind an entrenchment which I ordered to be hastily thrown up at St. Mark's, and which was afterwards continued on the right and left to the Danube. The few troops that we had between Vienna and Presburg, and between Presburg and Raab, had been dispersed. In vain I begged that reinforcements might be sent to them. Owing to this lesson, some were given to Heister, who cut off the retreat of the scouts that had been to Vienna, and defeated the detachments coming to their aid. I went myself into Hungary to conduct the war for a moment, and then to conclude an accommodation with Ragotzi, Berczeni, &c.

Leopold could never bear to hear plain truths but when he was afraid. Where is the mistress or the friend to whom they can be told with impunity—much less a great sovereign, spoiled by slaves, who accompany him every day to church, but not his generals to

war? In urgent cases I requested an extraordinary audience of him, as if I had been the ambassador of some foreign power, and this I obtained but very seldom.

"Forced levies, once more," said I; "militia, a loan in Holland, which is good for nothing else. Few taxes, but a kind of capitation, and no bounties to monks and courtiers, though the court itself ought always to be magnificent. Of what use is it, in conferences with monied men, who are acquainted with the resources of states, and the specie of different countries, to read memoirs to be discussed before your Majesty? They laugh at our finances, while, for my part, I weep over them. Try to find out, if possible, a Colbert in your dominions."

What I obtained was the power of negociating quite alone, and I gained over to our side Queen Anne and Marlborough. I went to meet him at Heilbronn, to concert measures with him and Prince Louis of Baden, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. I took upon myself the defence of the lines of

Behel, and left them to follow Tallard, who was endeavouring to join the Elector of Bavaria. If I am not fortunate enough to prevent their junction, thought I, the worst that can befal me is to fight both together, which will save me the trouble of engaging them separately. Tallard and Marsin had two other sorts of presumption than Villeroy, and more understanding. The presumption of the one was founded on the victory gained by him at Spire; (39) that of the other on the divine protection, which, by the cabals of the pious, had certainly proved as beneficial to him as the patronage of the court. Tallard was as short-sighted morally as he was physically. Marsin was more penetrating, possessed more talents, but luckily no prudence.

Had they exercised patience, without fighting me, they would have obliged me to abandon Bavaria, for I had no place in that country where I could form my magazines, except Nordlingen; but these gentlemen were in a great hurry, and the elector was [illegible] at the pillage which I had suffered Marlborough

to commit, (40) and who, in consequence, became my firm friend. We sincerely loved and esteemed each other. He was indeed a great statesman and general.

They had eighty thousand men, and so had we. Why were the French separated from the Bavarians? Why did they encamp so far from the rivulet which would have embarrassed us in the attack? Why did they place twenty-seven battalions and twelve squadrons in Blenheim? Why did they scatter so many troops in other villages? Marlborough was more fortunate than I in his passage of the rivulet, and his fine attack. A little steepness of the bank occasioned my being half an hour later. My infantry behaved very well, but my cavalry very ill. I had a horse killed under me. Marlborough was checked, but not repulsed. I succeeded in rallying the regiments, which were shy at first, and led them four times to the charge. Marlborough, with his infantry and artillery, and sometimes with his cavalry, cleared away that of the enemy, and took Blenheim. We were beaten for a moment by the *gendarmerie*, but

at length we threw them into the Danube. I was under the greatest obligations to Marlborough for his changes in the dispositions according to circumstances. A Bavarian dragoon took aim at me; one of my Janes fortunately anticipated him. We lost nine thousand men; but twelve thousand eight hundred French killed, and twenty thousand eight hundred taken prisoners, prevented them this time from singing their usual *Te Deum* for their defeats, which they never acknowledge. (41) I wrote to the King of Prussia to inform him of the gallant conduct of Anhalt and his corps.

The poor elector, with his corps, joined Villeroy, who had marched to favour his retreat. They mournfully embraced. "I have sacrificed my dominions for the king," said the former, "and I am ready to sacrifice my life for him." The duke and prince (for Marlborough was now created a prince of the empire), Louis of Baden, and I, went to amuse ourselves at Stuttgard. The second took Landau, the first Trarbach, while I narrowly missed the two Brisachs: the one

because the governor of Fribourg mistook his way, and the other from the false delicacy of the lieutenant-colonel, whom I had directed to enter as a courier with some others, and who being unable to endure a caning from an overseer of the works of the place, ordered him to be fired upon. (42) This was indeed insisting very unseasonably on a point of honor, and the only occasion on which a man might, without disgrace, receive a thrashing. Had we succeeded, he would rather have been envied than reproached for it. I proceeded to Ingolstadt, which was on the point of surrendering, but was prevented by the valor of a French regiment, composed of brave deserters in the Bavarian service. They disregarded alike my promises and my threats: but astonishing them by the generous offer of sending them home under an escort, that nothing might happen to them, they evacuated Ingolstadt; and with the exception of Munich, all Bavaria was our's, thanks to the treaty which I concluded with the electress. The conditions were hard; she refused them; but by means of father Schulmacher, a good Jesuit, her confessor,

I prevailed on her to sign them, and set out for Vienna.

1705.

Feeling for the condition of the Duke of Savoy, who had again become a staunch Austrian, and not being supported by the Court of Vienna, had been reduced to the brink of ruin; (43) I represented it to the emperor. "Well," said he, "take him reinforcements, and command the army in Italy."—"Sire," I replied, "I remember my last campaign, in which, being left without money and without troops, either through stupidity or roguery, malice or jealousy, I was made to relinquish the blockade of Mantua, to lose all the towns which I had taken, and to derive no benefit from my victory at Luzara. They intercepted my letters to your Majesty, and want to compromise my honor. I would rather lay all my employments at your feet, and retire I know not whither to spend my life in peace. Here are twenty-two years of active service—the last ten of court storms and mor

tifications. I did hope to reconquer one half of the Spanish succession, but notwithstanding my victory at Hochstett, I am still in fear for your Majesty's dominions; which would have been lost, had I been defeated."

Leopold promised me twenty-eight thousand men, punctually paid, and in want of nothing. I would not set off till they were gone, and proceeded to Roveredo. Mirandola had just surrendered: I entered the Bressano. Vendôme marched to attack me, but having been prevented by me from occupying the height of Gavardo, he durst not. There it was that I heard of the death of the emperor; (44) I had a greater love for Joseph I. who succeeded him; but, as the son is almost always the reverse of the father, I was apprehensive that he would abandon the Duke of Savoy, for whom I was indeed responsible. So far from it, he wrote to me to continue, and immediately sent me one hundred thousand florins for the payment of the troops.

Leopold possessed good qualities, but I know not why some Spanish and Austrian

flatterers have tried to call him Leopold the Great. The attempt to be sure has not succeeded. He detested the French to such a degree that he forbade a single word of that language to be spoken at his court. I helped myself out with Italian, with which I am better acquainted than with German, though I find no difficulty to understand and to give orders in that language.

Vendôme went away into Piedmont, and directed his brother, the grand prior, to starve me in my camp at Gavardo, in order to oblige me to quit the Bressano. I attempted to dislodge him from the villa of la Couline, an important post. This led to a combat unparalleled for courage and resources; seven grenadiers defended the pigeon-house. Had Wirtemberg set fire to the villa immediately on his arrival there, he must have been successful. The grand prior came to its relief: not daring to risk a general engagement, I attempted the passage of the Oglio. This was absolutely necessary, for the Duke of Savoy had nothing but Turin

left. I succeeded, but how? I was obliged to employ stratagem upon stratagem, and to avail myself of the indolence of the grand prior, whom I knew to be fond of his bed, and to steal a march upon him under favor of the night. He strove, on rising, to retrieve this fault with incredible diligence; and when he had nearly overtaken me, I faced about to attack him. The position which he took made me afraid; and contrary to my custom I called a council of war, pretty certain that it would decide against an attack.

I suspected also that Toralba, the Spaniard, was not good for much. I drove him out of Palazzuolo, threatening to shoot him if he threw into the Oglio the provisions of which I was in the greatest want. He escaped to Bergamo. Visconti and Joseph of Lorraine, who were there wounded, came up with him, and instead of defending the height on which he was very advantageously posted, a few cannon-shot induced him to surrender with nine hundred men. Only imagine the rage and astonishment of the grand prior. Palaz-

zuolo and Ponte d'Oglio having surrendered, I advanced to cross the Adda, the only barrier of the Milanese.

I went and took Soncino; and learning that the French head-quarters were at Solesino, I said to my generals: "Albergotti has certainly joined the grand prior, and from this bold movement I would wager that Vendôme has come back to the army" Of this I was still more strongly convinced, when, having ordered the post of Quatorze Naviles to be occupied by Wetzel, Vendôme himself came to dislodge him. His grenadiers attacked the bridge, while other troops plunged into the water on the right and left to take my detachment on both flanks. Here was a display of valor, intelligence, and vivacity, the characteristics of the French soldier.

Vendôme wanted to fight, but I did not; my object was to assist the Duke of Savoy, by a diversion in the Mantuano; Vendôme strove to prevent me. Vendôme, without being so negligent as his brother, had a little of his indolence. I stole a march upon him

during the night, and arrived in two forced marches on the banks of the Adda. I took possession of a magnificent country-house belonging to the Jesuits of Bergamo, called *Il Paradiso*. I should have crossed the Adda quietly, but one of my waggons with pontoons broke down by the way.

The Adda, nearly a torrent at that moment, was not easy to pass; its rapidity rendered it difficult to join the pontoons. Vendôme had time to come up; but a kind of amphitheatre composed of my grenadiers for the protection of the workmen, sickened him of the design to interrupt them. Colmenero, the Spaniard, apprised me of every thing. I determined to go and fight the grand prior; he decamped, though slowly, in consequence of positive orders from his brother. I intended to cross the Adda by the bridge of Cassano; Vendôme opposed me: each strove to outwit the other. I resolved to put an end to all this by a battle. I had been informed that Vendôme usually took a nap in the afternoon, from which no person durst awake him, for fear of putting him into an ill humour. Linange

made himself master of the villa and bridge of Ritorto; he was repulsed. I arrived there, recovered every thing, and penetrated the left of the French. Vendôme came up also with his gilded troop, which was thinned in a moment by our fire. He had a horse killed under him, and received a ball through his boot. I received a musket-shot in the neck, and notwithstanding the blood, which flowed copiously, I remained till a second ball below the knee obliged me to retire to get my wounds dressed. The defeat of the French would have been certain, could I have taken a redoubt. I sent word to Anhalt to put an end to a firing which galled me in the centre and on the left. Ardent and brave as he was, he plunged with his horse into the Ritorto, followed by the Prussians, who were up to the chin in water; he was wounded. Würtemberg did the same on the right, and was killed. The arms and ammunition of both having got wet, they were unable to return the fire of the French. They made themselves masters of the castle of Cassano. Bebra, Rewentlau, and Joseph of Lorraine, a young prince of nineteen, fell while checking

the enemy, and firmly maintaining their ground on this side of the Ritorto, which they had been obliged to recross, and which the enemy respected as a barrier that I had appointed for him. He seemed to renounce all inclination to pass it, as I on my part gave up the passage of the Adda. If this can be called losing a battle, I acknowledge myself defeated. I went and took an excellent post at Trevigio. The self-termed conquerors were apparently in greater confusion than the vanquished, for not a creature approached my rear. These would-be victors lost more men than those whom they gave out to be conquered; they left me some standards and prisoners, and had thrown a great number of carriages into the canal. (45) Though Vendôme had been joined by his brother, who had slept at Rivalto, two leagues from the battle, and was on that account sent away from the army, he applied for reinforcements to La Feuillade, because he thought that I designed to attack him. I did not indeed effect a junction with the Duke of Savoy; but by these reinforcements, which I obliged Vendôme to require of La Feuillade, I frustrated

the plan for besieging and taking Turin. Did I lose the battle? I pretend not to decide the question. At any rate I find no fault with myself for having fought it. A signal success would have rendered me master of Italy; and the want of success, which is different from a reverse, and which I may ascribe to my two wounds, did not prevent me from resorting to my old tricks all the rest of the campaign against Vendôme, and quietly taking up my winter-quarters behind the mountains at Calcinato, Lunato, &c. Before I went into them, I had attempted some little enterprizes, all of which were frustrated by Vendôme. Not to be beaten by such a man is more glorious than to beat another. I set out for Vienna.

1706.

Marlborough arrived at Vienna. I had written to him that his presence would be necessary. I presented him to the emperor: how he was received may easily be imagined. He helped me to obtain assistance for the

Duke of Savoy. "Queen Anne," said he, "sent me for this purpose. We will lend your imperial majesty twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, and I hope to beat the enemy in the Low Countries." He returned thither, and I to Italy. I arrived at Roveredo at the same time as the fugitives of my army, the command of which I had given to Rewentlau, who had just sustained a defeat at Calcinato. I had but too well cured Vendôme of his indolence. Informed of my departure from Vienna, he had got the start of me in rejoining his army. He had counterfeited illness, and taken medicines before a great number of persons, as if he had actually been sick; but all at once throwing away his draughts, his *robe de chambre*, and his night-cap, he mounted his horse in the night between the 18th and 19th of April, for this superb expedition. (46) I rallied the fugitives, and hastened to Gavardo to prevent Vendôme from cutting off my communication with the Trentino. Vendôme used astonishing dispatch in all his movements; I had great difficulty in getting away from him. Never had I yet so hard a task. I nevertheless con-

trived to make myself master of several posts, with a view to secure the bank of the Adige. This was highly requisite, in order to raise the siege of Turin.

Luckily, thanks to the discernment of Louis XIV. La Feuillade (47) was charged with the conduct of the siege. The city had been very imperfectly invested; two posts were unoccupied. Vendôme was watching my motions from the other side of the Adige; it was, notwithstanding, absolutely necessary for me to cross that river. Another Venetian commandant took it into his head to refuse me a passage at la Badia. I ordered the gate to be broken open by my grenadiers, and perceiving that Vendôme was no longer with the army, having gone to Milan to resign the command to the Duke of Orleans, (48) I first returned thanks to God for it, and without giving myself much trouble, I deluded the French, who were guarding three posts, and crossed the Adige, where they least expected me.

Tessé had lost Spain at Barcelona; Ville-

roy the Low Countries at Ramillies, and La Feuillade was destined to lose Italy. I crossed the Tanaro and the Po. Vendôme had carried with him the love, the heart, and the spirit of the French. I passed the Secchia and the Canal of Ledo, and again thanked God for having taken Vendôme away from me. The Duke of Parma sent me compliments, forage, and allowances for the troops, in his dominions. The Duke of Savoy dispatched a lord belonging to his court to entreat me to come to him. He was unpleasantly situated with his little corps out of the city, the command of which he had left to Daun. To the former I wrote that all would soon end well; and to the latter that, intending to be at Nice de la Paille on the 30th of August, I would soon deliver to him in Turin, as a reward for his fine defence, the appointment of general of infantry, which the emperor had given me for him. I caused Goito to be taken by the Prince of Hesse, and la Stradella by Kirschbaum. I marched only in the night, on account of the heat, by which we were greatly incommoded. I crossed the Bormida, and having rested on the 27th

quite close to the Tanaro, I entered Piedmont, at the place which I had mentioned to the commandant of Turin, two days earlier than I had promised him a fortnight before. I very quickly acquainted him with my arrival, at the same time ordering him to thank his brave garrison in my name. "That great calculator Catinat," said I to myself, "and the active and rapid Vendôme (when it was necessary for him to be so), would not have suffered me to do all this." Once more I returned thanks to heaven, for when one is fortunate, one is devout. "Probably," said I again to myself, "the extensive power and shallow understanding of Marsin, counteract the abilities and valor of the Duke of Orleans." I went and joined the Duke of Savoy, below Carmagnole, and our soldiers, when they saw us embrace, threw their hats into the air, shouting: "Long live Joseph I. and Victor Amedæus!" and I think I heard some cries too of "Long live Eugene!"

La Feuillade made an assault on the 30th, and was repulsed with great loss. The Duke of Orleans, more skilful than his two col-

leagues, wanted to march against me. Marsin told him in the council of war, that probably I was only anxious to throw succours into the city: and that with the rest I should be a spectator of its fall. All the generals agreed in opinion with the Duke of Orleans. Marsin produced a paper signed by the king. The prince flew into a passion. "Gentlemen," said he, "I find that I have a tutor. Let my post-chaise be got ready, I shall be gone." He did not however depart, because he had a desire to fight. I sent Visconti to intercept a considerable convoy.

Turin had held out four months, and could resist no longer; we marched at length to its relief. The Duke of Savoy and I ascended a height, from which we beheld uncertain movements in the enemy's camp. "Those people," said I, "are already half beaten, cousin." All our artillery gave a tremendous discharge. The battle began; the Duke of Savoy and myself ran whithersoever we thought our presence needful. This time he fought in good earnest, and with all his heart, as one might be sure he would, since it was *pro domo*

sua....The right wing was at first repulsed, because it could not attack so soon as the left. Anhalt set all to rights again with his brave Prussian infantry, and I at the head of some squadrons. For an hour and a half some advantages were gained on either side; it was a carnage but not a battle. Our troops at length leaped into the entrenchments of the French, but threw themselves into disorder in the pursuit. Three pieces of cannon, well posted, checked the carbineers, who, but for this, would have roughly handled my cuirassiers, and perhaps my infantry. In rallying the latter, whose character had been already somewhat slurred, one of my pages and a valet de chambre were killed behind me, and my horse, wounded with a carbine-shot, threw me into a ditch. I was thought to be dead, and it is said that for a very short time this produced some effect on the troops. The order which I gave when getting again on horseback covered with mud, dust, and blood, to Stahrenberg's regiment to pour a volley upon the French cavalry, relieved my infantry of the latter, and it maintained its ground in that part of the lines which it had forced. Their

centre stood firm. Rehbinder was thrice repulsed by the Duke of Orleans, who received two musket balls. It was the Duke of Savoy who at length forced his way in person into the entrenchments.

We were now enabled to give assistance to the Prince of Saxe Gotha, who performed wonders on the right, but could not succeed on account of the Castle of Lucento. The Saxons then leaped into the entrenchments, forced Pont Cassine, and in every quarter the victory was looked upon as won, when the enemy rallied and attacked us in the field of battle, of which we had just made ourselves masters. Daun, though pressed by La Feuillade, made a sally at this critical moment, and decided the victory. I know not how things might have turned out, if Albergotti had not been silly enough to remain a spectator upon the heights of the Capuchins with forty battalions. So much is certain, that, but for this, the most obstinately contested battle I ever saw might have lasted much longer; though, not expecting so stupid a procedure, I had troops in readiness to take him in flank, if

he had attempted to come down to me. This was the 7th of September. (49)

My good fortune had decreed that Marsin, (50) who fell in this engagement, should wait for me with his eighty thousand men behind his lines; if he had come out to attack me first, and to turn me, I should have been a good deal embarrassed with my thirty thousand. I was under great obligations in this affair to two French officers, Bonneval (51) and Langallerie, (52) imprudent men, who turned out ill, but to whom I was then much attached for their bravery and intelligence. I had some influence with the Emperor Joseph, and had taken them as generals into his service. 'Tis a pity they turned out as they did: they pretended to be free-thinkers, who are almost always unsteady. The affectation of irreligion, is, independent of its foolish impiety, a mark of bad taste.

Before I gave myself up entirely to joy fearing lest the discomfited besiegers should endeavor to cover the Milanese, I took out my perspective glass, which I never use but

36518

when I cannot approach near to reconnoitre; and perceiving them flying rather than retreating, towards Pignerol, I said to the Duke of Savoy: "Italy is our's, cousin." (53)

It may easily be imagined how we were received in Turin, where the little gunpowder left in the city was scarcely sufficient to fire a general salute of artillery during the *Te Deum*. "This time at least," said I to Daun, whom I cordially embraced, "I think Louis XIV. will not order *Te Deum* to be sung at Paris." (54)

The day after the great battle, the Prince of Hesse (55) was defeated in a little affair by Medavi; but this did me no harm: I continued the pursuit. The Vaudois put the fugitives to the sword. We took Chivas, Novara, Milan, the citadel of which we blockaded; Lodi, Pizzighitone, Tortona, Alexandria, Seravalle, and Casal. Proceeding thence to reconnoitre the post of Cavacurta, I received a very severe contusion from a musket-ball, on my left arm.

1707.

Our generalissimo remained well pleased at Turin, while I went into winter-quarters: and both of us agreed to lay siege to Toulon, after we had taken the citadels of Milan and of Modena, and some other small posts, which induced Louis XIV. to make us an offer to evacuate Italy. We asquiesced on condition of his restoring something to the Duke of Mantua, Mirandola to its duke, and a good deal to the Duke of Savoy, as his compensation. Daun signed the convention on our side, and St. Pater on that of the French, on the 7th of March.

I know not what induced Joseph I. to send me to the Rhine instead of the Prince of Baden. I wrote to him that it was certainly a trick of my enemies, that it was contrary to my wish, and that I was in a fair way in this country. I did not indeed anticipate the failure of our plan against Toulon: we should

infallibly have taken that city, had we not been obliged to lose time in the conquest of Naples, where a conspiracy was formed in favor of the House of Austria. Two cursed cardinals, Grimani and Pignatelli, who were engaged in it, over-ruled the Duke of Savoy's opinion and mine; (56) absent persons have but little influence at court. Louis XIV. would have been more mortified by the conquest of Dauphiné, Languedoc, and Provence. In vain did Tessé oppose our passage of the mountains: I passed them on the 4th of July, at the Col de Tende, and the Duke of Savoy, and the other corps elsewhere. We crossed the Var, marched to Frejus, (57) and arrived before Toulon.

The Duke of Savoy directed me to carry the heights of St. Catherine, where I posted the young prince of Saxe Gotha. The Duke of Savoy promised him a reinforcement of four battalions, if he should be attacked; but they could not reach him in time. Never did the French make so sudden and so furious an attack. This prince, who though but twenty years of age, was a lieutenant-general in the

armies of the emperor, of England, and of Holland, handsome and accomplished in every way, defended himself like a lion. He had already lost a great number of his men: two hundred were yet left him; these were reduced to thirty or forty, to whom he said:—"My friends, let us at least die like men of honor." He was instantly killed by two musket-balls Works, entrenchments, batteries, were all ruined and carried. Every thing was to be begun again. I was inconsolable for the death of the young prince; but I was somewhat comforted for the loss of St. Catherine's by the taking of the forts of St. Margaret and St. Louis. In secret, however, I said to myself: Of what use will this be to us? Tessé made excellent arrangements in the city, and I shrewdly suspected that the expedition to Naples, which had retarded the arrival of the English and Dutch fleet before Toulon, had frustrated our attempt. But such are cabinets, parliaments, states-general, and coalitions! We ought, as I had proposed, to have marched straightway to Toulon, after the expulsion of the French from Lombardy. Nevertheless, but for the bravery and talents of Tessé, and the

unfortunate affair in which my beloved Prince of Gotha fell, we should have been successful.

I left to the Duke of Savoy the honor of proposing to raise the siege, and took good care not to oppose him. I fully expected, as it turned out, that the English would accuse him of a secret understanding with the French. They were angry at having been put to so much useless expence; they ought to be forgiven. I wrote to Marlborough that they were wrong, and that this time the Duke of Savoy had by accident behaved most honorably towards us; but his conduct had not been exactly such towards the inhabitants of Provence, whom he had severely fleeced: (58) he moreover caused their olive-trees to be cut down and pulled up by the roots, and took away plants and seeds to carry them to his own country. Detested as he was, he was often annoyed on his retreat: mine was executed with less interruption. On the 25th of July, my army arrived at Frejus; I prevented Medavi, who attempted to obstruct my march in the defiles and the passage of the Var, which I accomplished without molestation.

Vexed at having made a campaign without any success, I went and took Suza, the only place left to the French on this side of the mountains. I repaired to Turin to provide winter-quarters; to Milan to fix the contributions of the Italian princes; and to Vienna to settle the plan of operations of the ensuing campaign.

One ought not to appear dissatisfied at court: I hate grumblers, even though they have reason to grumble. From the closet ill-natured sarcasms find their way to the parlor, from the parlor to the dining-room, and thence, in consequence of the imprudent practice of speaking before servants, to the public-houses; all this afterwards produces upon the common people an impression that is liable to become dangerous. Being sure that Joseph I. would be embarrassed on seeing me, because he had not believed me, I observed, as I ought, a respectful, but likewise easy behaviour towards him. He was gratified by it, and scolded me for having exposed myself too much. It is easy to imagine what answer I made to this kind reproach. "You

have expelled the French," said he, "from Bavaria and Italy; go and drive them from the Low Countries. Rest yourself, and set off on the 26th of March for various courts, and set the coalition to work according to your wishes and mine."

1708.

On the 31st of March I was already at Dresden, and obtained a promise of King Augustus to send me a body of his troops. I then went to Hanover, and received the same promise from the elector. I proceeded to the Hague, where I cordially embraced Marlborough, who had come thither on the same business. We both pressed Heinsius and Fagel for assistance; assuring them, that to prevent the enemy from laying siege to the strong places, we would gain a battle as speedily as possible. I appeased, as well as I could, those gentlemen, who were dissatisfied, because the emperor had not made peace with the Hungarian rebels, nor appropriated to his own use the revenues of Naples, the Milanese, and

Bavaria. I went next to Dusseldorf, to pacify the Elector Palatine, who was likewise angry with the Emperor Joseph I. respecting the Upper Palatinate. I returned to Hanover with Marlborough, to press the elector; went to Leipsic to urge King Augustus, whom I found there, once more; and after proceeding to Vienna to give an account of my successful negociations, I was immediately sent off again to Frankfurt, to confer with the electors of Mentz and Hanover, and Rechteren, the Dutch minister. I circulated a report that this journey was undertaken for the sake of my health, and that the physicians had ordered me to use the waters of Schlangenbad. I said to all these petty allies, "It is your interest; a great emperor would live at your expence, if you did not exist, and would perhaps be better off on that account. If you do not protect yourselves by defending him, beware lest another Louvois lay waste the empire with fire and sword." (59)

I have always taken for the foundation of my politics the interests of the persons with whom I had to do, and have detested court

flatterers, who say, "These princes are personally attached to your majesty." It is thus that they strengthen the self-love of sovereigns, who, besides, like to be told "every thing is going on well, in the best manner, or is likely to be retrieved."

Villars was not duped by the prescriptions of the faculty for the cure of diseases with which I was not afflicted. He wrote to a prisoner whom he sent back to me: "If you belong to the army which Prince Eugene is going to command, assure him of my respect. I understand that he is going to the baths on the 20th of June: but if I recollect right, he was not formerly so attentive to his health. We shall soon see what sort of baths he means to use." I assembled my army of Austrians and German allies at Coblentz, where I had a long conference with the Elector of Treves. The French had one hundred thousand men in the Low Countries; Marlborough had but sixty thousand. I received orders to march to his support: I directed my troops to proceed by forced marches, while I went post myself, fearful lest a battle should be fought

without me. Cadogan came to Maestricht to compliment me. He told me that the French had surprised Ghent, Bruges, and Plaskendall, and that my presence was wanted. I passed through Brussels, where my interview with my mother, after a separation of twenty-five years, was very tender, but very short. I found Marlborough encamped at Asch, between Brussels and Alost; and learning that the enemy had their left on the other side of the Dendre, I asked Marlborough on my arrival if it was not his intention to give battle. "I think I ought," replied he immediately; "and I find with pleasure, but without astonishment, that we have both made the reflection, that without this our communication with Brussels would be cut off: but I should like to have waited for your troops." "I would not advise you to wait," replied I, "for the French would have time to retreat."

Vendôme wanted to dispute the passage of the Dendre. He told the Duke of Burgundy, whom bad advisers persuaded to march to Ghent: "When you perceive in Prince

Eugene a desire to avoid an engagement, he knows how to force you to one." This expression I saw in the vindication of his conduct, which he printed on his return to Paris.

Cadogan went to Oudenarde, and in a few hours threw a bridge across the Scheldt. "It is still time," said Vendôme to the Duke of Burgundy, "to discontinue your march, and to attack, with the troops which we have here, that part of the allied army which has passed the river." The duke hesitated, stopped on the height of Gaveren, lost time, would have turned back, sent twenty squadrons to dispute the passage, recalled them, and said, "Let us march to Ghent." "It is too late," said Vendôme, "you cannot now: in half an hour, perhaps, you will have the enemy upon you." "Why then did you stop me?" rejoined the Duke of Burgundy. "To begin the attack immediately," replied he. "Cadogan yonder is already master of the village of Hurne and of six battalions. Let us draw up at least in the best manner we can." Rantzau commenced the attack. He overthrew a column of cavalry, and would have been routed in his

turn, but for the electoral Prince of Hanover, who in the conflict had his horse killed under him. Grimaldi too early and injudiciously ordered a charge. "What are you doing?" cried Vendôme, coming up at full gallop, "you are wrong."—"It is by the Duke of Burgundy's orders," replied he. The latter, vexed at being contradicted, thought only how to cross the other. Vendôme was giving orders to charge the left. "What are you doing?" said the Duke of Burgundy: "I forbid it; there is an impassable ravine and morass." Let any one judge of the indignation of Vendôme, who had passed over the spot but a moment before. But for this misunderstanding, we should perhaps have been defeated; for our cavalry was engaged a full half hour before the infantry could join it. For the same reason, I directed the village of Hurne to be abandoned, that I might send the battalions by which it was occupied to support the squadrons on the left wing. But the Duke of Argyle arrived with all possible expedition, at the head of the English infantry; and then came the Dutch, though much more slowly. "Now," said I to Marlborough,

"we are in a condition to fight." It was six in the evening of the 11th of July: we had yet three hours of day-light. I was on the right, at the head of the Prussians. Some battalions turned their backs, on being attacked with unequalled fury. They rallied, retrieved their fault, and we recovered the ground they had lost. The battle then became general along the whole line. The spectacle was magnificent. It was one sheet of fire. Our artillery made a powerful impression; that of the French being injudiciously posted, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevailed in the army, on account of the disunion of its commanders, produced very little effect. With us it was quite the contrary; we loved and esteemed one another. Even the Dutch Marshal Ouverkerke, venerable for his age and services, my old friend and Marlborough's, obeyed us, and fought to admiration.

The following circumstance may serve to prove our harmony. Matters were going ill on the right, where I commanded. Marlborough, who perceived it, sent me a rein-

forcement of eighteen battalions, without which I should scarcely have been able to keep my ground. I then advanced, and drove in the first line; but at the head of the second I found Vendôme on foot, with a pike in his hand, encouraging the troops. He made so vigorous a resistance, that I should not have succeeded but for Natzmer, at the head of the King of Prussia's *gendarmes*, who broke through the line, and enabled me to obtain a complete victory.

Marlborough purchased his more dearly on the left, where he attacked in front, while Ouverkerke dislodged the enemy from the hedges and villages, Nassau, Fries, and Oxenstiern, drove the infantry beyond the defiles, but they were roughly handled by the king's household troops, who came to its assistance. I rendered the same service to the duke. I sent Tilly, who, making a considerable circuit, took the brave household troops, which had nearly snatched the victory from us, in the rear: but this decided the business The darkness of the night prevented our pursuit, and enabled me to execute a scheme for

increasing the number of our prisoners. I sent out drummers in different directions, with orders to beat the retreat after the French manner, and posted my French refugee officers, with directions to shout on all sides: —*Here Picardy! Here Champagne! Here Piedmont!* The French soldiers flocked in, and I made a good harvest of them: we took in all about seven thousand. The Duke of Burgundy, and his evil counsellors, had long before withdrawn. Vendôme collected the relics of the army, and took charge of the rear. (60)

As it was so dark that we had begun to fire upon each other, Marlborough waited for day-light, to attack the enemy before he reached Ghent. His detachment found him but too soon. Vendôme had posted his grenadiers to the right and left of the high-road, and they put our cavalry, which pursued them, to the rout. Vendôme by this saved the remnant of his army, which entered Ghent in the utmost confusion, with the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, and the Count of Toulouse. His presence stopped, pacified, and cheered the soldiers.

They all held a council of war at the inn called *the Golden Apple*. The opinion of the princes and their courtiers was, as usual, detestable. Vendôme grew warm, expressed his indignation at having been crossed by them, and declared that, determined not to be served in the same manner again, he should order the army to encamp behind the canal of Bruges at Lovendeghem. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, as I had done the Elector of Bavaria, in 1704, and the Duke of Orleans, in 1706.

As I was sure that Marlborough could make no arrangements but what were excellent, I went the day after the battle to see my mother at Brussels. What tears of affection did she shed on beholding me again with some addition of glory! I told her, however, that Marlborough's portion seemed greater than mine, as at Hochstett. The joy of revenge mingled a little in that occasioned by our victory. She was glad to see the king humbled, who had left her for another woman in his youth, and exiled her in his old age. It is remarkable that in her's she married the Duke

D'Ursel, without assuming his name. Nobody knew this: it could not have been a match of conscience or convenience, but probably of *ennui* and idleness. We could not help being rather merry on the subject of his former devices and his *Place des Victoires*.

The fifteen days which I thus passed with her were the most agreeable of my life. I parted from her with the more pain, as it was probable that we should not see each other again. On the last day of my visit the troops from the Moselle arrived. We were then as strong as the French. I sent eight battalions to reinforce Marlborough's corps, which covered Flanders. I left the rest to cover Brussels, and rejoined him at the camp of Elchin. He, Ouverkerke, and myself agreed upon sending a strong detachment to lay waste Artois and Picardy, and thus compel Vendôme to leave his camp. Vendôme, who guessed our intention, remained immoveable. I proposed the siege of Lisle: the deputies of the states-general thought fit to be of a different opinion: Marlborough was with me, and they were obliged to hold their tongues. The siege

was committed to me, while Marlborough was to cover it against the army of the Duke of Burgundy. The latter, with sixty thousand men, encamped near Pont des Pierres; and I, with forty thousand, after investing the city, took up my head-quarters at the Abbey of Loos, on the 13th of August. The brave and skilful Boufflers,(61) with a garrison of sixteen battalions, and four regiments of dragoons, cut out plenty of work for me. The job, so far from being easy, was a dangerous one; for Mons was not in our possession. My first attack on Fort Catelen was repulsed; the works undertaken the same day, to drain a large pond which was in my way, also failed. I ordered epaulements to be made, for the fire of the place annoyed us to such a degree, that a cannon-ball carried off the head of the valet of the Prince of Orange, at the moment when he was putting on his master's shirt. It may easily be supposed that he was obliged to take another, and to shift his quarters. I opened the trenches, and on the 23rd the besieged made a sortie, when Lieutenant-general Bettendorff, who commanded there, was taken prisoner. Boufflers treated him exceedingly well. The festival of St. Louis, which he celebrated with three ge-

neral discharges of all his artillery, cost us some men. In the night, between the 26th and 27th, the besieged made a terrible sortie; I gained the post of the mill of St. Andrew; Boufflers retook it; and I there lost six hundred men.

Marlborough sent me word that Berwick, (62) having reinforced the Duke of Burgundy, the army, now one hundred and twenty thousand strong, was marching to the relief of Lisle. The deputies of the states-general, always interfering in every thing, and always dying of fear, asked me for a reinforcement for him. I went to his camp to offer him one: he said, "Let us go together, and reconnoitre the ground between the Deule and the Marck." After we had examined it, he said, "I have no occasion for one, I shall only move my camp nearer to your's." Vendôme proposed not to lose a day, but instantly to attack the army of observation, and the besieging force. "I cannot," said the Duke of Burgundy; "I have sent a courier to my grandfather to enquire his pleasure." Conferences were held at Versailles, and the king sent his booby Chamillard (63)

to his grandson's camp; he went up with him into the steeple of the village of Sedin, to view our two armies, and decided against giving us battle.

I cannot imagine how Vendôme could help running mad; another, with less zeal, would have sent every thing to the devil; and he, a better grandson of a King of France than the other, took the trouble, the day before, to go so close to Marlborough's position to reconnoitre, that he was grazed by a cannon-ball. I had returned to Marlborough's camp to be his volunteer, if he had been attacked.

But, while I think of it, a Chamillard, that is, in one word, a young prince of no character, and an old king who had lost his, were quite sufficient to fill Vendôme's heart with rage. He was obliged by them to retreat, as if he had been beaten. I continued the siege, sure of not being interrupted, and took the redoubt of the gate of Flanders, and some others; but after three hours' fighting for one of the most important, I was repulsed and pursued to my trenches. I scarcely stirred from them,

having the King of Poland and all my young princes at my side, for it was necessary to set an example, and to give orders. I directed two assaults to be made, to facilitate the taking of the covered way; still repulsed, but a horrible carnage. Five thousand English, sent me by Marlborough to retrieve my losses, performed wonders, but were thrown into disorder. We heard the cry of *Vive le Roi et Boufflers!* I said a few words in English to those brave fellows who rallied round me; I led them back into the fire; but a ball below the left eye knocked me down senseless. Every body thought me dead, and so did I too. They found a dung-cart, in which I was conveyed to my quarters; first my life, and then my sight was despaired of. I recovered both. The ball had struck me obliquely. Here was another unsuccessful attack; out of five thousand men, not fifteen hundred returned; and twelve hundred workmen were there killed.

Being prevented for some time by my wound from interfering in any thing, I left the command of the siege to Marlborough, who delivered his to Ouverkerke. He effected a lodg-

ment in a *tenaillon* on the left, but a mine baffled the assault and the assailants. Marlborough countermined some, and took all possible pains to spare me trouble on my return. He obliged me to dine in public, in order to cheer my army, and returned to his own.

The Chevalier de Luxemburg eluded me, and introduced ammunition, of which the besieged were in great want; (64) and a captain, named Dubois, eluded me, and swam with a note from Boufflers to the Duke of Burgundy, informing him, that though the trenches had been open forty days, I was not yet completely master of any of the works. "Nevertheless, Monseigneur," added he, "I cannot hold out beyond the 15th or 20th of October."

I was in want of powder. A single letter from Marlborough to his friend Queen Anne occasioned a quantity to be sent me, with fourteen battalions, by the fleet of Vice-admiral Byng, who landed them at Ostend. Every body is acquainted with the stupidity of Lamotte, (65) who not only suffered this convoy to

reach me, but got a sound drubbing for his whole corps that was intended to prevent it. Being completely recovered from my wound, I was night and day at the works, which Boufflers, also present every where, was incessantly interrupting or annoying.

I bethought me of a stratagem to give frequent alarms for several nights at a half-moon, with a view to attack it afterwards in open day, being persuaded that the wearied soldiers would take that time for repose. This scheme succeeded. I ordered an assault upon a salient angle, and that succeeded. I directed the covered way to be attacked, and was again successful. I thence made a breach in the curtain, and enlarged another in a bastion; and when I was at length working at the descent of the ditch, the marshal, who had every day invented some new artifice; sometimes tin boxes, at others, earthen pots, filled with grenades, and done all that science could suggest, offered to capitulate on the 22nd of September, without mentioning any conditions. I promised to sign such as he should propose to me. "This, M. le Marechal," so I wrote

to him, "is to show you my perfect regard for your person, and I am sure that a brave man like you will not abuse it. I congratulate you on your excellent defence."

My council of war, which I summoned out of politeness, objected to the article that the citadel should not be attacked on the side next the town. I yielded, having my plan in my head, and wrote to Boufflers: "Certain reasons, M Le Marechal, prevent me from signing this article, but I give you my word of honor to observe it. I hope in six weeks to give you fresh proofs of my admiration." Boufflers retired into the citadel, and I entered the town with Marlborough, the King of Poland, the Landgrave of Hesse, &c. In the morning we went to church, and at night to the play; and all the business of the capitulation being finished on the 29th of October, I the same day ordered the trenches to be opened before the citadel.

Before I proceed to this siege, I ought to relate a circumstance which happened to me during that of the city. A clerk of the post-

office wrote to the secretary of general Dopf, desiring him to deliver to me two letters, one from the Hague, and the other I know not whence. I opened the latter, and found nothing but a greasy paper. Persuaded, as I still am, that it was a mistake, or something of no consequence, which I might perhaps have been able to read had I taken the trouble to hold the paper to the fire, I threw it away. Somebody picked it up, and it was said that a dog about whose neck it was tied died poisoned in the space of twenty-four hours. What makes me think this untrue, is, that at Versailles they were too generous, and at Vienna too religious, for such a trick.

The ninth day the besieged made a vigorous sortie. The Prince of Brunswick, who repulsed it, received a wound from a musket-ball in the head. The eleventh, a still more vigorous sortie of the Chevalier de Luxembourg, who drove my troops from the branches of the trenches, and made us fall back to St. Catherine's. An excellent officer of my staff had his head shot off by a cannon-ball by my side. The enemy lost a great number of men

before he returned to the citadel. I caused every thing to be repaired.

I was now suddenly obliged to abandon the siege, leaving the direction of it to Prince Alexander of Würtemberg. The Elector of Bavaria was engaged in that of Brussels. Marlborough and I made him raise it after a pretty battle, and some excellent, well-combined manœuvres, of which he had all the honor, for I could not pass the Scheldt where I wanted. The Elector of Bavaria was somewhat ashamed. The French princes would have been so too, had not their joy on returning to Versailles prevented them.

I went back to the siege; but what a change! The marshal had taken advantage of my absence to drive the besiegers from the first covered way, of which I had left them in possession. After regaining it, as well as the other posts that had been abandoned, I wrote as follows to the brave Boufflers: "The French army, M. le Marechal, has retired toward Tournay, the Elector of Bavaria to Namur, and the princes to their courts. Spare

yourself and your brave garrison; I will again sign whatever you please." His answer was: "There is yet no occasion to be in a hurry. Permit me to defend myself as long as I can. I have still enough left to do to render myself more worthy of the esteem of the man whom I respect above all others." I gave orders for the assault of the second covered way. The King of France apparently anticipated this, for he wrote to the marshal to surrender. Notwithstanding his repugnance to such a step, he was on the point of obeying, when, in a note which the Duke of Burgundy had subjoined to the king's letter, he read: "I know from a certain quarter that they want to make you a prisoner of war." I know not where he picked up this information; but that prince, respectable as he was in peace, could neither say nor do any but foolish things in war. This note however produced some impression for a moment. Generals, soldiers, and all, swore rather to perish in the breach. Boufflers wept for joy, as I have been told; and when on the point of embracing this alternative, he recollected my note, which got the better of the Duke of Burgundy's; and

after the trenches had been opened four months before the city and citadel, he sent me on the 8th of December all the articles that he wished me to sign, which I did without any restriction. I went very soon with the Prince of Orange to pay him a visit, and in truth to do homage to his merit. (66) I cordially embraced him, and accepted an invitation to supper; "On condition," said I, "that it be that of a famished citadel, to see what you may eat without an express order from the king." Roasted horse-flesh was set before us; the epicures in my suite were far from relishing the joke, but were quickly consoled by the arrival of provisions from the city, on which we made an excellent repast.

The following day I gave him as good a dinner as I could, at my abbey, where he paid me a visit. We were very merry and communicative. We talked of war, politics, and Louis XIV. Respecting the last, I was on my guard; I spoke only of his great qualities, and requested the marshal to lay me at his feet. On this subject I was highly amused with the flatteries of the states-gene-

ral, who thinking themselves very cunning, were in hopes by these means to dispose him to peace, of which they were ardently desirous. I durst not be alone a moment with the marshal, lest idle stories should be circulated respecting us; and one or the other might appear suspicious to our courts, where one is always sure to have good friends, who are never asleep. After manifesting my consideration for the illustrious vanquished, whenever we were together, at the play, and when we went abroad in the streets, where I observed that he was universally adored, I caused him and his brave garrison to be conducted to Douay, with a large escort and all possible honors.

In one of our conversations I said to him; "If you could have been both within the place and without at the same time, M. le Marechal, and if no other princes of France had been there but M. de Vendôme, to whom I give that title out of love to Henry IV. I should never have taken Lisle."

"Do you believe in good luck in war?"

said he; "I see nothing in you but good management."—"If I have occasionally shewn some," replied I, "it is because I have been fortunate enough to be opposed by bad generals; and that is good luck."—"In my opinion," said the marshal, "bad luck consists only in the want of opportunity to distinguish one's self: but a beaten general is always in the wrong, without some extraordinary accident, such as an order misunderstood, or the death of the messenger; he may then have some excuse, but there is none for the general who is surprised and defeated. The ignorant alone make war a game of chance, and they are caught at last. Charles XII. is not one of these; but I see by the news which I have this morning received, that while we are speaking, he is playing very deep." (67)

After retaking Ghent and Bruges, Marlborough and I put our troops in winter-quarters, and went for a month to Brussels; but my mother was no longer there.

1709.

January the 9th, we set out for the Hague. It was nothing but a series of honors and festivities; presents for Marlborough, and fire-works for me. But I prevented a magnificent exhibition, by requesting the states-general to give the money it was to have cost to their brave soldiers, whom I had caused to be crippled: and the 20th of January I set off for Vienna, to report and ask for farther orders.

I was directed to make peace, if the enemy would comply with all my demands. I returned on the 8th of April to the Hague, where I found the plenipotentiaries of the King of France. Famine, a winter more severe than had ever been known, want of men and money, made him wish for peace; but the vanquished forget that they are such, as soon as they enter into negociation. They mistake obstinacy for firmness, and at last get more soundly beaten than before.

One hundred thousand men were again under Marlborough's command and mine in the Low Countries; and the same number under Villars. "I am going," said he to the king on taking leave, "to drive your enemies so far, that they shall not again see the banks of the Scheldt; and by a battle on my arrival, to regain all that has been taken from your majesty."

Without wishing to avoid one, for he was morally and physically brave, he took an extremely advantageous position: this was one of his great talents; he wanted very little to be a perfect general. With reinforcements, which poured in to us on all sides, we were stronger than he, but there was no possibility of attacking him where he was. To oblige him to quit his position, we resolved to besiege Tournay. The trenches were opened on the 7th of July, the white flag was hoisted on the 28th, and on the 21st of August, after the most terrible subterraneous war that I ever witnessed (for in twenty-six days, the besieged sprung thirty-eight mines), the citadel surrendered. Villars never stirred. "Let us go and take Mons," said I to Marlborough;

"perhaps this devil of a fellow will tire of being so prudent." Madame de Maintenon did not give him credit for so much prudence as he possessed, though she was very fond of him; for she permitted Louis XIV. to send Marshal Boufflers to assist him. Certain enemies of Villars, at Versailles, hoped to disgust him; but I have already proved, that brave men agree, and love and esteem each other. The two marshals would gladly have saved Mons without risking a battle; we stood upon ceremony to know which party should oblige the other to give it. As soon as our troops from Tournay had arrived: "Let us lose no time," said I; "and in spite of one hundred and twenty thousand men, woods, hedges, villages, holes, triple entrenchments, a hundred pieces of cannon and *abattis*, let us put an end to the war in one day."

The deputies of Holland, and some faint-hearted generals, objected, remonstrated, and annoyed me. It was of no use to tell them that the excellent veteran French soldiers were killed in the six or seven battles which Marlborough and I had gained; and though I well

knew that young ones are formed but too expeditiously, an advantage in which they are superior to all other nations, we determined upon the battle of Malplaquet. (68) The 11th of September a thick fog concealed our dispositions from the marshals; we dispelled it at eight in the morning, by a general discharge of all our artillery. This military music was succeeded by that of hautboys, drums, fifes, and trumpets, with which I treated both armies. We then saw Villars proceeding through all the ranks. As the French can never hear enough of their king; "My friends," said he to them, as I have been told, "the king commands me to fight: are you not very glad of it?" He was answered with shouts of—Long live the king and M. de Villars! I attacked the wood of Sars without shouting. I rallied the English guards, who, at the beginning, were scattered; some from too much courage, and others from a contrary reason: my German battalions supported them. We had nevertheless been overwhelmed, but for the Duke of Argyle, who boldly climbing the parapet of the entrenchment, made me master of the wood. All this procured me a ball

behind the ear; and on account of the quantity of blood which I lost, all those about me advised me to have the wound dressed. "If I am beaten," I replied, "it will not be worth while; and if the French are, I shall have plenty of time for that." What could I have done better than to seek death, after all the responsibility which I had again taken upon myself on this occasion? I beg pardon for this digression and personality; but one cannot help being a man. To endeavour to repair faults committed, is, I acknowledge, more noble; but to survive one's glory is dreadful. My business on the right going on well, I wished to decide that of the duke on the left, which proceeded but slowly. In vain the Prince of Orange had planted a standard on the third entrenchment; almost the whole Dutch corps was extended on the ground, killed or wounded. For six hours Marlborough was engaged with the centre and the left, without any decisive advantage. My cavalry, which I sent to his succour, was overthrown on the way by the king's household troops as they were in their turn by a battery which took them in flank. At length

Marlborough had gained ground without me; so that it was easy for me to turn the centre of the enemy's army, which had been left unsupported in consequence of the defeat of the wings. Boufflers rendered the same service to Villars as I did to Marlborough, and when he beheld him fall from his horse, dangerously wounded below the knee, (69) and the victory snatched from them, he thought of nothing but how to make the finest retreat in the best possible order. I think it is not too much to estimate the loss of both armies at forty thousand men: those who were not killed died of fatigue. I gave some rest to the remains of my troops, buried all I could, and then marched to Mons.

There were but five thousand men in that place. I opened the trenches on the 25th of September, and on the 22d of October, being on the point of assaulting the horn-work of Bertamont, Grimaldi capitulated. Our troops went into winter-quarters; and I, being obliged to post about without intermission, proceeded with Marlborough to the Hague, to coax the states-general, who were ready to abandon our

cause. I advised them to say at the conference of Gertruidenberg, that they would nôt hear of peace unless it were general. 'Tis a good way to protract a war; for out of four or five powers, you may wager that there is one whose interest it is not to make peace. I was sure of Queen Anne, because I was sure of Marlborough; he seconded me admirably. I went to report to the emperor. I submitted to him a sketch of the state of Europe, of which I could see that his cabinet had not the least idea. I stated the inclination which I observed in several powers to forsake us. At a distance from danger, people are courageous. I was told that I should make a glorious campaign. I replied that I had lost more men than could be given me; but yet I would try what I could do.

I collected three hundred thousand florins for my army, which had for a long time been unpaid, and as many recruits as I could to reinforce Heister against the Hungarian rebels, whom they had neither the abilities to beat, nor the good sense to pacify. I soon returned to the Low Countries, by way of Berlin, where I alighted the 1st of April,

1710,

at the house of my good friend, the Prince of Anhalt Dessau. It was necessary to prevent the King of Prussia, who imagined that the Swedish monarch would cut out work for him, from withdrawing his troops from Italy, where the Duke of Savoy, meditating an invasion of Dauphiné, stood in need of them.

Frederic William promised me that they should remain. I demonstrated to him that since the battle of Pultawa there was no Charles XII. and that he was the prisoner of his friends the Turks.

I was sorry for it; for he never could have been a Gustavus Adolphus, who made the empire tremble; but I wished the aggrandizement of Russia to be prevented, and looked upon Sweden as a counterpoise for maintaining the equilibrium of Europe. The King of Prussia gave me a fine sword, and a snuff-box worth twenty-four thousand florins, which was a great deal for a prince both poor and avaricious. I proceeded on the 15th of April

to join Marlborough at the Hague; and on arriving in Flanders, we found the French lines, from Maubeuge to Ypres, carried by Cumberland. We went to lay siege to Douai.

My equipages, coming from Holland by water, were taken by a French partizan near Antwerp: plate, boxes, and the presents which I had just received. Louis XIV. probably from the impression made upon him by the respectful message which I had sent by the Marshal de Boufflers, ordered the whole to be restored to me. I gave five hundred ducats and a gold-hilted sword to the partizan. I caused the trenches to be opened in the night between the 5th and 6th of May. Albergotti made a vigorous sally on the 8th, which gave me a good deal of trouble. No governor ever made so many sorties: he sometimes made four in a day.

Villars, having recovered from his wound, arrived from Paris to oblige us to raise the siege. We took a good position, and though it was not so strong as that which he had occupied at Malplaquet, the preceding year, yet he respected it. The many battles and

towns lost by the French since the commencement of the century, had rendered them cautious, and Villars too; (70) that is saying a great deal. On the 24th of June, Douai surrendered.

It came to my turn to be cautious likewise. I designed to take Arras, and then there would have been nothing to prevent my marching to Paris; but Villars frustrated my plan, by taking an excellent position, where I durst not attack him. I consoled myself by the reduction of Bethune, which was the business of eight days. On the 14th of August we gained a tolerable advantage. Villars, alway courageous in his own person, when he could not be so with his army, gave Broglio five hundred horse to cut off a large foraging party, and marched himself at the head of fifty squadrons to support him. Broglio, eager for the attack, fell into an ambuscade, and Villars returned extremely mortified.

Malborough had a strong desire to attack him. I said to him: "I will wager that it

is not to be done: but let us reconnoitre him." —"Well then," said he, finding this to be the case, "let us go on taking towns." On the 16th we opened the trenches before St. Venant, and on the 28th it capitulated.

The siege of Aix did not proceed so rapidly; it was not till the beginning of November, that, after great efforts of valor on both sides, the besiegers carried the covered way. The brave Goebriant nevertheless defended himself till the 8th. We went into winter-quarters. The Hague being the head of the coalition, which I saw every moment ready to tumble to pieces, I went thither again with Malborough, and returned to Vienna on the 26th of January.

1711.

I there found the emperor and his ministers still undecided between their private haughtiness and the public interest. "A halter or a ribbon, in one word," said I, "for Rogotzi and Caroli. Put an end to this tedious rebel-

lion; (71) you may do it cheaply, for the Turks are going to march in behalf of Charles XII; and unless Peter I. commits some egregious folly, he will find them employment for a long time.

They sent to me—I may say to me, because they have a notion that the president of war is the grand vizir—a minister named Zephala Aga, to assure the emperor that they had no quarrel with him; but that it was the Russians on whom his highness, as he said, was going to take vengeance, for reasons known to the whole world. These were his own words.

Joseph I. was attacked with the small-pox. There were no good physicians at Vienna. They sent to Lintz for one. It came out in such abundance, that I thought him out of danger. Before my departure for the Low Countries, I would have taken leave of him; he sent me word that I had but too much exposed my life for him already, and that he wanted it elsewhere than for the small-pox. I insisted no farther, and set off on the 16th

of April. Three days afterwards I was informed of his death, occasioned by the ignorance of the faculty of Upper and Lower Austria, who disputed all night about the means of relieving an inflammation of the bowels, with which the emperor was afflicted. I sincerely regretted this prince, aged thirty-three: the first since Charles V. who possessed genius, and was not superstitious; and I determined to serve him even after his death. I hurried to almost all the electors to dispose them to ensure the imperial crown to his brother, and then went to solicit the Dutch to continue their credit in money and friendship to Charles III. King of Spain, who became by the title of Emperor Charles VI.

The protestants did not fail to give out that the Court of Rome, which had suffered some humiliations from Joseph I. had bribed his physicians; but no credit should be attached to defamatory libels, to private anecdotes, as they are called, and to malicious doubts. It has long been the fashion to assert that great personages die of poison. (72)

Tallard, more dangerous in peace than in war, whom I would not have left prisoner in England could I have suspected that he would there acquire any influence, enabled the Tories to triumph, and crush the Whigs. His assiduous attention to Mrs. Marsham, the queen's new favorite, instead of the Duchess of Marlborough, his insinuating manners, and his presents of Burgundy and Champagne to Right Honourable members of parliament, who were *amateurs* of those wines, changed the aspect of European affairs, and then a M. Menager, who was sent to that country by Louis XIV. The consequences will be seen presently. (73)

Marlborough was playing his last game in the Low Countries. He found means to finish his military career there with glory; he forced the French lines behind the Senzée, and took the city of Bouchain.

On the disgrace of the duchess, a thousand faults were discovered in him. His pride was denominated insolence, and his rather too great economy was called peculation and ex-

tortion. His friends, as may be supposed, behaved like friends; and that is saying sufficient. He was recalled: to me this was a thunderbolt. The French assembled on the Rhine: I sent Vehlen with a strong detachment from the Low Countries, and leaving the Hague on the 19th of July, I collected as expeditiously as possible all the troops I could at Frankfurt, and took so good a position in a camp near Mühlberg, as to cause to be held and to cover the election to the imperial crown, which would have been lost had I received a check. The French durst not disturb it; this was for me a campaign of prudence rather than of glory.

Queen Anne threw off all restraint. She had given an unfavorable reception to the Dutch ambassador, and had forbidden Gallas, the imperial minister, her court; assigning as a reason certain expressions which he was said to have used respecting her. Charles VI. ordered me to repair the blunders of Gallas, if he had committed any, and to regain the court of St. James's. (74)

Had I acted as my good cousin Victor Amedæus would have done in my place, I should have cried out against Marlborough still more loudly than his enemies, and have refused to see him: But from policy itself, persons of narrow minds ought to counterfeit feeling. Their designs are too easily seen through. They are despised and miss their object. Gratitude, esteem, the partnership in so many military operations, and pity for a person in disgrace, caused me to throw myself with emotion into Marlborough's arms. Besides, on such occasions, the heart proves victorious. The people, who followed me every where from the moment I set foot in London, perceived it, and liked me the better for this: while the Opposition, and the honest part of the court, esteemed me the more. In one way or other, all was over for Austria. I coaxed the people in power a good deal. I made presents; there is scarcely any thing but what may be bought in England. I offered to procure the recal of Gallas. I delivered a memorial on this subject, and requested the queen to take other bases at the congress of Utrecht, where her plenipotentiaries

already were, that the emperor might be enabled to send his thither. I received so vague a reply, that had the court of Vienna believed me, they would not have reckoned at all upon the feeble succour of the Duke of Ormond, who set out to command the English, as successor to the Duke of Marlborough, and I should not have lost the battle of Denain. This happened in the following manner: Notwithstanding my distinguished reception from the queen, who, at my departure, presented me with her portrait, I went and told the states-general that we had now nobody on whom we could rely but themselves; and passing through Utrecht to make my observations, I found the tone of the French so altered, so elevated, that I was more certain than ever of the truth of what I had announced. On my arrival at the Abbey of Anchin, where I assembled my army, amounting to upwards of one hundred thousand men, Ormond came and made me the fairest promises, and had the goodness to consent to my passing the Scheldt below Bouchain. But after feigning to agree to the siege of Quesnoi, he first strove to dissuade me from

that step, and then, without reserve, refused to concur in it. I said to him: "Well, sir, I will do without your eighteen thousand men." "I shall lead them," said he, "to take possession of Dunkirk, which the French are to deliver to me." "I congratulate the two nations," replied I, "on this operation, which will do equal honor to both. Adieu, sir." He ordered all the troops in the pay of England to follow him. Very few obeyed. I had foreseen the blow, and had made sure of the Prince of Anhalt, and the Prince of Hesse Cassel.

July the 30th, I took Quesnoi. I gave the direction of the siege of Landrecy to the Prince of Anhalt, and entered the lines which I had directed to be formed between Marchiennes and Denain. The Dutch had collected large stores of ammunition and provisions at Marchiennes. In vain I represented to them that they would be better at Quesnoi, only three leagues from Landrecy, and but ten from us; the economy of these gentlemen opposed the change. This made me say

peevishly, and as I have been told, with an oath, one day when Alexander's conquests were the subject of conversation: "He had no Dutch deputies with his army." I ordered twenty of their battalions, and ten squadrons under the command of the Earl of Albemarle, to enter the lines, and approached Quesnoi, with the main body of my army, to watch the motions of Villars. During all these shuffling tricks, of which I foresaw that I should be the dupe, and which Louis XIV. knew nothing of, I made him tremble upon his throne. At a very small distance from Versailles, one of my partizans carried off Berenghen, under the idea that it was the dauphin: others pillaged Champagne and Lorraine. Growenstein, with two thousand horse, levied contributions all over the country, spreading dismay, and declaring that I was at his heels with my army. It was then that he is reported to have said: "If Landrecy is taken, I will put myself at the head of my nobility, and perish rather than see my kingdom lost." Would he have done so? I cannot tell. He wanted once to leave the trenches, but was dis-

suaded. Henry IV. when formerly the contrary advice was given him, made the sign of the cross, and remained where he was.

Villars thinking himself not strong enough to attack me, as I had hoped he would, attempted the deliverance of Denain in another way. I have mentioned my vexation respecting the magazines at Marchiennes, upon which depended the continuation of the siege. Two leagues of ground were too much for the Dutch corps. But for the defection of the English, they might have been defended. The following circumstance demonstrated the talents of Villars, and a kind of fault with which I had to reproach myself: to conceal a movement made on his left towards the Scheldt, with the greatest possible secrecy and celerity, he with his right drew my attention to Landrecy, as if he designed to attack the lines of countervallation. All at once he drew back his right towards his left, which during the night had easily thrown bridges across the Scheldt, which is not wide at this place. These two wings united, advanced unknown to the Earl of Albemarle, who at-

tempted with his cavalry, but in vain, to fight what had passed. He relied upon me, but I reckoned upon him. On the first firing of his artillery, I marched to his succour, with a strong detachment of dragoons, at full trot, intending to make them dismount, if necessary, and followed by my infantry, which came up at a quick pace. The cowardice of the Dutch rendered my efforts unavailing. Had they but maintained themselves half an hour in the post of Denain, I had been in time. So I had calculated, in case of the worst, though I was deceived by the manœuvre of Villars.

I found only eight hundred men, and three or four generals drowned in the Scheldt; and all those who had been surprised in their entrenchments, killed without making any defence. Albemarle, and all the princes and generals in the Dutch service, were taken prisoners, while endeavoring to rally their troops. The conduct of the former was represented in very black colors to the states-general. I wrote to Heinsius, the pensionary: "It would be my province, sir, to throw the faults or the disasters of that day on the Earl

of Albemarle, if I had a single reproach to make him. He behaved like a man of honor, but I defy the ablest general to extricate himself when his troops, after a vile discharge, ignominiously run away. Your obstinacy in leaving your magazines at Marchiennes is the cause of all this. Assure their high mightinesses of the truth of what I write you, of my dissatisfaction and profound mortification." (75)

I was obliged to raise the siege of Landrecy, and to approach Mons, for the purpose of subsisting my army; so that I could not prevent Villars from retaking Douay, (76) Quesnoi, and Bouchain.

I often examine myself with the utmost possible strictness. It appears to me, that if I had placed twenty battalions more in the lines, which would have been necessary to defend them, Villars, who was stronger than I, would then have beaten me. Out of the lines, posted as I was, I provided for every contingency. Could I expect that an hour at the utmost, more or less, would be decisive of

my glory, of the war, and of the salvation of France? The artillery of the lines, which were thickly planted with it, ought alone to have given me time to come up. Instead of being well served, it was abandoned in as cowardly a manner as the entrenchments. The two faults which I committed were, not disregarding the remonstrances of the deputies respecting Marchiennes, and confiding a post of such importance to their troops, the flower of which had perished at Malplaquet.

Unfortunate in Hainault, I prepared all things for being successful in Flanders, at the beginning of the next campaign, and concluded this by sending a detachment to surprise Fort Kenoque. What a paltry compensation! but one must work sometimes for the newspapers.

It may easily be supposed, that I was the subject of criticism at Vienna, London, and the Hague, and of songs at Paris. Here is one which I thought pretty, because it gives my history in very few words:

Eugene, op'ning the campaign,
Swore with air most furious,
He'd march straightway to Champagne,
To swig our wines so curious.
The Dutchman for this journey gay,
His cheese to Marchiennes sent away;
But Villars, fir'd with glory, cried:
"Faith, where you are you'd better 'bide:
Scheldt's muddy water is, I think,
Quite good enough for you to drink."

I went to Utrecht to see how the negociations proceeded. England, Savoy, Portugal, and Prussia, were ready to sign their treaties; and Holland hung only by a thread.

I set out for Vienna to report this to the emperor. On my arrival, Charles VI. said to me: "You are right; Holland has just signed too. So Zinzendorf informs me; and he has sent me the proposals of France, to which you will certainly not advise me to agree." "Your Majesty does me justice," I replied. "We will obtain neutrality for the Low Countries; and with the troops which you will order thence, as well as from Naples and Lombardy, we shall be able to keep the French in check on the Rhine.

I hastened to all the states and courts of the empire to collect men and money. I procured three millions of crowns in one quarter, and a million of florins in another. But the tardiness of the princes and circles in marching from their quarters prevented me from anticipating the French on the Upper Rhine. Charles VI. manifested a desire to command his army in person. I represented to him that he could gain no honor by it. My opinion was but too well-founded. As I clearly perceived that Villars meant to make an attempt on Landau, I ordered lines to be formed at Etlingen, within which I sent one-half of my army, and posted the other at Mühlberg, where I hoped my reinforcements would arrive before the fall of Landau; but the Prince of Würtemberg was obliged to capitulate.

Still I was in hopes of preventing the French from besieging Friburg I took possession of all the defiles of the mountains. I threw up entrenchments, formed *abattis*, and erected redoubts at all the principal points. The inferiority of my force made me

fear that the peace, which must necessarily be soon concluded, would be detestable: I called in all my troops, leaving only eighteen thousand with Vaubonne, to defend the passage of the mountains. (77) Villars attacked the heights with his grenadiers. The troops of the circles, which I had placed behind the *abattis*, behaved like the Dutch at Denain, and ran away at the first fire. The Duke of Bourbon and the Prince of Conti began the attack of the defiles at seven in the evening. Vaubonne, hurried away by the fugitives, could not rally them till they were at such a distance that he could not regain his entrenchments, and contented himself with throwing twelve battalions into Friburg. After so many battles during a period of thirteen years, the emperor's troops themselves were but raw recruits. The best of my entrenchments at Hohlgraben being forced, there was nothing to check Villars in his march across the Black Forest, and he opened the trenches before Friburg on the 1st of October. Harsch disputed every inch of ground. In the night between the 14th and 15th, the covered way was taken by assault;

and he there lost seventeen hundred men. When the inhabitants saw that Harsch was determined not to surrender till the assault of the body of the place, which was battered down with balls, the oldest priest carrying the host, the magistrates, women, and children, all thronged to him. The fire from the ramparts continued as before; and when the breach was wide enough to enter in companies, on the 1st of November he abandoned the town and retired into the citadel. This was followed by defending, fighting, writing, demanding, refusing, granting, prolonging suspensions of hostilities till the 21st, and then by capitulation.

Farewel to the empire! farewel to its two bulwarks! was the general cry at all the courts of Germany, which were dying of fear. Why are they incorrigible? If little ministers and great or little mistresses were not gained by France, they might raise one hundred thousand men to defend in the first place the passage of the Rhine; and then the fortresses erected and to be erected. There are very bad Germans in Germany.

The same courts and states of the empire having crossed me, as some years before they had done Prince Louis of Baden, had rendered it impossible for me to relieve those two places. This, I confess, horribly disgusted me of the war, so that I was one of the first to advise the emperor to make peace. France had been making prodigious efforts: her resources are infinite. 'Tis the will of one individual and of one nation. The Austrian monarchy is composed of five or six, which have different constitutions. What a difference in civilization, population, and importance! The title of emperor does not bring a single man or a single kreutzer. He must even negociate with his empire that it may not be French; with the Bohemians, that they may not run away into Prussia and Saxony for fear of becoming soldiers; with his Lombards, who are ready to turn Savoyards; with his Hungarians, ready to turn Turks; and with his Flemings, ready to become Dutchmen.

La Houssaie was directed to sound on the part of Louis XIV. and Undheim, the minis-

ter of the Elector Palatine, on that of Charles VI. The first appointed Villars to treat with me at Rastadt, to which place I was sent at the same time. Villars arrived there first, to do the honors of the place, as he told me, and came to the foot of the stairs to receive me. Never did men embrace with more military sincerity, and I may venture to add, with more esteem and attachment. Our juvenile friendship, when companions in arms in Hungary, and our intimacy at Vienna, while he was ambassador there, interrupted by military exploits on both sides, rendered this interview so affecting, that the officers and men composing our escorts also cordially embraced one another. A conversation of an hour, in my apartment, to which Villars conducted me, fixed the basis of the treaty. "I was in expectation," said I laughing to Villars, "of exorbitant demands on your part, but I suppose they have not yet arrived, since in your heart you think mine reasonable: You will send a courier to notify my objections; he will return to you with orders to agree to none of my propositions. Your second will bring you

intelligence that they are beginning to listen to reason at Vienna, and we shall sign." All that I predicted partly came to pass; and while he was waiting for the second courier, I said to him; "Allow me, my dear marshal, to go in the mean time to spend the carnival at Stuttgard, with the Duke of Würtemberg. My body requires recreation; but for these two years, owing to you, my mind has been in still greater need of it."—"With all my heart," said he, "and I will go and amuse myself at Strasburg, till Contades, whom I will send off to the king, shall return with fresh instructions. Allow me also to give you a ball this evening, as though we were not going to fight perhaps for a fortnight to come. People will consider our sovereigns the best friends in the world, while it is only their ambassadors that are so, if you, Monseigneur, will permit me to assume an appellation so dear to my heart." In the time that we remained together, I gave him balls and suppers in my turn. His entertainment was better than mine, which was rather too much in the German style; I was quite out of my element. Whoever saw us together at night would not

have supposed that we were quarrelling all day. At the entertainments which he gave me, his conversation seemed more amusing and more agreeable than ever. Nobody could be more so than he. He had far more interesting things to tell me, than when we were acquainted. We were talking one day of the difference of our nations: "Your's," said Villars to me, "seems immovable, never doing glorious things but by halves, and never disgracing itself."—"And your's," replied I, "is never steady. It is in fact two; one susceptible of discipline, fatigue, and enthusiasm, when it is headed by a Villars, a Vendôme, and a Catinat; and the other, that of Blenheim and Ramillies, when there was too much of Versaillès in your affairs. The understanding and intelligence of your countrymen may sometimes be prejudicial, because they form an opinion on every subject, and that very quickly. For instance, if I had to do with some of you, I would equip some of my dragoons in the French uniform, and direct them to cry out on your rear: *We are cut off!* But with such valor, and such a man as you, my dear marshal, they are very dangerous fellows."

"Indeed," said he, "we talk without being aware of it, like Hannibal and Scipio.—What think you of the Turks? Are they yet as stupid as in my time, when I began to admire you, Monseigneur?"

"Nobody will ever change their system," answered I, "but it might be turned to good account without that. If a pacha, a renegado, a general of the allies of the Porte, were to place platoons after their manner, as a second line in the intervals of the first, and others as a third in those of the second, and then again reserves; and their spahis on the wings, with their accursed shouts of *Allah! Allah!* and their mode of advancing in fifties with a pair of colors, they would be invincible."

"You will be angry with me for what I am going to say," observed Villars. "Do you know the foolish story which has been told concerning you, to account for the loss of the battle of Denain?"

"Let me hear it," said I, "it will amuse me."

"Well, it was said that you had a mistress at Marchiennes; that an Italian dancer, beautiful as an angel, had her quarters there; and that you had troops at that post, only for her safety and your's, during your nightly visits."

I laughed heartily with him at this story.

"Indeed," said I, "it was rather too late for me to catch the foolish fever called love. I had better have taken it at Venice or Vienna, when we were young. You paid attention to ladies, I remember; but it was without loving or being loved by them; for they take a French gallant for fashion's sake."

"That often happens to us in France too," replied he. "It is a fashion there likewise, nay even an employment when we have nothing else to do: indeed, it is almost necessary to save our character. Consider what

they have said of M. de Vendôme and of Catinat."

He passed some jokes on his friend Madame de Maintenon, and the steeple from which Chamillard had reconnoitred me, and highly amused me at the expence of the Duke of Burgundy, the Villerois, the Tallards, the Marsins, and the La Feuillades. "I was delighted," said I, "to find that you were converting and cutting the throats of the Hugonots in the Cevennes, (78) instead of being opposed to me at Hochstett." I had no difficulty to make him acknowledge that, but for his wound, he would have beaten me at Malplaquet; but it was much harder for him to prove, as he attempted to do, that I had not committed some slight error at Denain.

Perhaps these little flatteries produced some observations favorable to the emperor in his dispatches to Louis XIV. I hinted in conversation, that I was not yet acquainted with this emperor, and that he seemed to me to be extremely obstinate. With pleasure I observed Villars talking with some members of

the states of the empire, supposing that he would learn that I had obtained from them five millions to begin the war again, if it should be absolutely necessary; and we parted.

1714.

Contades went like the wind, and returned in the same manner on the 26th of February. The framing of new instructions, the assembling of the council, the alterations in the conditions, the discussions on this subject, and perhaps also the dispatching of some secret couriers, who arrived without my knowledge—all this was the business of six weeks.

Villars sent Contades to me, to request that I would give credit to whatever he should communicate to me in the king's name, and we both returned very expeditiously to Rastadt. Seeing that very few articles in my propositions were altered, I signed on the 6th of March.

I could not forbear laughing at the titles assumed by the emperor; such as, King of Corsica, Algiers, Jaen and the Canaries; Duke of Athens and Neopatri; Lord of Tripoli, &c.; and beside them, the most Serene Prince and Lord Louis XIV.; then my titles in abundance, and next to them, the general of the French army, named de Villars; and I admired the impertinence of our chanceries. "I shall go to Vienna," said I to him, "to procure the ratification of our treaty, because I am afraid that some alterations might be made in it; and I will soon see you again."

I was most favorably received by the court and by the city, both being heartily tired of the war. I procured the appointment of plenipotentiaries to execute the necessary formalities with those of his Most Christian Majesty. It was at Baden that they met for this purpose; and thither Villars and I repaired to affix our signatures once more to the same contract.

We were both apprehensive for a moment, lest the death of Queen Anne, which hap-

pened just at this juncture, should produce some alteration; but our subaltern ministers had the good sense not to make any remonstrances to us on that subject.

All that now grieved me was to be obliged to part from Villars, whom I was never to see again. "We shall probably fight no more battles, and sign no more treaties together," said I, to him, "but we shall never cease to love and to esteem each other." That brave man was also affected at taking leave of me, and I departed for Vienna.

1715.

The short years of peace which I there passed were to me more fatiguing than those of war. Abundance of conferences with the English and Dutch ministers respecting the barrier-treaty of the Low Countries, and also with those of the emperor, Harrach, and Zinzendorf, about the restoration of the finances. They were dreadfully deranged. I had paid the army when and how I could. It was ne-

cessary for a commanding general to have all his wits about him. My bills had sometimes been protested; therefore, in the same manner as people send diamonds to a pawnbroker, I had sometimes pledged provinces. At length, by little and little, notwithstanding the disharmony of the chiefs of the different departments, I effected some little improvement in the revenues of the state.

When I received information of the death of Louis XIV. it produced, I confess, the same effect on me as the fall of an old stately oak, uprooted by a tempest, and extended on the ground. He had stood so long! Death, before it erases great recollections, revives them all in the first moment. History is indulgent to princes in their outset. That of this great monarch needed no indulgence; but now age had blunted the talons of the lion. A regency was destined to allow us time to breathe. But a circumstance occurred, which cut out plenty of work for us again.

At the beginning of May, I gave audience

to a Turkish ambassador, who came to request the emperor not to interfere in the quarrel between the Sublime Porte and Venice.

On examining myself, I dare not decide whether my opinion was not governed, by some small degree of personality. Glory is sometimes a hypocrite, which disguises itself in the cloak of the honor of states. One imagines insults, charges others with injuries, insolence, and bad intentions, and occasions the destruction of five hundred thousand men. But this time several of the ministers, and Guido Stahrenberg himself, though not a friend to me, coincided in my opinion. Charles VI. appointed me to the command of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, of whom fifty-five thousand were detached in two corps.

Charles VI. conferred on me the government general of the Low Countries. I gave the post of deputy-governor to an Italian named Prié. I think I might have made a better choice.

We were again in want of money. Kaunitz went to collect what he could in the empire, and the pope granted us a brief for levying the tithes and extraordinary dues of the clergy in all the provinces of our monarchy.

The Turks were placing Temeswar in a good state of defence, when a fire, which burned forty houses of that town, and another at Belgrade, which consumed thirty vessels laden with stores, induced a belief that Mahomet disapproved the war. This moment of superstition was perhaps fortunate for me; for Löffelholtz made himself master of Metrovitz without resistance.

The pacha complained of these hostilities. Löffelholtz replied that they had been begun on his side by the fire which his saicks had opened on some of the imperial troops who were sailing down the Save. The poor pacha, who perhaps knew nothing of the matter, ordered those who had fired to be impaled; but this I affected to consider as the first effect of anger rather than as a reparation.

It is scarcely possible to decide which of two parties is in the wrong at the commencement of a war. They quarrel, complain, recriminate, and fight, before the matter can be cleared up. The grand signior would, if he durst, have confined the emperor's resident, and sent the grand vizir with one hundred and twenty thousand men, who, thinking himself extremely cunning, pretended to be marching into Dalmatia, and suddenly turned off towards Belgrade, with orders not to pass the boundary of the two empires.

After witnessing the birth and decease of a young archduke, I set off from Vienna on the 1st of July, in consequence of information, either true or false, that the Turks intended to cross the Save.' Langlet took possession of Ratheza. The sublime Porte sent us a long manifesto, clever enough for a christian potentate, which contained sound argument, and wore an air of good faith; but it was easy for us to prove that a Turkish spy had already been impaled in our camp, and that an Hungarian renegado was collecting deserters of all nations to form a corps for the service of the Porte.

On the 27th of July, I went to Peterwaradin, and the grand vizir into the old entrenchments at Semlin. I had no great difficulty to draw him from them; for having as much inclination to fight as myself, he met me half way. His name was Hali; and such was his enmity to the Christians, that after taking one hundred thousand florins as the ransom of Breuner, who had been made prisoner, he nevertheless afterwards ordered his head to be cut off, as will be seen presently. A favorite with his father-in-law, Achmet III. deeply involved in the intrigues of the seraglio, ignorant and presumptuous, he was the Villeroi of the Turks. "This grand vizir of the infidels," said he, meaning me, "is not what he passes for. This will presently be seen, for I am marching against him." He accordingly crossed the Save. I sent John Palfy to reconnoitre; he had two horses killed under him, and retired in good order, though seventy thousand spahis attempted to surround him; but he gained a defile. "This at least," said I, "is a pretty decisive act of hostility on their part." It took place at Carlowitz, the very spot where peace had

been concluded seventeen years before. On the 2nd of August I crossed the Danube with my army. The host of spahis, who fancied they had gained some advantage in the great skirmish to which I have alluded, arrived too late to prevent me. They found me encamped behind old entrenchments; and as soon as Hali arrived with his janissaries, he fell to work to besiege me in their usual way. The approaches, trenches, parallels, batteries, were all commenced, and almost finished in some places by day-break. They follow, as I have already observed, the plan of the Romans, without being aware of it, by entrenching themselves immediately on their arrival. On the 5th, at eight in the morning, they saluted me with all their artillery. I fully expected that this famous grand vizir would commit some blunder or other, and that he would be embarrassed with his superior numbers. Being unable to form a larger front, on account of my flanks being well supported, even when marching, he formed small bodies of troops which did not engage. These were perhaps designed for reserves, which his good sense might have suggested the idea of (for

he was not deficient in that or in courage either), but which were afterwards forgotten. The Prince of Würtemberg, whom I ordered to make the first attack on my left, broke the enemy, and penetrated every where. But my right went on badly; the eight columns being obliged to break, in order to pass the apertures in my entrenchments, and being unable to deploy, on account of the proximity of those of the Turks, were roughly handled. Lanken and Wallenstein were killed. At this moment, Bonneval once more laid me under the greatest obligations. All around him were killed; he was himself wounded in the abdomen with a lance. He had but twenty-five men left; but he gave me time to send Palfy, with two thousand horse, upon the flank of the janissaries, hitherto conquerors in this attack. We then became victorious, but not till after an engagement of five hours. I entered the magnificent tent of the grand vizir Hali; and there the chaplains of the nearest regiments, in a loud voice returned thanks to the God of armies in prayers repeated by the soldiers, with a demeanour both military and religious.

From this place I sent Captain Zeil of my regiment to the emperor with the account, which was only five or six lines. 'Tis easy to be modest when one is successful. (79)

I did not care to pursue the Turks, for they were still much stronger than we. They were fired upon, in their retreat; by the artillery of Peterwaradin. The unfortunate Hali died the next day at Carlowitz of two wounds which he received while endeavoring at the head of his guards to rally the fugitives; and it was a few minutes before he expired that he ordered young Breuner, whom I have already mentioned, to be put to death, "in order," said he, "that this dog may not survive me. O that I could serve all the Christian dogs in the same manner!"

The 25th of August I encamped before Temeswar, which I invested, and amused myself with taking the pacha's handsome kiosk and garden, and a mosque, which the Turks chose rather to abandon, than, as they said, to prophane by defending it.

On the 1st of September the trenches were opened. I severely scolded Prince Emanuel of Portugal, who, not content with being there, engaged in pursuit of a small body of Turks whom he espied. He had his horse killed, and received a violent contusion on the knee. Fortunately he did not take warning by this, but continued to expose himself much in these two campaigns. On the 9th the Turks made a wretched sally, and on the 24th a reinforcement, which they attempted to throw into the place, was soundly beaten.

On the 30th we took by assault the Palanka, (80) on which the fate of the town almost depended; but it cost us very dear. I there lost a great number of officers, alike distinguished for their military and social qualities. On the 13th of October Temeswar capitulated. A few more rainy days would perhaps have forced me to raise the siege. How fortunate! The Turks demanded mercy for some Cowirouzzers. I recollect that my answer to this article was: "Those scoundrels may go whithersoever they please." That appellation is by no means a matter of indif-

ference; it signifies a rebel, and though originally confined to those of Hungary, it is good policy to encourage the soldier to apply it to all the enemies of the house of Austria, as if they were its subjects, and consequently to treat them with all the contempt that is felt for traitors. The merest trifle sometimes gives a useful and advantageous bias to an army.

I set out for Vienna, but by the way went through, at Raab, the whole tedious ceremony of being invested with the consecrated cap and sword, with which the pope was pleased to decorate me.

The venerable veteran Heister, whom I had appointed governor after the battle and siege in which he had distinguished himself (being determined to take part in them, notwithstanding his great age) came to meet me at the head of the garrison. Bishop Gondor put the cap on my head. I wrote a handsome letter in Latin to his holiness, and pursued my journey with the Chevalier Rasponi, who had brought me all these fine things, whom

I took as a volunteer about my person, and who was soon afterwards killed in a duel about a courtezan.

1717.

Not a soul complained of an enormous but very judiciously divided tax, imposition and contribution, which I proposed to be laid on the whole monarchy, at the same time furnishing it with means of commerce which nobody would have thought of. Charles VI. ordered all those who had it in their power to interfere, not to molest me, and he found the benefit of it. Oppenheimer, the celebrated Jew, supplied me in a very short time with remounts and stores. They cost me rather dear, but I was in haste.

Princes and volunteers came from all quarters to serve under me, in numbers sufficient to compose a squadron. Among the former were a Prince of Hesse, two of Bavaria, a Bevern, a Culmbach, one of Würtemburg, two of Ligne, one of Lichtenstein,

one of Anhalt Dessau, the Comte de Charolai, the Princes of Dombes, Marsillac, Pons, &c. &c.

The emperor made me a present of a magnificent diamond crucifix, assuring me that all my victories past and to come were from God—an excellent way of releasing himself from all obligations to me; and I set out for Futack, where I re-assembled the army at the end of May.

It was necessary for me to make myself master of Belgrade, which, during three centuries, had been so often taken and re-taken. Luckily, I found there no John de Capistran, the Franciscan, who, with the crucifix in his hand, and standing all day in the hottest fire, defended the place with such obstinacy: nor an Hunniades who commanded there against Mahomet II. in 1456. Hunniades died of his wounds; Mahomet lost an eye, and the friar was canonized.

The grand signor had unfortunately too well replaced the hot-headed grand vizir, who

had been killed. His successor was Hatschi Ali, Pacha of Belgrade, who made the most judicious dispositions for the preservation of the place, and gave me a good deal of trouble. The 10th of June I crossed the Danube; my volunteer princes threw themselves into boats that they might arrive first, and have an opportunity of charging the spahis with some squadrons of Mercy's regiment, which had already crossed below Panczova, for the purpose of covering the landing of some, and the bridge constructed upon eighty-four vessels for the others. On the 19th I went with a strong escort to reconnoitre the spot where I intended to pitch my camp. Twelve hundred spahis rushed upon us with unparalleled fury, shouting *Allah! Allah!* I know not how one of their officers forced his way through a squadron in front of me, that he might come to seek me at the head of the second, where I was from prudence, having a great many orders to give. He missed me. I was going to dispatch him with my pistol, when a dragoon by my side knocked him from his horse. We had the same day a naval engagement, which lasted two hours,

and as our saicks gained the advantage, I remained master of the operations on the Danube. The 20th I made the troops work at the lines of countervallation, under a tremendous fire from the town. Toward the conclusion of June, I removed my camp so near to Belgrade, that the balls were incessantly flying over my head. A tempest destroyed my bridges, and but for the intrepidity of a Hessian officer in a redoubt, I know not how I should have reconstructed that of the Save.

Intending to take the place from the side next the water, I sent Mercy to attack a fort at the mouth of the Donawitz; but he fell from his horse in a fit of apoplexy. He was brought back for dead; fortunately, however, he afterwards recovered. Being apprised of the accident, I went to replace him, and the fort was taken. The Prince of Dombes had a narrow escape by my side, from a ball which made my horse prance. Marcilly was killed while bravely defending himself in a post, which I had directed him to entrench. (81) He begged assistance of

Rodolph Heister, who refused it, and who was luckily killed (as a punishment for his cowardice) by a cannon-ball which reached him behind his chevaux de frise. I arrived by accident at first with a strong escort only: I sent for a large detachment; I stopped, and completely defeated the janissaries, leaving indeed five hundred killed upon the spot, and among them, Torre, Visconti, Siegen, &c. Here also fell the Pacha of Romelia, the best officer of the Mussulmans.

On the 22d of July, my batteries were finished. I bombarded, burned, and battered down the city at such a rate, that it would have capitulated, but for the intelligence that the grand vizir was expected to arrive on the 30th at Nissa, with two hundred thousand men.

The 1st of August he made his appearance on the heights that overlooked my camp, extending in a semicircle from the hills of Krotzka to those of Dedina. The Mussulmans who covered them formed the finest amphitheatre in the world, a charming view

for a painter, but a most execrable one for a general. Cooped up between this army and a fortress with a garrison of thirty thousand men, the Danube on my right, and the Save on my left, my resolution was formed. I intended to march out of my lines to attack them, notwithstanding the advantage of their ground; but the fever which had already begun to make havoc among my army, did not spare me. There was I seriously ill, and confined to my bed, instead of being at the head of my troops, whom I was anxious to lead to glory.

I must needs think that they were rather uneasy at court, in the city, and even in my army. Both courage and good fortune are required to extricate one's self from such a situation. Any general, who should have replaced me, might, nay must, have supposed that he should be ruined if he retreated, and beaten if he did not. Our condition was growing daily worse. The heavy artillery of the Turks had arrived on the heights which I have mentioned. We were so bombarded from them, as well as from the fortress, that

I knew not where to place my tent, for several of my servants had been killed going into and out of it. In the little skirmishes (and such were very frequent) with the spahis, my young volunteers never failed to go and ply their pistols, though the cannon always interfered in these affairs. One day d'Estrades,(82) governor of the Prince de Dombes, had a leg shot off by his side, and one of his pages was killed. All our princes whom I have named above distinguished themselves, and loved me as their father.

I had caused the country in the rear of the grand vizir's army to be ravaged; but those people, as well as their horses, and above all their camels, subsist upon almost nothing. Not an hour passed in which I was not losing a score men by the dysentery, or the cannon of the lines, which the infidels every night advanced a good deal nearer to my entrenchments. I was, if any thing, less the besieger than the besieged. Things went on better for me in the city. A bomb in a powder magazine completely destroyed it, and occasioned the loss of three thousand lives.

At length I recovered from my disorder, and on the 15th of August, in spite of the bad advice of people who are not fond of battles, I determined upon an engagement. I expected that ennui and despair would give me success.

I slept not like Alexander before the battle of Arbela, though the Turks did, without being Alexanders: opium and predestination make them philosophers. I gave short and clear instructions according to any circumstances that might happen, and left my entrenchments about one in the morning. The darkness, and then the fog, rendered my first efforts a game of chance. Some of my battalions of the right wing fell on their march, without intending it, into a branch of the trenches of the Turks. Dreadful was the confusion that ensued among the latter, as they have neither advanced posts nor scouts; our confusion was not less, baffling all description: on the left and in the centre they began firing on both sides, without knowing at what. The janissaries fled from their entrenchments, into which I had time to throw fascines and

gabions, to form a passage for my cavalry, who pursued them I know not how. The fog dispersed, and the Turks perceived a terrible opening; but for my second line, which I ordered to march immediately to fill this chasm, I should have been undone. I would then have marched in order; but no such thing; I was better served than I imagined. La Colonie, at the head of his Bavarians, gave way to his ardor, and took a battery of eighteen pieces of cannon. I was obliged to do better than I would: I supported the Bavarians; and the Turks, after running to the very heights, lost all the advantage of their ground. A large body of their cavalry fell upon mine, which had advanced too far; a whole regiment was cut in pieces, but two others seasonably coming up to its relief, decided the victory. Here I received a cut with a sabre; it was, I believe, my thirteenth wound, and probably my last. All was over by eleven in the morning. Viard, during the action, overawed the garrison of Belgrade, which capitulated the same day. I forgot that there was no Boufflers in the city; I behaved generously, and granted the honors of

war to the garrison, who, not knowing what they meant, neglected to avail itself of them. Men, women, children, carriages and camels, departed all at once, pell-mell, either by land or by water. (83)

At Vienna the devout ascribed my success to a miracle, and those who envied me to good luck. Charles VI. I believe was among the former, and Guido Stahrenberg among the latter. I was well received there as might be expected.

It has already been seen that I sometimes sat in judgment on myself. Here is my opinion respecting this victory, which I have rather to justify myself for than to boast of. My partizans have extolled it too highly, and those who were jealous of me have found too much fault with it. They ought rather to have proposed to cut off my head on this occasion than for Zenta, for there I risked nothing. I was sure of victory; whereas here I might not only have been beaten, but overwhelmed, undone, if a tempest or the cannon of the Turkish lines to the left on the bank

of the Danube had destroyed my bridges; but I had indeed the superiority in saicks, workmen, and gunners, to protect or repair them, and a corps at Semlin.

Could I anticipate the tardiness or ill-will of authorities which clash where there are so many internal abuses in the administration, and such ignorance in the heads of the civil department and commissariat? This cause kept me destitute of all that was necessary for me to begin the siege and take Belgrade before the arrival of the Grand Vizir; and this afterwards prevented me from being beforehand with him upon the heights; which I should nevertheless have occupied but for my accursed fever, before his artillery had arrived there. And then that unfortunate dysentery, which carried my army to the hospital, or rather to the grave; for every regiment had a cemetery behind its camp....could any one anticipate that too? It was these two reasons that made me attack and consequently risk every thing and nothing, for I was as sure to be ruined in one way as in the other. I threw up entrenchments upon entrenchments: I

knew a little more on that subject than my comrade the Grand Vizir; and had a sufficient number of people in health to guard them. I obliged him to decamp for want of provisions (for the country to the distance of seven miles behind his camp had been ravaged, as I have already observed) and consequently Belgrade to surrender. If then this manuscript should come to light, no praise, my dear reader, nor censure. In a word, I might not have come off so well, but for the protection of the Virgin, according to the opinion of Charles VI. his Jesuit, and the pious souls who wished me at the devil; for the battle was fought on Assumption day.

Europe was negociating elsewhere. Some charitable creature advised the emperor to send me for that purpose to London, with a view to procure for another the easy glory of putting an end to the war.

1718.

I was not such a simpleton as to be caught in this snare, and I set out for Hungary at the beginning of June, with a fine sword, worth eighty thousand florins, given me by the emperor.

In regard to friends and enemies, I ought to observe that I was often indebted for my successes to foreigners serving in my armies. Among these I have had the following Frenchmen: Commercy, Vaudemont, Stainville, Rabutin, Erbeville, Saint-Amour, Dupigny, Montigni, Corbeille, Bonneval, Langallerie, Castel, Viard, Vaubonne, the two Mercys; Princes of Lorraine, Croy, la Marche, Hautois, Gondrecour, La Colonie, Batté, Faber, Marisny, Martigny, Langlet, and the Duke of Aremberg, whom I may reckon a foreigner, being from the Low Countries. All of them had many French officers in their regiments. There were likewise a great number in the two regiments of Francis and Leopold Lorraine, in mine, in that of my nephew,

and of Emanuel, Prince of Portugal. Hamilton, Brown, and the two Wallis's, were Irish. Of Italians I had Marcelli, Montecuculli, Veterani, Locatelli, Arragoni, Bagni, Orselti, Massei, Magni Videlli, Negrelli, Rosa Grana, Porica, Perselli, Cavriani, Strasoldo, &c. and of Spaniards, Vasques, Galbes, Cordua, Ahumada, and Alcandet.

I might also reckon as foreigners (for they pass almost for such at Vienna) the Hungarians, of whom I had two Palfys, Nadasti, Esterhazy, Spleni, Ebergeni, Baboczai, which proves that there were many Austrians at court, and few in the army; my Germans being almost all from the empire. The heads of families, and the eldest sons, do not enter into the service in this country. It was in vain that I attempted to introduce the fashion.

The Turks were desirous of making peace, and so was the emperor. I could very well have dispensed with it, for I confess that I was fond of war. All the courts sent negociators to Passarowitz. To procure the bet-

ter conditions, I marched towards the grand vizir, who had just arrived with his army in the neighbourhood of Nissa. I should have had an easy task, for he had only eighty thousand men; I was in the best disposition for attacking him, when a cursed courier brought me the unwelcome intelligence that the treaty of peace had been signed on the 21st of July. With us this is only called a truce, which one observes as long as one pleases, or breaks according to circumstances. This lasted but twenty-five years. It was a cardinal, (8½) who ought to have been the enemy of Mahomet, that saved his empire. In this manner policy trifles with religion. Alberoni caused Spain to declare against us.

If the repairs which I ordered to be made at Orsowa, and the fortifications at Belgrade, and the allotment of quarters in Hungary had not detained me there, I should have caused the emperor to be respected in my government general of the Low Countries. Prié had suppressed the first commotion by fetching from Luxemburg Prince Ferdinand de Ligne's regiment of dragoons. A second

took place; the rioters in the great square at Brussels were fired upon, but instead of continuing to employ force, Prié was frightened, because he was told that the country-people were coming to avenge the death of the inhabitants of the city. He ought to have been recalled, but the wily Italian, well aware that this would be my opinion, made amends for his weakness.

1719.

With a force of twenty-five thousand men, whom I prevailed upon the emperor to send to the Low Countries, upon a third rebellion (for the citizens of Brussels attempted from day to day to undermine the authority of the sovereign) he caused, on the 18th of December, the five ring-leaders to be hanged, and Anniessens, the father of the city, to be beheaded.(85) When his head dropped upon the scaffold, the silly rebels dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as formerly in that of Egmont and Hoorn;(86) and all was over.

Weary of these disturbances, to which one could not apply the name of revolts, and the squabbles of Prié and Bonneval, (87) who, at the distance of three hundred leagues, endeavored to oblige me to take up the sword again, and to crown all his indiscretions had turned Turk, I requested the emperor to give his sister a government, to which I had not time to go and reduce the people to reason. Here is what I had written to Prié during the troubles; which proves that people knew not what they were talking about when they said that I supported him; for I never studied appearances: "Represent to the Flemings, that it is their interest to cause a belief that they have it in their power to revolt, in order that they may be treated with some indulgence by the court; but never to do so because they would demonstrate the poverty of their character, and the nullity of their resources. Represent to them that with four pieces of cannon at the corners of a city, one may make it tremble. Represent to the least stupid, that nothing is ever gained by a revolution, because people know not what to set up in the

place of what they have destroyed; and that the worst of sovereigns is preferred to the ablest men who succeed him. Besides, ours is too good to them; the government of the House of Austria is of the mildest kind. Represent to the most upright that the accomplishment of a revolution requires crimes which make one shudder, but without which rebels are only laughed at; and that they must choose between the gibbet and obedience: and you, M. Prié, between your recal and the Spielberg; vigor to prevent insurrections, and rigor to punish them."

The emperor made me his vicar-general in Italy, with a salary of one hundred and fifty thousand florins.

Alberoni, our inveterate enemy, being dismissed, and his Philip IV. having acceded to the quadruple alliance, I had time to think of my pleasure. It was my fancy to build my palace in the suburbs, somewhat in the Turkish or Arabic taste, with my four towers, which I well know were not in any genuine

style of architecture, but they called to mind a great event. It was the spot where, in 1529, the grand vizir had pitched his tent; and I constructed my menagerie at Beugebey exactly like the Mufti's camp, with towers in which there had been tents for prayer.

The arrangement of my maps, plans, and fine editions, which I had bought in London, and of the excellent French, Latin, and Italian works, well bound, afforded me occupation, as well as my cascades, large *jets d'eau*, and superb basons. To return to my towers, for which I was censured, I replied to those who found fault with them: "I am as well acquainted as you are with the five Grecian orders, and also with the seven orders of battle of Vegetius. I like to have an order of my own in both sciences, and I have found the benefit of it."

A very agreeable moment for me was occasioned by a Turkish embassy. The grand signor sent me the two finest Arabian horses I ever saw, a scymetar, and a turban, with this message: "The one is a symbol of thy

valor, the other of thy genius and of thy wisdom." I like this eastern compliment, and distrust those of christians.

1720.

This was one of the most tranquil years of my life. Taken up entirely with the arts and company, I did not do much. We had, as every where else, love intrigues and court intrigues; but among the latter, none of those of waiting-women, such as we had seen in France. Oue sovereigns, fortunately owing to their great pride, do not degrade themselves by intercourse with the vulgar; and every where else the valets, the grooms of the time of Rodolph II. the huntsmen (where the monarch is fond of the chace), and, in short, mean people possess influence, afford protection, are dangerous, and do mischief. Charles VI. on the contrary, in order to keep them at a distance, made his chamberlains dress him, and they, after putting on his shoes, made a low genuflexion, and retired without uttering a word.

Agreeably to my advice, the protestants were protected against the too orthodox catholics and the Elector Palatine, to whom, but for this, the King of Prussia would have proved that he was the protector of his religion. In spite of me, Nimsch was punished for having written against me, it was said, and for having corresponded with Alberoni; but I procured a pardon for him, at least in part. As I did not even care about the excellent songs of Rousseau and Bonneval, still less should I notice paltry paragraphs, or ill-written declamations.

1722.

I had not much to say, and very little to do. Charles VI. displayed his magnificence at the marriage of his niece.(88) I gave entertainments too, and must confess that I was delighted with my military court, and my old comrades. That of the emperor was naturally more illustrious in point of rank, but not in merit. All the most distinguished

persons in the empire were there. But the situation of La Favorita, in a street of the suburbs, was not favorable either to diversion or dignity. The dresses were all superb; but taking no pleasure in parade of that kind, I often wore my uniform, and some of the generals followed my example.

I received a great deal of company at my house between dinner and the play, because I find that more business may be done in a drawing-room than in a closet. I walked about with some foreign minister, or sat down in a corner with some of our own; and a communicative air makes people talkative. On the other hand, I often see the reserve of others repel every body; and, concealing their mediocrity under the cloak of gravity and discretion, these gentlemen know no one, they are unacquainted with public and private opinion; and less secret than discreet, they are strangers to all that is passing. 'Tis thus that sovereigns are often deceived for want of mixing with society.

There has not been a single bad one of the

House of Austria, excepting Philip II. all his life, and Ferdinand II. once or twice. Charles VI. was only unfortunate in the choice of his servants. His minister of the finances was an idiot. I caused him to be dismissed, and Gundacker Stahrenberg, a man of merit, to be appointed in his stead. Strattman likewise possessed infinite merit and great intelligence. Jorger had sound judgment, and spoke and wrote extremely well.

1723.

Charles VI. went to be crowned King of Bohemia: more pleasures and ceremonies. Charles had a reserved Spanish air, and took but little pains to laugh, though he was very fond of buffoons. This is always the case with people who are not naturally cheerful. He was good and just.

Leopold, in my opinion, had more understanding; but Joseph, who possessed still more than either, was amiable, and would have governed in his own person. I said to

him shortly before his death: "Employ, sire, none but honest men; but if you sometimes find a scoundrel willing to undertake the dirty work of intrigues, and not ashamed to have his conduct disavowed, make use of such an one without esteeming him. The honor of states is not so ticklish as that of individuals. Bad faith and meanness, independently of the abhorrence which they excite, are not sound policy. But address and dissimulation are allowable. Don't proceed too far against Rome and the clergy. You do not love France; that I think perfectly natural, for though beaten by us at present, she possesses more resources than your majesty. If we continue successful, notwithstanding the change which is preparing in England, after you have made peace, do not begin again; and never threaten any power, till you are ready to strike. A young and ambitious monarch at the head of that, would conquer the world. Fortunately when Louis XIV. was young, he speedily returned to Versailles to dance *l'aimable vainqueur*, and to hear an opera by his panegyrist Quinault: and at present he has not long to live."

Though Joseph was not a bigot like his successor, he would never have deceived the share-holders of the company of Ostend, and with his magnanimous character, he would not have crouched, like him, to the maritime powers. He one day said to me: "Had I been in my father's place, I should not have run away to Lintz, when you entered into our service. I would not have suffered myself to be shut up in Vienna; but would have acted as aid-de-camp to the Duke of Lorraine, at the battle of Vienna. I know what courtiers are. I saw enough of them at the siege of Landau. They pretended to tremble for us, and it is for themselves they tremble all the while." The severe and frigid Leopold was not fond of Joseph. He was more partial to Charles, his younger brother, who was less petulant, and more of a Spaniard in every respect, and could not forgive his love of pleasure, and his bursts of passion. It is true he was once guilty of great indecorum in beating, in his presence, and that of a large company at a public entertainment, one of his people who did not pay proper attention to him. (89)

When I did not directly interfere in matters of little importance, I was reproached with indolence, authorized, it was spitefully observed, by my long and active military service. Had I entered into all the petty details, I should have been called trifling. I left them to Koch, Etlet, and Brockhausen, my referendaries. People clamored against them; that made very little impression upon me: I had on my side all the good company, the populace, and the soldiery, whom I loved more than I did a great many illustrious nobles, with whom I had occasion to be dissatisfied for their want of talents in war. I supported those three gentlemen, it was alleged. I was not a weathercock to turn with every wind. They understood me if I spoke but half a word; and I should have done more harm to the public service by changing them, than good by redressing perhaps some slight abuses which it is difficult to discover and to prevent.

I read much, and had others to read to me: I had scarcely ever had time for it before. I was surprised to find in the history of the

Greeks, the Romans, and the French of the early years of Louis XIV. many things which I had done without knowing of these precedents, as if by instinct. I resolved to give my library to the emperor after my death, for he wants it, but my niece not at all. She will like better to play and to keep a little court.

1724.

I applied myself a good deal to internal affairs. I said to the ministers: "Cannot you disband this host of underlings, who prevent the money from reaching the pocket of the sovereign? contrive a tax proportionate to the income or earnings of each individual? provide habitations for paupers, and set them to work? consult the English, the Dutch, the bankers, for a good system of finance and manufactures? invite Flemings to improve our agriculture? bring our heaths into cultivation, by means of the monks or the soldiers, for whom villages might be built on

them? borrow of the clergy at two per cent? dig a bed for the river Wien, to carry off the filth of the esplanade, which infects the city, and construct a fine quay, planted with four alleys of plantain-trees or acacia? join the rivers by canals? cause the roads to be repaired by the proprietors of the adjacent lands, without ruining the government by constructing them? double our population by the Huguenots of France, and the emigrants from the empire who are ill used by their petty tyrants of sovereigns?"

I said to our generals: "Cannot you, to spare the emperor's subjects, raise regiments of Turks, Poles, Prussians, Saxons, and Italians, by inducing them to desert, and enlisting deserters? levy an Hungarian, Austrian, Bohemian, and Walloon army, with none but officers of their respective nations to keep alive emulation? give furloughs to native subjects? keep up strong garrisons at Vienna, Presburg, Olmutz, Gratz, Lintz, Brussels, Luxemburg, and Milan? form an entrenched camp on each frontier, since fortresses are too

expensive; and encourage the breeding of horses, that money may not be carried out of the country?"

Report has given a mistress to Charles VI. as to any other person—the Spanish Althéim, though she was no more his mistress than the Italian lady was mine formerly, or than Bathiany is now: but as his friend, I said to her: "Cannot you persuade the emperor to gain the love of the electors and first princes of the empire; to draw them to Vienna by magnificent *fêtes;* to give them the order of the Fleece, or some other to their ministers, or colors to their bastards, and pensions or handsome recruiting officers to their mistresses?

I said to the confessor:—"Prevent accusations, informations, cabals, unjust proceedings for want of entering into the merits of cases; the monks from enriching themselves by foundations and votive gifts. Allow every convent to keep a certain number of invalids."

To the emperor I said: "Prevent the Prussians, sire, from rising; the Russians from forming and acquainting themselves with our affairs; and the French from gaining the preponderance. Your monarchy is rather straggling; but for that very reason it adjoins the north, the south, and the east. It is moreover in the centre of Europe, to which your majesty ought to give law."

I return to the Spanish Altheim. As Charles VI. liked to speak Spanish, he distinguished this lady. He would have made love with the same gravity as he killed the grand-equerry to whom I have alluded. He was afflicted beyond measure at the accident; but nothing ever appeared on his imperial face.

It were to be wished that this female had introduced into Austria the gallantry of her country, like the mother of Louis XIV. to whom the court of France owed its politeness, its taste, the amenity of its manners, still rather savage, in consequence of the troubles

which that nation, fickle and cruel as children, prolonged with such barbarity. Of this the Germans are incapable, but without gallantry, fortunately not without love, though restrained by the devotion of their sovereigns; this only excited a higher relish for its pleasures, which were not the less indulged in at Vienna. There are in this country so many beautiful women, that in vain were ugly ones sought as attendants on the court; scarcely any could be found, and thus the intention of their Imperial Majesties to remove all dangerous objects from their antichambers and galleries was never accomplished.

1725.

The Congress of Cambray went on very ill; Riperda was sent to Vienna. He was referred to Zinzendorf and me, to whom was left the business of demanding, refusing, and at length accommodating matters; and on the 1st of May we signed the treaty between Austria and Spain. I was much pleased with the society of the Duke de Richelieu, whom

Cardinal Fleury caused to be ridiculously recalled on account of an absurd story of a conspiracy in the gardens of Leopoldstadt. By a double artifice on his part, of policy and love, he endeavoured and expected to gain Madame de Bathiany; and thinking himself extremely cunning, he sometimes played with us at piquet. This amused us much. The wish for an adventure that should make some noise rendered him every day more and more agreeable to us both. He won neither the lady nor the secret; but we were delighted with his redoubled pains to please us. (90)

1726.

After having been a soldier, minister, grand vizir, financier, postilion, negociator, I was at last made a merchant. I established the Ostend company, which the gold and jealousy of the maritime powers caused afterwards to be suppressed; and another at Vienna, to traffic, export, and navigate upon the Danube and Adriatic Sea, where I converted Trieste into a port capable of containing two squa-

drons of men of war, to escort and protect the merchant vessels. I directed other small ports, or at least shelters, to be formed in the Gulf of Venice, the advantages of which were acknowledged by the whole monarchy.

1727.

I spent this whole year in consulting merchants, bankers, and men of business; in drawing them over from foreign countries; in writing to England and Holland, for the purpose of establishing good commercial houses at Ostend and Antwerp; and to Spain, Italy, and even Turkey, with a view to establish others at Trieste and Vienna. This interested, amused, and occupied me exceedingly. I frustrated the miserable plans of our ministers of finance, who had never studied or travelled. I occasioned the settlement among us of consuls, a kind of people to whom we alone were before strangers. I formed studs in Hungary and Bohemia for breeding horses, that money might not be sent

out of the country: and I can affirm that for ten years the emperor's affairs never went on so well, and perhaps never will again.

1728.

Charles VI. resolved to go and examine the improvements at Trieste. I was of the party, and should have been heartily tired but for Prince Francis of Lorraine, who was extremely amiable, handsome, only twenty years of age, and gay as his little court of Lorraine. (91) Some pretty ladies belonging to the court who attended the empress in this journey contributed to render it pleasing, notwithstanding the bigotted austerity of that princess.

Charles VI. though the bravest of men now living, was less so by half than Leopold. He knew how to give his court a suitable degree of splendor, and with us and our attendants, he had more than fifteen hundred persons in his retinue. He had dances at

Gratz; killed shamoys by the way; and was satisfied with the port and city of Trieste.

1729.

To complete my work I had to battle a good deal with the over-righteous Catholics and big wigs of this country. The Jesuits are indulgent when one knows how to manage them. They were very useful to me in procuring a cessation of the persecutions practised upon the Protestants in my fleet, who were forbidden the exercise of their religion. The only sailors left me were those who had none at all, or hypocrites. This was still worse; for how could I trust these two classes of people, who had no fear of God, but only feared the emperor? The honest Swedish, Danish, Hamburgh, and Lübeck sailors, and merchants, returned or remained; thanks to a couple of Protestant ministers whom I kept on board of our ships.

1730.

At length I enjoyed the pleasure of having the first fair at Trieste; and after some labor upon the finances, to find money enough to raise thirty-six thousand men, with whom the emperor resolved to augment his army. He was right to hold himself in readiness for all events; 'tis the way to preserve peace. But I thought I could perceive that certain intriguers for their own private interests, or certain zealous, but shallow persons, would not be displeased to produce a rupture on the first opportunity. The French are clever in discovering what passes, and by these means are always in a better condition than others.

1731.

The Duke of Liria was the minister of Spain, and Robinson minister of England People were not long in the dark respect-

ing my long conferences with them; and on the 22nd of July, a treaty of offensive alliance between our three courts was signed. I am no friend to protracted preparations or to half-measures. One is ignorant what is passing at one's own court, though it is known at foreign courts. It is not till the first day of the campaign that the public ought to be informed of alliances.

1732.

The court of Versailles, for example, was not duped by the journey to Carlsbad, whither I accompanied the emperor, who gave out that he was going for the benefit of the waters. It was obvious that some interview was in contemplation. The King of Prussia (92) was waiting for us at Prague, and the moment I had dressed myself to pay my respects to him, who should enter but his majesty. "No ceremony," said he to me; "I am come to chat with my master." He was a Charles XII. of peace; he dreamt of nothing but military matters; but there were only parades, exer-

cises, short coats, little hats, and tall men. I was obliged to hear him talk on all these subjects, of the fine order of his troops, and of his economy. Here I took him up, and advised him to amass plenty of money and plenty of men to defend us if we were attacked; for my system, as may be perceived, was not to make war, but to create a barrier against France, in order to take from her all inclination to attack us. Preferring friends to allies, who are often troublesome, and a kind of tutors, I only engaged him not to declare against us; knowing his avarice, I was apprehensive lest we should not prevail so far. I persuaded Charles VI. to descend a step from his Spanish haughtiness, and at least to give him a friendly reception. He gave him a handsome entertainment, which cost a good deal of money. I prevailed upon all the Bohemian nobility to pay high honors to the king. He would have preferred a review to a ball, but that was not our *forte*. I had been so successful in the higher tactics as to care nothing about wheeling to the right and left, and the manual exercise. The contrast of the dignity and magnificence of our em-

peror in a mantle of gold, with this royal corporal, was very diverting. He returned to Potzdam, and we to Vienna.

1733.

It was about this time that I clearly perceived the diminution of my influence. The King of Poland died in the month of February. Russia proposed to assist us in securing the election of his son Augustus III. in spite of France, who was desirous of again seating Stanislaus upon the throne. (93) A great conference at court; scarcely any division of opinion: that for making war is espoused principally by those who take no part in war, as the ministers, the priests, the women, and the loungers of a great city. I said one day in a company where they were clamoring on the subject; "I wish that your excellencies, and you ladies, were each obliged to pay four thousand ducats; and that you fine gentlemen had to march immediately with muskets on your shoulders." This reminds me of two

lines which I read some time ago, I know not where:

Et pour un soufflet qui ne se battrait pas,
A la mort fait courir pour l'honneur des états.

At length it was asserted that the so-called honor of the state was compromised, if we did not go to war. "I acknowledge it not," said I to the ministers, "except when it is supported by powerful means: those of France never were so strong as at present; her finances are in the best possible state, in consequence of twenty years of peace. We have had scarcely ten since the treaty of Westphalia; that is to say, for a period of near eighty years. Her administration is wise." I would not roundly declare that our's was not, but I hinted as much. "What have we to do with a war so foreign to the Germanic body, which will make this reflection, and send us no assistance? The Russians are too distant to afford any; and before they arrive the empire and Italy will be overrun. Recollect the versatile conduct of England in my better days:

she is ever ready to repeat it. A mercantile policy is always to be heard at the doors of her parliament. The Englishman, just, noble, upright, and generous, on his private account, is the contrary in behalf of his country. 'Tis a land of contradiction, whose constitution the ocean alone supports; as bad faith in speeches, and a desire to shine, support the opposition. The haughtiness and unskilfulness often manifested by the emperor's envoys at foreign courts frequently cause them to slip away from him, and render it impossible to reckon upon any thing; and notwithstanding my conversations with Liria and Robinson, I would lay a wager that Spain will declare for France, and England will remain neuter."

Good as were the reasons which I alleged to prove that France would be very glad to find a pretext for a war with us, and bad as were those employed to refute them, the latter, nevertheless, prevailed. It was perhaps supposed that I should refuse the command of the army, which was offered me out of compliment; but this was a mistake, for I

accepted it. For my own part individually, I am fond of war; and in this I wished to meet the fate of Turenne.

Before I had time to assemble the army, the command of which, till my arrival, was given to the Duke of Bevern, and while I was making all my arrangements with the council of war, what I had foreseen happened. On the 28th of October, the French had taken the fortress of Kehl, levied contributions throughout the whole empire, and overrun the Milanese. Sardinia and Spain had declared against us. In vain I represented to the empire till I was tired, that the aggression of France ought to make it declare in our favor: three electors protested against such declaration, alleging that this invasion concerned only the head of the empire; that it was merely a passage through for the purpose of attacking Austria, and that France had promised to restore all she might take as soon as the emperor should dissolve his connexion with the Elector of Saxony.

1734.

Stanislaus was obliged to fly: the Divan of Constantinople began to take alarm at the preponderance of Russia. The grand vizir, Hali Pacha, wrote to me: "*Nalkiran* is dead." This appellation was given to him in that country on account of his strength: it signifies *breaker of horse-shoes.*(94) "Poland has elected one of her great nobles. Why should the Czarina violate in two instances her treaties with her neighbors, and the liberty of a country, in which she is desirous of rendering the crown hereditary, and annulling an election? The Sublime Porte is a guarantee to it, and will not suffer such a procedure."

The influence of Russia and hostility to France having gained the ascendancy at our court, I could not reply to him that I was of the same opinion as the Sublime Porte. In spite of my real sentiments, I justified the Czarina, and among the wretched reasons

which I urged, I said: "That she had entered Poland with no other view than to put an end to the murders and quarrels of the different factions who were tearing one another in pieces; that the party which had chosen Augustus II. in the same camp where Henry de Valois was formerly elected, was much stronger than that of Stanislaus, too insignificant a nobleman to be a king; and that he was supported only because he was father-in-law to the King of France; that the son of Augustus III. had been elected Piast; (95) that he was as much so as any other; that the primate had required it; and that my emperor hoped that his master and himself should agree together for the restoration of peace in the North of Europe."

All this I wrote to the Turks, in order to afford the Russians no occasion to fight them; for they always pretend to be insulted, and the people under their protection oppressed, to obtain a pretext for taking some fortresses.

I arrived on the 25th of April at Heilbron. On the 27th I reviewed the army a few

leagues from Philipsburg. I still shed tears of joy, tenderness, and gratitude, whenever I recollect how I was received with repeated shouts of "Long live our father!" and thousands of hats thrown into the air. The old companions of my campaigns in Hungary, Italy, Flanders, and Bavaria, crowded to kiss the tops of my boots; they surrounded me, embraced my horse, and even pulled me down with their caresses. This moment was certainly the most delicious of my life; but it was embittered by the reflection that I had only thirty-five thousand men, that the enemy had eighty thousand, and announced his determination to march to Vienna. I conducted them into the lines of Ettlingen; but these were calculated for one hundred thousand men, and I had no inclination to repeat the affair of Denain. I abandoned them; but I made so many marches and countermarches, and *abattis*, and played off so many stratagems, that I prevented Berwick from penetrating into the interior of the country. He could do nothing but lay siege to Philipsburg. This was what I wanted, in order to gain time. His head was there

carried off by a cannon-ball, eight days after the opening of the trenches. (96) I was envious on this occasion, and it was for the first time in my life. (97) I was disappointed in this plan, as well as in that of attacking the French in their lines. I thought I had discovered a place badly fortified, and with a small quantity of artillery; they had neglected it, because it was covered by a morass which I had been told was passable, but which I found it impossible to cross; for I went myself to reconnoitre it: one cannot implicitly rely on any report. This has been my practice all my life; I have found the benefit of it, as well as of constantly having a pencil in my pocket to write down in an officer's tablets the order which I give him to carry.

I had received some Hessian, Hanoverian, and Prussian reinforcements among whom I distinguished the prince royal, who appeared a young man of infinite promise. (98) D'Asfeld had surpassed himself. Never did I see any thing so strong; for instance, his ditches, or *trous des loups*, were conical, and superior to those of Condé at Arras: (99) it was from this

reconnoitring that I formed my opinion of the young prince whom I have just mentioned. When I was resolved to fight, I never assembled a council of war; but this time I was sure that every one would be of my opinion. I determined to cross the Rhine, and to re-cross it higher up to attack D'Asfeld. For this service I had destined three thousand cavalry and ten thousand Swiss.

This devil of a fellow had all his wits about him, and at length took Philipsburg, in spite of my cannonade of his camp, in which I rather acted the Grand Vizir of Belgrade, for my batteries and parapets were elevated to fire down upon it, and the water, besides, was still more terrible than the fire. I relied more upon the effect of the one than the other. But what a nation! capable of every thing. Richelieu, whom I had known a Sybarite, so delicate and voluptuous, the young courtiers, the Durases, and the La Vallières, were metamorphosed. They only want a leader. D'Asfeld was a rigid disciplinarian, and set a good example; and before him Berwick held them awe. They threw up the trenches in

boats, and endured every hardship with unequalled patience. I never had any, for my part, under mental sufferings. The first that had attacked the other would have been beaten, and had that been my lot, the French might have gone to Vienna, for there was no fortified place on the way, or upon the flanks: and the Elector of Bavaria, who had subject of complaint, only waited for this to declare against Austria, whose haughtiness or awkwardness gained her friends no where. We should have lost the few we had. There was no Sobieski to save the capital; I should have retired within the lines which I constructed, as has been seen in 1705; but meanwhile *Te Deum* would have been sung at Versailles, and in the chapel of some of my enemies at Vienna. People there at length became sensible of the justice of my reasons against the war, for they then perceived the inferiority of our means, with which the barkers and firebrands of society cannot be acquainted

Philipsburg being taken, I retired to my old camp at Bruchsal. D'Asfeld would have

aid siege to Mentz, but this intention I obliged him to relinquish, for I hastened to cover that place. My marches, to prevent the French from penetrating into Swabia by the Black Forest, have, in my opinion, been sufficiently extolled. I covered Würtemberg, and they found me every where except in the field of battle: for really I could not fight. More fatigued than we, but able to recruit themselves whenever they pleased, they entered into winter quarters; and I, innocent in my own eyes, deserving neither the praise nor the censure with which I have been honored, satisfied with a kind of petty passive glory, set out for Vienna.

I had left my nephew, the only remaining shoot of my branch of Savoy, sick at Mannheim: he died of a fever, as I have been told, but I suspect of something else. 'Tis a pity; he possessed understanding and courage. Though only twenty years of age, he was a major-general, but too much of a libertine. I allow a man to be a little disposed that way. I love a rake and detest Catos; they scarcely ever stand fire well: but my little

Eugene was fond of bad company and bad friends; and these are enough to ruin any body. (100)

"What have you gained, Sire," said I to the emperor at the first audience, "in this war, which I again advise your majesty to terminate as speedily as possible? After the loss of two battles in Italy, your troops will be driven from the country, as they have been out of Naples and Sicily. Consider that it is a French army, a very different sort of thing from mine, which is a piece of patch-work. We are still waiting for the contingents of five or six petty allies, who, possessing not a sous, sell their insignificant aid to your majesty, and their hearts to France. The great succours which Russia is sending you amount to no more than fourteen thousand men, whom she will soon recal: for after leading us into this war, she will (which heaven avert!) perhaps hurry you into another with the Turks, which I believe they are even going to begin." Charles VI. with his usual taciturnity, only told me to say the same thing to the council of conference.

I gained over all the military men to my opinion. I said to them:—"While the maritime states, who are desirous of peace for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe, strive to accomplish their purpose, I shall collect all the force I can, since that is the way to put an end to the business."

At the end of April I set off for Heilbron, and took up my excellent camp at Bruchsal, as I had done the year before; but the enemy being much stronger, I had nothing to do but to cover all the places and the country on this side of the Rhine.

In order to render the possession of Philipsburg useless to him, I turned the course of three small rivers, which, instead of discharging themselves into the Rhine, produced me a superb inundation from that fortress to Ettlingen, the lines of which thus covered were unassailable.

Had I been able to leave them, having no longer to do with D'Asfeld, who had been succeeded by Coigny, I should have finished

my military career better than by the same passive kind of glory as the preceding year. I gave it some degree of activity by taking Trarbach, and delivering the electorate of Treves. Seeing that there was nothing more to be done, nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, as I had told Charles VI. fifty times, I was very glad at first to be recalled to Vienna, though I shrewdly suspected that this was my last campaign. It would be difficult for me to express what I felt on taking leave of my army. It was a painful scene I assure you. An old soldier only can know what it is to bid a last farewel to such brave fellows, whom he has so often led to death, which I was desirous of meeting in so happy, speedy, and glorious a manner: 'tis the only favor God has refused me. With tears in my eyes I resigned the command to the Duke of Wirtemberg; and on my arrival at Vienna, I luckily found La Baume, the agent sent by Cardinal Fleury, to make very reasonable proposals. France had been rather humbled in Poland: her garrison of fifteen thousand men had surrendered at Dantzic, and the father-in-law of Louis XV. had withdrawn

himself nobody knew whither. The Russians and Augustus III. triumphed, as might be expected; and I taking advantage of the desire of Charles VI. to restore the extinguished House of Austria, by marrying his daughter, Maria Theresa, to Prince Francis of Lorraine, we soon came to an understanding, and the preliminaries were signed.(101)

The day after this signature, I went to the emperor to congratulate him on having got out of such a scrape as this war, and entreated him to beware lest Russia should involve him in another with the Turks. I said to him: "In proportion as one grows old, Sire, one ventures to speak the truth with greater boldness. Before we begin we ought to ask ourselves what we mean to do, what we are able to do? You neither want, nor are you able, to take Widdin and Nissa, but you may lose Belgrade. The Bosniacs and the Servians, and the best of the Asiatics, will be against you. Against the Russians there will be only Tartars, Arnauts, Christians, Greeks of the right bank of the Dniester, who, being separated from them by deserts, will do them no

great injury. They may do you harm if they prove victorious. Part of your subjects are of their religion. Animosities will arise between your two courts, and ill-humour and distrust will prevail among the commanders of your two imperial armies.

"You have nobody to run about, as I did when young, to all the courts to prevent the coalition from falling to pieces. The Germanic body is won by the gold or the seductive influence of France. Make an enumeration of the inhabitants of your hereditary dominions, that every district may be obliged to keep its regiment continually complete. For the interest of the Hungarians, and your own, prevent them from revolting, by making them pay regular taxes, and furnish a certain number of recruits every year. You have no money, but by far too many civil servants; have soldiers instead of counsellors.

"Purchase the King of Sardinia, Sire, that he may preserve Lombardy for you, and the maritime powers, that they may preserve the Low Countries; that is to say, give them,

if necessary, one half of the revenues, that you may receive the other without expence, and prevent France from gaining such large acquisitions. Since your majesty has lost Philipsburg, make Lintz a fortress; and secure, by force or other means, the Elector of Bavaria, if France would attack you; and the Elector of Saxony, in like manner, if the King of Prussia, who is perceptibly aggrandizing himself, gained by Cardinal de Fleury, should threaten Bohemia. Care not for the Turks, and I promise your majesty a glorious reign, from the tranquillity which you will insure to your dominions." Such was my wish for this emperor.

It belongs to history to judge whether I have finished well or ill. I know that since the year 1717, consequently for these eighteen years, I have fought no battles, but this was for want of men, money, allies, and influence at court (with pain I acknowledge it); and at length I caused peace to be restored to Europe, after two tolerable campaigns, in which, if I have not acquired honor, I have at least nothing to reproach myself with.

It is said that during these two last campaigns, Guido Stahrenberg, who was naturally of his cousin Gundacker's party, clamored a good deal against me. This reminds me of what Villars said to me at Rastadt: "Our enemies are not in the field. Your's are at Vienna, and mine at Versailles." What is not a little diverting, is, that this animosity is asserted to have originated in a foolish trick which is not at all like me, and which would have betrayed either insolence or bad taste. I had besides long given up the habit of laughing, and had even relinquished my little French peculiarities, in order to succeed the better at the gravest court in the world. Here is this palty anecdote as I have heard it related. In my first campaign in Italy, on the emperor's birth-day, when I gave a grand dinner to all my generals, I am said to have directed crackers to be laid under Stahrenberg's chair, and at the moment when he was raising his glass to his lips to drink the emperor's health, the trumpets and other instruments which accompanied it gave the signal for the explosion. The company thought it was a mine; and all ran away excepting the person

under whom was this little volcano. He finished his glass, and calmly set it down again on the table. Guido, enraged, it is said, at this trial of his courage, never forgave me for it. What occasion could I have to doubt it? We have known each other ever since the siege of Vienna, when he was in the city as captain and adjutant to his cousin Rudiger. He is six years older than myself, and has always displayed the greatest talents, and the most exemplary valor, to which I willingly do justice. I scarcely ever see him, and as I imagine he possesses at present no more influence than I have, perhaps we are friends. Old generals who have been enemies to one another, are like women whose animosities subside at a certain age, because they cease to be of any sex.

Of all the ministers, Zinzendorf was the man to whose conversation I was most partial. "I will wager," said I to him, "that your Excellency will be of my opinion. We want no political sentences: the aspect of Europe changes like that of a plain or a mountain, by the accidents of light. People say, such a

kingdom is the natural enemy of another. No such thing; if they are contiguous, the one should strive to secure the friendship, if not the alliance, of the other, for its defence against some more distant power. Why, after the peace of Rastadt, did we not unite cordially with France? The party hostile to her in England had been crushed; and we should have saved many millions of money and thousands of lives. When one cannot give law, one ought to think only how to avoid receiving it. But what is it that is called court-policy, reasons of state? What but the personal interest either of the ambition or revenge of the person in favor? This last motive, Count, has, I think, upon examining myself for instance, had some influence upon me as well as the first; and a desire of power and wealth gave a bias to Marlborough."

"Which governments do you think the best?" said Zinzendorf to me. "You will take me for a tyrant," I replied, "when I tell you a military government. Monsters are rare: why should the seven or eight thrones of Europe be just at this moment filled by such?

The monster king would be unjust and cruel only to his friends and those about him; but he would not be so to the country-gentleman, to the citizen, to the peasant, whom he would govern by military laws, which are the clearest and most prompt of any. Your Excellency is an exception. But consider what I am going to have the honor to observe to you. The soldier is so weary of being cruel during war, that he ceases to be so in time of peace. I wish that every prime minister who decides between them had been in the service, that he might know what it is. He would consent to arbitrations, as in a law-suit, mediations, moderations, before he would determine to spill so much blood." "I confess," said Zinzendorf, "that the cardinals who have been ministers have caused the shedding of a great deal, our good friend Fleury excepted, who has no inclination that way. I think it is ignorance, levity, which is always cruel like infancy, that turn the scale in our councils in favor of war, more frequently than you brave men, who dread it for the sake of others, wish it for your own, and at the same time prevent or defer it as much as lies in your power."

The other day the emperor took me out a hunting with him, a thing without example in the Spanish-Austrian etiquette, which I find no fault with, because it is necessary for the sovereign to keep up his dignity in regard to the great, that the latter may keep up theirs in respect to the lower classes, and thus form as it were a cascade of consideration. Here is nearly what I said to him in the carriage. "If your majesty were desirous of going to war again, I see no great generals to command your armies. You must wait till they arise. Conigseg is a courtier, and Neiperg a wit rather than a general. Khevenhuller is the best of the three. The first is loved and esteemed; the second is more amiable, because he is more *piquant*: he is feared on account of his highly diverting sarcasms and sallies; but he stands fire with admirable coolness. The third is more capable of directing the marches, the encampments, the organization and the movement of troops. Hildburghausen has courage, but little judgment. As he has married my niece, people imagine that I have undertaken the office of his instructor. They do both of us too

much honor. He is called the white Eugene, because he is as fair as I am dark. I wish the Duke of Lorraine, your majesty's son-in-law, and his brother, Prince Charles (the one twenty-six, and the other twenty-two years of age), bestowed more application on the subject. They possess genius, valor too I believe, and will make themselves adored. The second will have most talents. The princes of the blood, even with less merit than others, have superior advantages. Appointed at an early age to the command of armies, they have more experience, and dare to be much more enterprizing. Try these last, Sire; perhaps you may find them answer. Besides, the others know no more of the matter than they." I had never talked to him so long about business. He was not fond of it any more than his father. It was always a very short audience or councils of conference. I like them much, because no one dares give an opinion for which he has to blush, if he would not lose the esteem of his neighbor, who is there obliged to give an account of his department. A sovereign, difficult of access, is not on that account

beyond the reach of mean disgraceful advice, informations, calumnies, and prejudices.

Now I have nearly withdrawn from public life. I play at piquet every evening at Madame de Bathiany's, with Taroca, Windischgratz, and Tessin, the Swedish ambassador. It is rather for the sake of conversation. People are more talkative when they do not say, *Let us talk*, and round a card-table they are more at their ease; otherwise games of commerce are extinguishers of society. In war, I prefer games of chance. At my head-quarters, those who won were put into high spirits, and those who lost fought better; 'tis soon over, and time is more valuable than money. I am fond of the company of young people; they are more pure, not having been corrupted by intrigue. I often see the commander Zinzendorf, a man of enlarged understanding, and good company, and Frederic Harrach, who adds to these qualities considerable talents for business. I foresee that he will be raised to important posts, as will in war Dhaun and Brown. The first possesses most merit; the second will have

boldness; and the last, superior talents for discipline and the essential details, without being trifling. Joseph Wenzl Lichtenstein is likewise a brave general, a good citizen, and a genuine nobleman. Seckendorf and Schmettau, with military qualities, depend rather too much on circumstances.

Young Cobentzl, a man of great intelligence, often visits at Madame de Bathiany's. He one day said to her: "It is generally believed, madam, that you have married Prince Eugene." "I love him much too well for that," replied she; "I would rather have a bad reputation, than take away his, and thus abuse his age at seventy-two."

Kaunitz, at the same age as Cobentzl, without possessing so much character, such readiness in conversation, will have enlarged views. He has just, noble, and profound ideas. I am almost as much attached to Madame Strattmann as to her sister, my mistress, as she is called.

"If you were not religious, and I was five-

and-twenty, what would be the consequence?" said I one day to Madame de Bathiany. "Nothing," replied she, "things would be just as they are. I am religious, in the first place, because I love God, and because I believe and put my trust in him; in the next place, this is a safe-guard of my peace, which would come to the aid of my wounded self-love, if I were to be forsaken; and then, that I may be able to scoff at women who have lovers. I am religious, because I have neither fear, nor hope, nor desire, in this life; and because the good which I do for the poor, from humanity, is of benefit to my soul. I am religious, because the wicked fear me, and are disgusting to me. I am religious, that I may not have occasion to be continually watchful of my reputation; women who are not, dare not say or do any thing; they are like thieves who think themselves pursued by the police wherever they go. But I detest those who assume the mask of piety, or are religious only on account of the immortality of the soul. Were mine to perish with me, I would nevertheless endeavour to be virtuous as I do at present. It is not so much for

fear of God, as out of gratitude for his favors, and love to him, that I am religious, without publicly proclaiming it like those ladies who make a trade of the thing to please the court, rather than to please heaven."

I have been happy in this life, and I wish to be so in the other. There are old dragoons who will pray to heaven for me, and I have more faith in their prayers, than in those of all the old women of the court and of the city clergy. The fine music, whether simple or more obstreperous, of the divine service, delights me. The one has something religious, which awes the soul; the other reminds me, by the flourishes of trumpets and kettle-drums, which so often led my soldiers to victory, of the God of hosts who has blessed our arms. I have scarcely had time to sin; but I have set a bad example, perhaps, without knowing it, by my negligence of the forms of religion, in which I have, however, invariably believed. I have sometimes spoken evil of people, but only when I thought myself obliged to do so; and have said: "Such an one is a coward, and such an one a scoundrel." I have sometimes given way to passion; but

who could help swearing to see a general or a regiment that did not do their duty, or an adjutant who did not understand one? I have been too careless as a soldier, and lived like a philosopher. I wish to die as a christian. I never like swaggerers either in war or in religion, and it is perhaps from having seen ridiculous impieties like those of the Frenchmen, of whom I have spoken on the one hand, and Spanish bigotries on the other, that I have always kept myself aloof from both. I have so often beheld death near at hand, that I had become familiar with him. But now it is no longer the same thing. Then I sought him, now I wait for him; and meanwhile I live in peace. I look upon the past as a pleasing dream. I go to court only n gala days, and to the theatre when there is an Italian opera, serious or comic, or a fine ballet. If we had a French company, I would go to see *Athalie, Esther, and Polyeucte.* I am delighted with the eloquence of the pulpit. When Bourdaloue inspires me with terror, Massillon fills me with hope. We were born in the same year, and I knew him on his entrance into the world—a perfectly amiable man. Bossuet astonishes—Fenelon affects me. I saw them

also in my youth; and Marlborough and I paid the latter all possible honors when we took Cambrai. I have forgotten the epigrams of Rousseau, and even his ode for me: but I read his psalms and hymns over and over again. I still retain my memory, as may be seen; and I think I have forgotten nothing except my enemies in this country, whom I forgive with all my heart. A foreigner, and successful!—This was too much for them. My health is very good, considering my age of seventy-two years, the fatigues of I know not how many campaigns, and the effects of I can't tell how many wounds. The Chevalier Carelli, my physician and friend, furnishes me with a sure remedy for curing as he says the radical humidity, which he thinks somewhat wasted. I have yet many things to do for the embellishment of my gardens and palace; for instance, I mean to buy all the ground in front of that in which I live, and at which I have employed fifteen hundred workmen (because it was a time of dearth, and this was beneficial to the city of Vienna), to form a fine square, with a splendid fountain in the middle. If I should live a little longer, (102) I shall not fail to write down whatever I recollect, and what comes into my head, which

is still pretty strong, though, to annoy me, people have asserted that my faculties were considerably decayed. It was once strong enough to prevent me from dying of vexation, as my friend Prince Louis of Baden did, about thirty years ago. I shrugged my shoulders at it, and kept on my usual course. For instance, if I were to interfere in public affairs, I would say to the emperor: "Take all possible precautions respecting your succession; it will be involved in dreadful confusion. Two or three powers will lay claim to it. Prevent all this in your life-time. Here is an occasion for posting about as I did in my time to Munich, Berlin, London, the Hague," &c. The army and artillery are neglected. We shall not be capable of resistance, unless we contrive to prevent all that is likely to happen; and unless, above all things, on the death of Charles VI. we refuse to go to war with the Turks. I wish prosperity to the House of Austria, which will soon be that of Austria-Lorraine, and hope that it will extricate itself from this embarrassment. I have written enough to day, and will now mount my horse to go and look at a lion which has just arrived at my menagerie, on the road to Schweikelt.....

NOTES.

1685.

(1) *Page* 24. *The Prince of Hanover, &c.*—George Ernest, who on the death of Queen Anne ascended the British throne by the title of George I.

1686.

(2) *Page* 25. *Here, Sire, is a young Savoyard*—The address of the Prince of Baden, which is suppressed by the author with that modesty which is ever found to accompany true merit, was as follows: "Here, Sire, is a young Savoyard, whom I have the honor to present to your imperial majesty, and who bids fair to equal in time the greatest generals that have ever lived."

(3) *Page* 26. *Thirty thousand Turks*—This is undoubtedly one of those errors, which so easily occur in transcribing numbers. Other accounts state the force of the Turks in this sally at three thousand, which may be presumed correct.

(4) *Page* 27. *The Duke of Mantua*—Ferdinand Charles, son of Charles III. Duke of Mantua, and Isabella Clara, daughter of Leopold, archduke of Austria. He was the last of his family, and after his death, in 1706, the emperor took possession of his dominions.

1687.

(5) *Page* 29. *Where King Louis had perished*—In 1526, Louis, the last King of Hungary, fell at Mohatz with twenty-two thousand of his men, in an engagement with the Turks, commanded by their sultan, Solyman II.

(6) *Page* 29. *This excited the general laughter of the soldiers*—The Duke of Mantua, says the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, asked General Caprara from what place the battle might be most conveniently viewed. Caprara mentioned Mount Hersan, to which the duke repaired with all possible expedition, and never quitted his post till the engagement was over. This occasioned much mirth, and the soldiers gave this hill the name of Mirror of Mantuan Valour, which it long retained.

(7) *Page* 29. *The news of this victory to the emperor*—In the Turkish camp, which was abandoned with the artillery and all the baggage to the conquerors, they made a prodigious booty in jewels and money. Sixteen hundred elephants and camels, and an immense number of other beasts of burden, fell into their hands. Prince Eugene's dragoons, being the first that penetrated into the enemy's camp, had the picking of the spoil; they could scarcely carry their knapsacks, which they filled with ducats. The loss of the Mussulmans, according to the statement of the grand vizir himself, amounted to thirty thousand killed and wounded; that of the imperialists to less than one thousand.

(8) *Page* 29. *I reached Vienna in a very few days*—He used such dispatch, says the *Histoire* already quoted, that in three days he reached Vienna, though he had near one hundred leagues to travel.

(9) *Page* 30. *History, I hope, will record the glorious conduct of Commerci, at the battle of Hersan*—This young prince, of the House of Lorraine, was inexpressibly brave. On this occasion he headed the volunteers. Observing that a cornet of his regiment had lost his colors in the skirmish previous to the general engagement, he requested permission of the Duke of Lorraine

to take another from the enemy. The duke yielded to his intreaties. Commerci, perceiving a Turkish ensign carrying a small standard at the end of a javelin, ran up to him, and when very near, fired his pistol at him. Having missed his aim, he threw away his pistol and drew his sword. The Turk seized this opportunity to plunge the javelin into his side, and as he was endeavoring to draw it out again, the prince seized the weapon with his left hand, and with his right cleft the Turkish officer's head. He then pulled out the javelin, carried the standard, stained with his blood, to the Duke of Lorraine, and sent for his cornet, whom he thus coolly addressed :—"There, sir, is a standard, which I entrust you with. It has cost me rather dear, and you will do me the favor to take better care of it than of that which you suffered to be taken from you." This singular reprimand was almost as much admired as the action itself. Commerci recovered of his wound; and the emperor being made acquainted with the circumstances of this achievement, wished to see the Turkish standard. It was of red taffeta, with a crescent embroidered in gold in the middle. The monarch ordered it to be preserved in a church, and the empress with her own hands made another pair of colors, and sent it to the prince, in the place of that which his company had lost.

1688.

(10) *Page* 31. *Twelve thousand men killed on both sides*—On the side of the Turks five thousand janissaries were killed, besides a great number of other troops. The imperialists had about four thousand killed during the siege and in the general assault, and two thousand wounded.

A few days after the taking of the town a singular discovery was made. Some soldiers searching in a mosque, found the head of the grand vizir, Kara Mustapha, who commanded the Turkish army at the siege of Vienna, in 1683. It was enclosed in an iron cage, with a white shirt on one side of it, and the

Koran on the other. The Elector of Bavaria thought it a suitable present for Cardinal Colonitz, Bishop of Raab, because the grand vizir had frequently promised, when writing to the sultan, that he would soon send him the head of that prelate. The cardinal accepted this extraordinary present, and allowed it to be deposited in the Arsenal of Vienna, together with the shirt, the Koran, and the very cord with which the vizir had been strangled.

1689.

(11) *Page* 32. *My three superior officers were employed in the empire*—The election of an archbishop of Cologne had embroiled the emperor with Louis XIV. The candidates, Cardinal Furstenberg, a creature of France, and Prince Joseph of Bavaria, having an equal number of votes, the decision, as usual in such cases, was referred to Pope Innocent XI. who being a declared enemy to Louis, decided in favor of the latter, though it was proved that he had neither attained the age prescribed, nor was a canon of the church of Cologne, both indispensably necessary qualifications. To resent this procedure, Louis sent an army of sixty thousand men to the Rhine, under his son, the Dauphin, who commenced his operations by taking Philipsburg. It was to oppose the progress of this prince that the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Bavaria were dispatched with the flower of the imperial troops.

(12) *Page* 32. *The Duke of Savoy*—Victor Amedæus was born in 1666; succeeded his father as Duke of Savoy in 1675. The wavering policy of this prince, of which the reader will find instances enough in this work, was perhaps less the effect of a naturally fickle disposition, than of the situation of his dominions, contiguous to those of two great rival potentates. As Prince Eugene emphatically observes, his geographical position prevented his being a man of honor. Though stripped at times of nearly all his states, yet by his alliance with Austria,

notwithstanding the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of Louis XIV. he was put into possession of the kingdom of Sicily, at the peace of Utrecht in 1713, but exchanged it in 1720 for that of Sardinia. In 1730 he abdicated the throne in a fit of caprice, and afterwards endeavored but in vain to recover it from his son. He died in 1732, aged sixty-seven. Keysler, in his travels, gives many interesting anecdotes of the private history of this monarch.

1690.

(13) *Page 35. He is an excellent general*—Nicolas Catinat was born at Paris in 1637, and was bred to the bar, but losing a cause which had justice on its side, he renounced the profession for that of arms. He signalized himself in the early campaign of Louis XIV. in Flanders; was gradually promoted to the highest rank in the army, and in 1693 he became a marshal of France. After his appointment to an independent command he was generally successful, till, during the war of the Spanish succession, he was sent to oppose Prince Eugene, who in this work pays a just tribute to his military talents and experience. In 1705 the king would have created him a chevalier, but he refused that honor. The latter years of his life were passed in retirement, at his estate at St. Gratien, where he died in 1712, aged seventy-four. The Duke de St. Simon gives in his memoirs the following character of this general. "I have so often spoken of Marshal Catinat, of his virtues, of his prudence, of his modesty, of his disinterestedness, of the superiority of his sentiments, of his great military talents, that I have here only to mention his death at a very advanced age, without having ever been married or acquired any wealth, at his small seat at St. Gratien, near St. Denis, to which he had retired. At this place, which he never left for some years, he would scarcely see any body. He there reminded you, by his simplicity, frugality, con-

tempt of the world, peace of mind, and uniformity of conduct, of those great men, who after well earned triumphs cheerfully returned to the plough, still animated by love of their country, but insensible to the ingratitude of Rome. Catinat improved his philosophy by fervent piety; he possessed genius, sagacity, and judgment. In his dress, equipages, furniture, house, and every thing else, prevailed the greatest simplicity, which likewise distinguished his appearance and manners. He was tall, thin, had a pensive air, and fine intelligent eyes. He deplored the egregious errors which he saw committed after his time, the extinction of all emulation, the luxury, emptiness, ignorance, the confusion of ranks, and the inquisition established instead of the police. He perceived all the symptoms of destruction, and said that nothing less than an overwhelming convulsion could restore order in the kingdom." Catinat died near eighty years before the accomplishment of this remarkable prediction.

(14) *Page* 36. *I did not chuse to remind my dear cousin of his presumption*—It cost him three thousand four hundred men killed, one thousand five hundred wounded, and two thousand prisoners, besides the loss of his artillery and equipages.

(15) *Page* 36. *The Duke of Mantua, who had formed new connections*—This prince, instead of standing neuter as he had engaged, was so much in the French interest, that he kept up a force of six thousand men to repel the imperialists, in case they should approach his dominions. Eugene, whose measures were always marked with decision, entered the duchy of Mantua, and raised contributions as in an enemy's country.

1691.

(16) *Page* 37. *Raised the siege*—The circumstances that led to the raising of the siege of Coni, as related in the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, together with the preliminary observations, may afford an use-

ful lesson to the military officer. It was a maxim with the prince, that a general before he takes the field ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the characters of the enemy's commanders. He was rather reserved than talkative; but when he had taken a prisoner, or happened to be in company with any foreigner, he asked with great address question after question concerning the force of their respective countries, the discipline of the troops, and in particular, the genius and talents of the officers who commanded them. These enquiries, together with an excellent memory, had already made him familiar with the good and bad qualities of every general in Europe; and in the sequel, there was not one among the Turks with whose character he was not better acquainted than the sultan who employed him. Besides this, it was his opinion that stratagems and valor should go hand in hand in war. This maxim he learned from the ancients, and he sometimes carried it to excess.

Be this as it may, Prince Eugene, on being informed that the Marquis de Bulonde was left commander-in-chief of the besieging army, assured the Duke of Savoy that he would deliver Coni. Knowing that Bulonde was a man of mean abilities, extremely credulous, and easily alarmed by the most trifling matter, he contrived a stratagem which was crowned with complete success. He wrote a letter to the Marquis de Rovére, governor of Coni, stating that he was coming with a force to his relief, and hoped the next day to attack the besiegers in their lines; begging him to make the necessary dispositions on his part for a general sortie with the garrison, while he should be engaged with the enemy. This letter was given to a peasant, with directions to carry it with all possible dispatch to the governor. The man, as the prince had foreseen, was seized by a party of the enemy's scouts; the letter was found in his pocket, and he was conducted to M. de Bulonde. That officer had previously received an express from Catinat, to inform him that Prince Eugene was marching from Mondovi with four thousand cavalry and six thousand militia, to compel him to raise the siege, and to desire him not to give himself the least uneasiness on that head, because he would

certainly be joined by the Marquis de St. Silvestre, with a reinforcement of two thousand five hundred horse, before the prince had proceeded half way. For the rest he ordered him not to stir from his camp, assuring him that if he did he should be responsible for what might happen. All this was not sufficient to dispel the apprehensions excited by the letter of the prince. So great were the fears of Bulonde, that he could not give his orders without stammering. Every one who beheld the embarrassment expressed in his countenance expected him to commit some egregious blunder. It was not long before he ordered the baggage to be packed, and scarcely had the army struck the tents when he took to his heels, leaving behind his artillery, ammunition, and part of his baggage, of which the garrison took possession when he was gone. The sick and wounded, whom he also abandoned, were put to the sword.

1692.

(17) *Page* 41. *The Order of the Golden Fleece was sent to me*—This honor was conferred on the prince by the King of Spain, who at the same time commissioned him to deliver the insignia of the order to his friend and companion in arms, Prince Louis of Baden.

1693.

(18) *Page* 42. *Let us too treat the Germans à la tartare*—The victory was complete on the part of the French, but they sullied it by the cruel revenge which they took. The allies had five thousand five hundred men killed in the field of battle, two thousand taken prisoners, and upwards of two thousand wounded. They lost part of their artillery, together with a great number of standards and colours.

1696.

(19) *Page* 47. *Sent me a proposal to pass into his service*—The offers made by the king on this occasion

were very advantageous, comprehending the rank of Marshal of France, the government of Champagne, which the prince's father had enjoyed, and a yearly pension of two thousand pistoles. Eugene however rejected them with disdain, replying that he was a field-marshal in the emperor's army, a dignity which he considered as at least equal to that of Marshal of France; and that as to pensions, they had no temptation for him, as he thought himself quite rich enough, as long as he could find opportunities to evince his fidelity and zeal in the service of the monarch, to whom he had attached himself.

1697.

(20) *Page* 47. *The grand signor, Kara Mustapha* —This prince, brought up among the women and eunuchs of the seraglio, was totally ignorant of military affairs, but so vain and obstinate that he resolved to assume in person the command of his armies. A French engineer and Count Tekeli made some amends for his ignorance. Having gained some advantages over the imperialists in the preceding campaigns, and taken from them the important town of Belgrade, he now advanced, elated with his success, towards Hungary. Like the projectors of the boasted Spanish Armada, destined for the conquest of the British islands, he had made so sure of victory, that he had provided a prodigious quantity of fetters and hand-cuffs, to secure, as he said, all the officers of the imperial army, from the general to the subalterns, whom he reckoned upon making slaves, as well as all the private soldiers. This terrible apparatus filled a great number of waggons, which accompanied the baggage; but, as will be seen in the sequel, his sublime highness had as little occasion for it as the Spaniards, on the occasion alluded to above.

(21) *Page* 50. *On the opposite side of the river*— The booty taken by the conquerors was immense. All the tents of the Turkish army, which were left standing, nine thousand waggons laden with baggage, provisions, and the fetters mentioned in the preceding note; six

thousand camels; seven thousand horses; one hundred pieces of large cannon, and sixty of field artillery; seven horse-tails, and four hundred and twenty-three other standards fell into the hands of the imperialists. The loss of the latter almost borders on the marvellous, considering that they had to attack a numerous army, well entrenched, and very strong in artillery. According to the *Histoire du Prince Eugene* they had four hundred and thirty men killed, and about one thousand six hundred wounded. The Prince himself states his loss at one thousand, in which number he probably reckons only those who either fell in the engagement, or afterwards died of their wounds.

(22) *Page* 50. *I sent Vaudemont*—From the interesting dispatches in which the Prince transmitted the account of his victory to the emperor, and in which he terms himself, with his characteristic modesty, *the unworthy commander of so brave an army*, it appears that there must be a mistake here, and that Count Dietrichstein was the bearer of the glorious intelligence.

(23) *Page* 50. *Burned Seraio*—This was a considerable town of Bosnia, celebrated for its trade and manufactures, containing near six thousand houses, one hundred and fifty mosques, and above thirty thousand inhabitants. The cause of its destruction was as follows. Prince Eugene, wishing to sound the dispositions of the inhabitants, sent officers at different times for that purpose, but they returned without being able to speak with any person. A cornet of Caprara's regiment offered to undertake the commission, promising to acquit himself better than the others had done, and a trumpeter was ordered to accompany him. Being a man of great courage, he advanced to the gates of the town, which he found open and unguarded. He entered the first street, and finding not a single living creature in it, proceeded to another, and ordered the trumpet to sound. The noise drew many of the inhabitants out of their houses: the officer held up at a distance a paper, containing assurances from Prince Eugene, that he would do them no injury, if they would receive the imperialists into their town.

The only answer returned was a discharge of musketry, which killed the trumpeter on the spot, and wounded the cornet so severely that he had great difficulty to crawl back to the camp. The Prince was so exasperated that he protested he would burn the town, and immediately marched to execute this design. It was found that the Turks had withdrawn from it to the castle, built upon an eminence and difficult of access. Eugene reflecting on the miseries in which the accomplishment of his purpose would involve so many innocent victims, relented from his purpose, forbade his soldiers upon pain of death to set fire to any of the houses, but to gratify them, allowed them to plunder the place. The Turks having had time to remove their most valuable effects to the castle, the men found very little booty, and, probably from disappointment and revenge, disobeyed the general's orders, for the town was set on fire, though by what means could never be discovered. All exertions to extinguish the flames proved fruitless. The conflagration, favored by a high wind, destroyed the greater part of the houses and every one of the mosques, and lasted all night and part of the next day.

(24) *Page* 51. *When Schlick*—Count Schlick, captain of the Imperial life-guards.

1700.

(25) *Page* 56. *Influenced as much by justice as by consanguinity*—Louis William, Margrave of Baden, general of the imperial troops, was the son of Ferdinand Maximilian of Baden and Louisa, daughter of Thomas Prince of Carignan; and consequently a near relation of Prince Eugene. He died commander in chief of the imperial army on the Rhine, at his palace at Rastadt, in January, 1707, aged 52.

(26) *Page* 56. Louis Hector de Villars, whose father was of low extraction, raised himself to the rank of duke and peer of France, and grandee of Spain. He was born in 1651, commenced his military career in 1671, and having distinguished himself on various occasions was made marechal-de-camp in 1690. In 1699 he was sent as

envoy extraordinary to Vienna, where he remained till the breaking out of the war in 1702, when the French king gave him the command of one of his armies in Germany. He gained in the same year the victory of Friedlingen, and in 1704 was sent to quell the insurrection which had broken out in the Cevennes. In 1705 he was elevated to the ducal dignity, and in the campaigns of the following year was commander in chief of the French armies in Germany. He was afterwards sent to Flanders, where he was defeated and wounded at Malplaquet in 1709, but triumphed over the allies in 1712 at Denain and Marchienne. His success in the following year is recorded in this work, as is also the share which he had in 1714 in concluding the peace of Rastadt. Villars continued to be a particular object of royal favor after the accession of Louis XV. In October, 1733, that monarch conferred on him the title of marshal general of his camps and armies; in the same month he assumed the command of the French troops in Italy, and in conjunction with the King of Sardinia, subdued the Milanese. The fatigues of this campaign, at his advanced age, impaired his health, and in June, 1734, he died at Turin, in his 84th year. The character of Villars by the Duke de St. Simon is probably overcharged: his avarice, vanity, and self-conceit were undoubtedly very great; but it is scarcely possible that so accurate an observer as Prince Eugene could have been mistaken in regard to his military talents.

(27) *Page* 57. *I could not prevail upon him to relax in this respect.*—In the letters written by Villars to the king during this embassy, we find the following anecdote, which proves the animosity entertained by the King of the Romans, who afterwards ascended the imperial throne by the name of Joseph I. not only against Villars himself, but against the whole nation to which he belonged. "The prince being out riding, and having his drawn sword in his hand, happened to cast his eyes upon me. Being just then under the queen's windows, and conversing with her, he trembled with rage, and said to the queen, as I am credibly informed: 'If I durst I would

begin with that Frenchman,' and then rode off at full gallop, as if for fear of yielding to the temptation."

(28) *Page 57. We all three parted very good friends*—Villars, in his memoirs, says, that every body shunned him except Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Prince of Baden, and some other persons of distinction, too far above suspicion to concern themselves about the opinion of the courtiers. In another place he observes that at his departure from Vienna, Prince Eugene was pleased to give him public marks of esteem and friendship. Some of the courtiers, he continues, were astonished to observe such cordiality between persons who were soon likely to be opposed to one another in the field. "Gentlemen," said Villars, "I rely upon the kindness of Prince Eugene, and am confident that he wishes me well, while on my part I wish him all the prosperity he deserves, except that which would be contrary to the interests of the king, my master. But shall I tell you where the real enemies of Prince Eugene are to be found? His are at Vienna, and mine at Versailles."

(29) *Page 58. On the throne of Constantinople*—A letter written to Louis XIV. in 1688, by Villars, at that time envoy to the court of Bavaria, contains the following statement relative to this subject, and throws additional light on the character and credulity of the Emperor Leopold.—"The elector said to me: you ought to know the emperor as well as I do, to be able to give credit to the reasons which have prevented him from making peace with the Turks, but as you have been at Vienna, you will be the less surprised at them. There are monks who have foretold that the empress should become pregnant, that she should be delivered of twins, and that at the same time the Turkish empire should be destroyed, and one of these twins should reign at Constantinople. The pregnancy of the empress appeared about the time that we took Belgrade; the emperor believed the rest of the prophecy, and would not at that time hear a word about peace. This, Sire, was told me by the Elector, and I have no doubt of the truth of his information."

In another letter to the king, written during his

embassy to the court of Vienna, in October, 1700, Villars says:—"Count Walstein, one of the ministers, who places the greatest faith in predictions, told the Venetian ambassador, from whom I had it, that the emperor has a particular cabinet council, in which he takes surprising resolutions, insinuating that he is assisted by supernatural intelligences, which inspire him with greater fortitude and hope than they have themselves.—The reason of this," adds Villars, "is, because the Abbé Joachim having prophesied things concerning the emperor, from his childhood, which have proved correct. this prince, who was brought up for the church, pays greater regard to all this stuff than his naturally good understanding would allow one to suppose he could."

(30) *Page* 59. *We have no Clements or Ravaillacs.*—Jaques Clement, a Jacobine monk, assassinated Henry III. king of France, in 1558. His successor, Henry IV. in 1610, experienced the same fate, being stabbed by François Ravaillac, another religious fanatic.

1701.

(31) *Page* 64. *The ignorant and presumptuous Villeroy*—Villeroy, says the Duke de St. Simon, was a man exactly cut out to preside at a ball, to be the judge at a tournament, and, if he had had a voice, to sing the parts of kings and heroes at the opera, also well calculated to set the fashions; beyond this he was fit for nothing at all.—As to his capacity for business, continues the same writer, Torcy has told me that in council, the king would frequently at first endeavour to explain to Villeroy the subject before them; that the marshal gave such absurd opinions, or said and asked such silly things, that the king blushed, and looked down with evident embarrassment; and that his majesty never could accustom himself to Villeroy's ignorance.

(32) *Page* 64. *My cousin had the goodness to apprize me of this*—We always suspected, says Villars in his Memoirs, a secret understanding between Prince Eugene and the Duke. Such was our distrust of the latter, that not only the orders for marches and encampments, but

also the most trivial operations, were concealed from him; nay, even one day he found himself surrounded with ditches and redoubts, which he had not commanded to be made, but the object of which had on the contrary been disguised from him.

(33) *Page* 66. *Notwithstanding the loss of the combined army*—The number of killed amounted to near three thousand, and that of the wounded was very considerable. Of the imperialists not more than forty men were slain, as they were covered from the enemy's fire by their entrenchments.

1702.

(34) *Page* 70. *The rest of the story, which is perfectly well known*—This attempt on Cremona is thus related by the Duke de St. Simon :—

Prince Eugene obliged Villeroy to winter in the midst of the Milanese, and there kept him very closely cooped up, while he himself took quarters quite at his ease, and greatly annoyed ours. In this advantageous situation he conceived the design of surprising the centre of the French quarters, hoping by this stroke, which would place him in the midst of their army and country, to disperse the one, make himself master of the other, and thus pave the way to the conquest of Milan, and the few fortified towns in that country. Cremona was the centre: it had a Spanish governor and a very strong garrison; some additional troops had entered, on the conclusion of the campaign, with Crenan, as commander-in-chief. Praslin commanded the cavalry as brigadier, and Fimarcon the dragoons. Towards the end of January, Revel, first lieutenant-general, having arrived at Cremona, superseded Crenan in the chief command. He received orders from Villeroy, who was making a tour of his quarters, to send a strong detachment to Parma, which was demanded by its duke for its safety, and which there was afterwards reason to suspect he had asked for in concert with Prince Eugene, for the purpose of weakening the garrison of Cremona as much as possible. Revel, on hearing of the different movements of the enemy, like a

prudent officer, merely kept the detachment in readiness without sending it away. Villeroy having finished his tour, arrived on the 31st of January, early in the day at Cremona; and having approved of Revel's reasons for detaining the detachment, he supped with a numerous company. He was observed to be extremely thoughtful and absent, and retired at a very early hour.

Prince Eugene having been informed that there was at Cremona an ancient sewer, which terminated at some distance beyond the walls, and passed under the house of a priest; that this sewer had recently been cleansed; that a very small quantity of water ran through it, and that the city had once before been surprised by means of it; directed its mouth to be secretly reconnoitered. He bribed the priest who lived near a gate of the city, which was walled up and not guarded. He introduced into Cremona as many chosen men as possible, under the disguise of priests and peasants, who concealed themselves in the friendly house. These provided themselves as secretly as possible with hatchets. All the necessary preparations being judiciously and quickly made, Prince Eugene gave a strong detachment to Prince Thomas de Vaudemont, first lieutenant-general of his army, and the only son of the governor-general of the Milanese for the King of Spain. To him he communicated his design, with directions to make himself master of the *tête du pont* of the Po, and to hasten to his assistance when he should be engaged in the city. He detached five hundred picked men, under intelligent officers, to proceed up the aqueduct to the house of the priest, where the soldiers whom he smuggled into the place, and who were by this time to have reconnoitered the ramparts, posts, and streets of the city, were in waiting, and were to go with them to open the gate that had been walled up to the rest of the troops. At the same time he marched in person, and in considerable force towards the same point. This plan, concerted with judgment, was executed with precision and the greatest secrecy and success. The first person that perceived any thing of the matter was Crenan's cook, who, going to the store-house at break of day, saw the streets full of soldiers in strange uniforms.

He ran back into the house, and awoke his master, but neither he nor the valets would believe him; however, in this uncertainty, Crenan dressed himself in a moment, went out, and was but too soon convinced of the truth of the information. At the same moment, by an accident which saved Cremona, one of the regiments happened to be drawn up in one of the squares. Its colonel, D'Entragues, was a young man of high honor, assiduous in the duties of his profession, a brave soldier, and ardently desirous of signalizing himself. D'Entragues had ordered out his regiment for the purpose of exercising his men, at the first dawn of day. The battalions were already under arms and formed, when he perceived indistinctly, before it was yet light, files of infantry forming at the opposite end of the street in which he was. He knew from the orders issued the preceding day, that no regiment was to march, and that none but his was to be inspected. Apprehensive of some surprise, he immediately marched up to these troops, discovered them to be imperialists, charged and routed them, sustained the attack of fresh forces which came up, and fought with such obstinacy, that he gained time for the whole city to be roused, and most of the troops, which, but for him, would have been massacred in their sleep, to seize their arms and assemble.

Marshal de Villeroy, who was already dressed and writing in his room, heard a noise, ordered his horse, and sent out to learn what was the matter. He was just mounting, when he was informed by several messengers at once, that the enemy were in the city. He rode down the street towards the great square, which is always the rendezvous in case of alarm, attended only by an aid-de-camp and a page. On turning the corner of the street, he fell in with a corps de garde, by which he was surrounded and stopped. Aware that resistance would be useless, he whispered to the officer, telling him who he was, promising him ten thousand pistoles and a regiment, besides still greater rewards from the king, if he would let him go. The officer was inflexible; he replied that he had not served the emperor so long to betray him at last, and conducted the marshal to Prince Eugene.

Some time after Villeroy seeing Crenan carried along a prisoner and mortally wounded, exclaimed, that he wished himself in his place.

Meanwhile Revel, on whom the chief command devolved, strove to rally his men. Every street was the theatre of an action. Most of the troops were dispersed, some in corps, many scarcely armed, and others even in their shirts; nevertheless they all fought with the greatest intrepidity, but were mostly repulsed and driven inch by inch to the ramparts, where they of course rallied. Had the enemy taken possession of these, or had they not left the French time to recover themselves, and to form there with all their forces, the interior of the city would never have been able to resist them. Praslin, not seeing Montgon, marechal de camp, who had gone out at the first alarm, and judging that the business would be very warm, prudently retired, saying that he was severely wounded, which assertion, however, proved untrue. Montgon had put himself at the head of the Irish battalions, which under his command performed wonders. They posted themselves in the squares, and cleared the neighboring streets, though continually engaged in attacking or defending themselves. Praslin bethought himself that the safety of Cremona, if it could be saved at all, depended on breaking down the bridge across the Po, to prevent the imperialists from receiving succours that way; and this he repeated till Mahoni went to communicate to Revel the idea which had never struck him, and who thought the advice so good, that he sent word to Praslin to do whatever he thought fit. He himself at the same moment sent orders to withdraw the troops in the redoubt at the *tête du pont*. There was not a moment to be lost. Prince Thomas de Vaudemont was already in sight. The troops were withdrawn, and the bridge broken down before his face, notwithstanding all the fire of his musketry to prevent the operation. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon; Prince Eugene had gone to the town-house, to receive the oaths of the magistrates. On leaving the place, alarmed at seeing his troops giving way in most quarters, and uneasy at not seeing the Prince of Vaudemont arrive with reinforce-

ments, he went up with the Prince of Commerci into the steeple of the cathedral, to embrace at one view what was passing in every part of the city. No sooner were they there, than they saw Vaudemont with his detachment on the bank of the Po, and the bridge broken, so as to deprive them of his assistance. They were not better pleased with what they observed in the different quarters of the city and of the ramparts. Enraged at the unpromising state of his enterprize, after wanting so little of complete success, Prince Eugene on descending raved and tore his hair, and though superior in number, began to think of retreat. Fimarcon meanwhile performed prodigies with his dragoons, whom he had ordered to dismount. At the same time, Revel, who saw his troops overcome with hunger, fatigue, and wounds, and who had himself taken not a moment's rest any more than they ever since day-break, also thought of withdrawing them, and whatever else he could, into the citadel of Cremona, where they might at least defend themselves under shelter, and obtain a capitulation; so that the hostile commanders both meditated a retreat at the same time. The conflict therefore slackened in most parts towards evening, under the mutual idea of a retreat: when the troops made a final effort to drive out a body of the enemy posted at one of the gates of the city, who interrupted the communication with the rampart where the Irish were stationed, and to keep the gate clear during the night, so that they might have an opportunity of receiving assistance that way. The Irish so well seconded their attack at the rampart, that the upper part of the gate was broken down. The enemy preserved the lower part standing. A pause of considerable length succeeded this contest. Meanwhile Revel was on the point of withdrawing the troops quietly into the citadel, when Mahoni proposed to him to send some one to see how matters stood, and offered to go himself in quest of intelligence. It was already dark: the scouts took advantage of this circumstance, perceived that all was quiet, and that the enemy had retired. D'Entragues, to whose valor the French owed the preservation of Cremona, did not survive this glorious day. The Spanish

governor was killed, with half of our troops. The Imperialists lost a great number, and were foiled in an attempt, which if successful, would, at one blow, have terminated the war in Italy in their favor.

In the attempt on Cremona, says the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, the loss of His Highness was about one thousand two hundred men, killed or wounded: that of the enemy was not inferior; but they lost a much greater number of prisoners.

(35) *Page* 71. *If Crequi had cut me off from the rest of my army*—The temerity of the attempt to surprise Cremona can only be excused by the confidence of the author of that plan in the measures adopted to ensure success. This temerity will appear still more evident, when it is known that the Marquis de Crequi was posted only twelve miles from the city, with a corps of twenty thousand men, with whom he could therefore come up in a very short time to the assistance of the garrison. During the conflict in the city, he was reported to be on his march, and this was probably the most powerful motive with Prince Eugene to evacuate the place. Crequi was actually advancing, and when he was within three miles of Cremona, he took it into his head to send out a person to obtain intelligence of what was passing in the city. This person was a captain of cavalry, who hearing the firing, and having no desire to receive a taste of it, returned and told Crequi that the city was taken, that the whole garrison were prisoners of war; that nothing could then be done, as the information was perfectly correct, because he had it from an officer with whom he pretended to have spoken. On this the credulous Crequi returned to his quarters, and left the imperialists at full liberty to regain theirs. Crequi fell soon afterwards in the battle of Luzzara.

(36) *Page* 72. *The able &c. Vendôme*—Louis Joseph de Vendôme, Count de Dreux, Duke de Mercœur, de Vendôme, and d'Estampes, was great grand-son to Henry IV. of France, by Gabrielle d'Etrées, and cousin to Prince Eugene, by the side of his mother Laura Mancini, the eldest of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarine. He was born in 1654, and at the period of his appointment to the chief command in Italy was considered

the ablest general in the French army. His manners and propensities, which have been described by some writers, and St. Simon in particular, as the most brutal, disgusting, and detestable, are characterized by others as worthy of the early ages of Greece and Rome. "An enemy to pomp and luxury," says the author of the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, "he never wore any but plain clothes; his equipages were extremely simple; he ate indiscriminately out of pewter or silver. His contempt for riches was truly surprising. If his steward thought fit to give him money, he made a present of it to the first comer, without distinction of rich or poor. He suffered his servants to plunder him without taking any notice; and one of them, who prided himself on his honesty, having demanded his discharge, because he could not bear to see the others rob him, the prince replied:—"If that is all, go and rob too, and let me alone!"—Vendome, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs, commanded the French army in Flanders, and experienced a defeat at Oudenarde in 1708. Being afterwards sent to Spain, he proved more successful in that country; he reinstated Philip V. who had been driven from Madrid, and took prisoner Earl Stanhope with five thousand English troops. He died at Tignaros, in 1712, nearly in the same deserted, forlorn, and miserable condition as the second Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, so admirably described by Pope in his Epistle *on the Use of Riches*.

(37) *Page 76. Which renders the victory certain*—The loss of both parties in this obstinate engagement was nearly equal, at least in slain. That of the imperialists was about two thousand; and this cannot be thought very great, when it is considered that they were repulsed in four successive attacks.

(38) *Page 76. A high idea of his prudence*—The Duke de St. Simon speaks in very different terms of the King of Spain's behavior on this occasion. "The king," says he, "behaved every where in the hottest fire with the greatest composure. He surveyed the reciprocal attacks that took place about him on this narrow and broken ground, where the infantry could scarcely act, and the cavalry behind it was unable to stir. He

frequently smiled at the fear which he thought he perceived in persons of his retinue; and what is extraordinary, with such tried valor, he had no curiosity to go and see what was passing in other places. At length Louville proposed to him to retire a little lower under some trees, where he would not be so conspicuous, but in reality because he would there be more sheltered from the fire. He went and remained there with the same composure. The two hostile generals did wonders; they were fired with emulation, and the presence of the King of Spain was a spur to Prince Eugene, which, with the recollection of the battle of Pavia, caused him to perform prodigies."

1704.

(39) *Page* 81. *The victory gained by him at Spire*—Over the Prince of Hesse on the 16th November, 1703; which led to the fall of Landau.

(40) *Page* 82. *The pillage which I had suffered Marlborough to commit*—In the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, a dreadful picture is given of these ravages.—Great numbers of the inhabitants were obliged to seek refuge in the woods, half naked, without effects or provisions, being unable to rescue any thing from the rapacity of the soldiers; most of them perished of hunger, hardship, and want. The country was one general theatre of murders, carnage, excesses, and conflagration. The elector feeling for the distresses of his subjects, wrote to the Duke of Marlborough, that executions of this kind might be expected of Turkish barbarity, but were unheard of among civilized nations. His grace replied that they were not without parallel among nations pretending to be the most polished of any, and that the elector might put an end to them if he pleased by agreeing to an accommodation. His electoral highness, however, who valued himself as much on constancy in his resolutions, as on intrepidity in battle, replied once for all, "that since the wine was tapped it must be drunk to the very dregs."

(41) *Page* 83. *Which they never acknowledge*—

So far were they from acknowledging this signal defeat, and such was the mortification of Louis XIV. on account of it, that he forbade the affair to be mentioned in his dominions on pain of death. This, however, did not prevent its being the subject of much conversation; some exaggerating the loss that had been sustained, while by others, no better informed, it was greatly underrated. In the Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon, we find not a syllable respecting either this engagement, or indeed the whole campaign of 1704.

(42) *Page* 84. *Ordered him to be fired upon*—This was one of those stratagems which the fertile mind of Prince Eugene was perpetually suggesting, and deserves more particular notice Having learned by his spies that troops might be introduced into Brisach in the disguise of labourers, twelve hundred being then employed upon the new fortifications, he conceived the design of surprising the place. He was informed that the valet of the governor of Fribourg had permission from the commandant to visit Old Brisach, for the purpose of purchasing French wines and other articles. Eugene sent for the governor of Fribourg, with whom he concerted a plan for surprising first Old Brisach, and then New. It was agreed that on the day when the garrison was to receive its usual contributions of hay, fifty waggons should be loaded with it, and men and arms concealed in the middle; that these waggons should be preceded by two hundred of the most resolute officers disguised as carters and peasants. When half these waggons had entered, and the other half were on the draw-bridge, a corps of cavalry was to slip past them into the place, and push on at full speed to seize the cannon and to invest the garrison. Besides the persons already mentioned, four thousand infantry and one hundred horse were designed for the execution of this plan, which was fixed for the morning of the 10th of November. It was day-light when the waggons reached the gate; but there was so thick a fog that they were not perceived from the ramparts. The waggons were examined and sounded with a sword, but nothing being discovered, they were allowed to enter. The pretended carmen, however, being too eager to get in along with

them, the sentinel shut the barrier, on which one of the officers having a hatchet in his hand, struck him with it upon the head and killed him. Another officer in disguise cut the chain of the half moon, and supported by a few others made himself master of it. While this was passing an overseer of the works, whose duty it was to count and examine the workmen, happening to be near the approach to the gate, perceived thirty or forty men, who, notwithstanding their dress, had not the look of peasants. His suspicion being excited, he went up to question one of them. It was the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Bareuth to whom he spoke. He asked who he was, whence he came, and what was the meaning of so many fresh faces, which he had never yet seen at the works. The officer was somewhat disconcerted; the overseer continued his questions, and obtaining no answer, began to beat him soundly with his cane. The lieutenant-colonel had not patience to endure this, and without reflecting whether his revenge might not defeat the object of the enterprize, he leaped into one of the waggons, drew a musket out of the hay, and fired at the overseer, but missed him. The latter, surprised at this adventure, threw himself into the covered way, and afterwards jumped into the ditch, where he hid himself behind some reeds, but not till he had been exposed to the fire of some of the other officers, who had also armed themselves. The governor, on hearing the firing, hastened to the gate, the guard of which flew to arms and received orders to raise the bridge, but it was too late. He then directed the horses in the waggon that was upon the bridge to be killed. This was instantly done, and the way being thus almost entirely stopped, the imperial officers were obliged to follow one by one. The first six were put to the sword. Not daunted by this, for they were all resolute men, they made fresh efforts to force a passage, but were dispatched as soon as they came up. While this was passing at the gate, the German officer who had gained possession of the half-moon, had received a considerable reinforcement. About two hundred of their number were sent towards two bastions, which, however, were so well manned, and kept up such

a galling fire upon the imperialists, that they were at length obliged to abandon the half moon and covered way; having lost in the attempt upwards of two hundred men, among whom were several officers of distinction.

1705.

(43) *Page* 85. *Had been reduced to the brink of ruin*—Louis XIV. having as early as 1703 discovered the intrigues of this artful prince, resolved to revenge himself upon his troops, as he could not upon him. They consisted of three thousand infantry and one thousand five hundred cavalry, who were then in the French army. These he ordered Vendome to disarm and to make prisoners of war. He was obeyed. The duke loudly complained of this affront, dispatched couriers to Vienna, Holland, and England, with applications for assistance, directed all the French in his dominions to be apprehended by way of reprisals, and at length declared war against Louis. The latter, exasperated at having been so often duped by a prince so inferior to himself in every respect, wrote him the following extraordinary letter:—

Sir,

Since religion, honour, interest, alliance, and your own signature, are nothing between us, I send my cousin, the Duke de Vendôme, at the head of my armies, to explain my intentions to you. He will give you but twenty-four hours to make up your mind.

Louis.

To this epistle the duke deigned not to reply in writing. He merely told the officer who brought it that his resolution was taken, that threats had no effect upon him, that he had no other answer to give, and would listen to no other propositions. The consequence was that in a short time the French reduced the whole of his dominions excepting Turin.

(44) *Page* 86. *There it was that I heard of the*

death of the emperor—Leopold I. born in 1640. He was the second son of Ferdinand III. whom he succeeded as emperor of Germany in 1658. He left two sons, Joseph and Charles, both of whom successively filled the imperial throne. That he was a prince of more bigotry and pride than talents is evident, from many particulars recorded in this work. His consort, the daughter of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, appears to have been a highly accomplished woman. Villars, in a letter to Louis XIV. written during his embassy at Vienna, speaks of her in the following terms:—"The empress makes the education of her four daughters one of her principal duties. The eldest is perfect mistress of French, Spanish, Latin, and Italian, and her mind is more deeply imbued with science than is necessary for a woman. The others also have made a progress in the same studies according to their age, and people tell wonderful things of their sweet and excellent dispositions."

(45) *Page* 92. *Had thrown a great number of carriages into the canal*—Historians differ respecting the loss of the contending parties in this action; the German writers making that of the French amount to six thousand killed, and their own to two thousand; while the French exactly reverse the statement. From the nature of the engagement, however, it may be confidently asserted that the French suffered considerably more than the imperialists, though the latter lost seven pieces of cannon, and several standards and colours.

1706.

(46) *Page* 94. *For this superb expedition*—Vendôme took with him eighteen thousand foot and five thousand cavalry, while the force of the imperialists, whom he went to attack, amounted to no more than nine thousand infantry and three thousand horse. He had likewise the advantage of artillery, of which his enemies were destitute. With this superiority it is the less surprising that he should rout them, with the loss of three thousand men killed and wounded, a great num-

ber of prisoners, a considerable part of their baggage, twenty-five pair of colors, and twelve standards.

(47) *Page* 95. *La Feuillade*—The Duke de la Feuillade, whose only merit as a man and a general consisted in his being the son-in-law of Chamillard, at that time prime minister, whose second daughter he had married. St. Simon characterizes him in these strong terms:—"He had a heart completely corrupt, a soul of mud, and he was impious by fashion and profession; in a word, he was the most thoroughly depraved character that has been seen for a long time." The consequences resulting from the appointment of such a man to so important a command were only such as might naturally have been expected.

(48) *Page* 95. *The Duke of Orleans*—The nephew of Louis XIV. and after his death regent of France. "According to the testimonies of all cotemporary historians," says Meiners in his *History of the Female Sex*, "scarcely any mortal ever united in so high a degree as the Duke of Orleans the happiest talents for all the fine and useful arts and sciences, with such an unaccountable aversion to every thing commendable and virtuous; [illegible] soundness, promptitude, and acuteness of understanding, with such inanity and indolence of mind; such exalted virtues, among which personal valor and universal placability were particularly distinguished, with such a propensity to the most degrading vices; such talents for governing others, with such a disposition to suffer himself to be enslaved by the vilest of wretches; in a word, so many rare qualifications, both of the heart and mind, with such a total inability to make a good use of them. On this account all the historians of the time mention a fable in which the mother of the regent admirably delineated the character of her son. 'There was a princess,' says this fable, 'who was delivered of a fine boy. The illustrious mother, according to ancient custom, invited to the birth of her son all the faries of heaven, except one, who was forgotten. The festival was held with great pomp. Each of the fairies made the new-born prince a valuable present. One gave him valor, another clemency, a third wit, a

fourth understanding, a fifth beauty, a sixth strength and vivacity, and others liberality and a love of the arts and sciences. After each had presented her gift, the fairy who had been forgotten arrived, full of secret vexation at the neglect she had experienced. She resolved, after the example of her companions, to make the prince a present, which might at the first view appear advantageous, but which should in reality prove prejudicial.—She gave him good-nature, without determining the degree; and this good-nature was so great as to render all the other gifts which the prince had received totally useless." A more complete exposition of the character of this prince, with details of his scandalous excesses, may be found in the work from which this extract is made. The duke's mother was a German princess of the House of the Palatinate; and he married Mademoiselle de Blois, a natural daughter of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan. It is remarkable that his son was as much distinguished for piety as his father had been for irreligion.

(49) *Page* 101. *This was the 7th of September*—Considering the disproportion of force, the event of that day was perhaps more disgraceful to the French arms than any defeat which they ever sustained. The loss of men was not great, amounting on either side to about eighteen hundred. The French left one hundred and ten pieces of large cannon, about fifty field-pieces, fifty mortars, eighty-six thousand barrels of powder, besides other ammunition; ten thousand horses, five thousand mules, two thousand oxen, and all their baggage, comprehending plate, jewels, and other articles of great value, in the hands of the conquerors. St. Simon gives a highly interesting account of this affair, too long, however, to be introduced here, in which he charges some of the French commanders with treachery, as well as incapacity. La Beaumelle mentions a report that La Feuillade had conceived a passion for the Duchess of Burgundy, daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and that, not daring to express his sentiments in any other manner, he endeavored to make her acquainted with them by saving her father's capital. It is certain that in France

these disasters were very generally ascribed to the intrigues or treachery of that princess, but probably without the slightest foundation.

(50) *Page* 101. *Marsin, who fell in this engagement*—Marsin was not actually killed in the field: being wounded and taken prisoner, he was conveyed by order of Prince Eugene into a house, where, lying upon some straw, he was engaged in dictating letters to his court, when some gunpowder in a neighboring room taking fire, he was smothered before any assistance could be given. The Abbé de St. Pierre speaks of Marsin as a warm, generous man, of inferior abilities as a general, and deranged in his affairs. St. Simon describes him as lively, ambitious, endless in compliments, a great talker, religious, and not deficient either in understanding or address. He succeeded the Duke d'Harcourt as ambassador to the Court of Spain, and with a truly rare concern for the interests of his master in preference to his own, he refused the dignity and emoluments of a grandee of Spain, offered him by Philip V.

(51) *Page* 101. *Bonneval*—Claude Alexandre Count de Bonneval, was descended from a good family, and married the daughter of Marshal de Biron. He quitted the French service in disgust, in consequence of a misunderstanding respecting shoes furnished by his order, for the French soldiers, in a hospital which he had established, and entered into that of the emperor. He continued in the imperial service twenty years; when, according to his own account, he was dismissed from all his employments for declaring that the persons who had accused the Queen of Spain, a French princess, of infidelity to her husband, were scoundrels if they were men, and wh—s if they were women. After a year's confinement in the Castle of Brunn, in Moravia, he went to Turkey, entered into the service of the grand signior, and embraced the Mahometan religion. The emperor gave him a government and a military command, with the rank of bashaw. He obtained an important victory over the imperial army on the Banks of the Danube; but afterwards, falling into disgrace, was banished to the Island of Chios, whence he was, however, recalled, and

appointed master-general of the ordnance. He died in that situation, in 1747, and left memoirs of his life written by himself. In the latter part of his life he was known by the name of Osman Bashaw.

(52) *Page* 101. *Langallerie*—The Marquis de Langallerie, whose name is frequently mentioned in these memoirs, with deserved commendation as a military officer, was allowed by all who knew him to be one of the bravest and best generals of the age in which he lived. His brilliant qualities were, however, eclipsed by many failings. He gave remarkable proofs of levity and fickleness. He was in fact a kind of mad-man, utterly destitute of prudence or conduct in the ordinary intercourse with the world. He quarrelled with the French ministry, and without waiting the effect of the measures taken by his friends to get him out of the scrape, he entered at the beginning of 1706 into the imperial service. He was received as a man from whom important services might be expected; and acquainted only with his military talents, but not with his defects, the imperial court endeavored to make him amends for what he had abandoned. At the beginning of 1707 he went to Vienna, and there he soon shewed what he really was. Having imprudently embroiled himself with a person of the highest rank (with Prince Eugene, according to his memoirs, which however are said to be spurious), he was obliged to seek his fortune elsewhere. Not knowing what to do with himself, he went to Prussia; but since it had been discovered that he possessed nothing but valor without common sense, very little notice was taken of him. The King of Poland, who was then at Berlin, feeling for his situation, made him a present of a thousand ducats, and appointed him general of the foreign troops in his service. A few months afterwards the marquis became religious, and then a fanatic. He went to Frankfurt on the Oder, where he renounced the Roman Catholic religion in the Protestant church of the French refugees. To justify this proceeding, he wrote a work, which he defied the whole Sorbonne to answer. He then repaired to Poland, where he did not long remain. At length, after wandering about a considerable time, he went to Holland, where he formed

an acquaintance with a French adventurer, styling himself the Marquis de Linange, who pretended to be a prince of the empire, in quality of Landgrave of Leiningen; though he was in reality a private gentleman of Perigord, of the name of Beaugelie, who had just been released from the Bastille. These two adventurers formed the most extravagant plans. They engaged with a Turkish aga, who then happened to be at the Hague, to raise a certain number of christian troops for the service of the Porte, at that time at war with the Venetians, and to convey them to Turkey in Dutch vessels. The consequence was that both were apprehended by order of the emperor and carried to Vienna, where they died in confinement. Langallerie, at the time of his death in 1717, was in his 67th year.

(53) *Page* 102. *Italy is our's, cousin*—So panic-struck were the French on this occasion, that the very officers, on recovering themselves, could not imagine how it was possible for them to fly so shamefully as they had done before so inferior a force. One of them in writing to a friend expressed his surprise at this circumstance, in the following terms:—"I am sorry to inform you that I no longer know our soldiers. So exceedingly are they altered since the battles of Seneff, Montcassel, and Landen, that I should scarcely imagine our army to be composed of the troops of the same nation. I shall not describe the disorder in which they fought at the battle of Turin, and the confusion that prevailed among us when we turned our backs on an army, which, even after the engagement, was greatly inferior to our's. I shall draw a veil over this disagreeable scene, but I cannot help telling you that our troops scarcely think themselves safe here, though separated from the enemy by the Alps."

(54) *Page* 102. *I think Louis XIV. will not order Te Deum to be sung at Paris*—The defeat of the French army before Turin produced an extraordinary sensation throughout all Europe. Two singular instances of its effect on the people of England are given in the History of Prince Eugene, referred to in several of the preceding notes. "An old maiden lady was so transported with

admiration of Prince Eugene, on hearing of the battle of Turin, that she made her will and appointed him her sole heir. A gardener, instigated by the same motive, bequeathed to that hero the sum of one hundred pounds sterling."

(55) *Page* 102. *The Prince of Hesse*—Frederic, Landgrave of Hesse, son of Charles, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and Mary Amelia, daughter of James Duke of Courland, was born in 1679. In consequence of his marriage with Ulrica Eleonora, sister of Charles XII. he on the decease of that monarch ascended the throne of Sweden, and died in 1751.

1707.

(56) *Page* 104. *Two cursed cardinals over-ruled the Duke of Savoy's opinion and mine*—The representations of these cardinals had such weight with the emperor that positive orders were sent to Prince Eugene to dispatch ten thousand of his best troops to Naples, under the command of Count Dhaun. This expedition was indeed attended with compleat success, and the total expulsion of the French from Naples, but retarded for several weeks the meditated invasion of the southern provinces of France, and thus gave the enemy time to prepare for defence.

(57) *Page* 104. *We crossed the Var, marched to Frejus*—The following anecdote of a person who afterwards acted a distinguished part in France is related by St. Simon, on occasion of the visit of the Duke of Savoy to Frejus. "The bishop," says he, "who now governs us with such absolute authority by the name of Cardinal Fleury, received him at the episcopal residence, which indeed he could not help doing. The duke loaded him with honors and caresses, and so completely intoxicated him with his civilities, that the poor man, formed alike to deceive and to be deceived, put on his pontifical habit, presented holy water and incense to the duke at the door of the cathedral, and chanted *Te Deum* for the occupation of Frejus. He enjoyed for some days the false caresses of the prince's gratitude for an action so contrary to his duty and his oath. So violent was the king's anger on this

occasion, that Torcy, the intimate friend of the prelate, had the greatest difficulty in the world to prevent its explosion."

(58) *Page* 108. *The inhabitants of Provence, whom he had severely fleeced*—In the Memoirs of the Marquis de Langallerie, which however are asserted not to be genuine, we have a totally different statement. It is there said, that the Duke of Savoy placed his officers in the wings of his army in such a manner, that it was impossible for the troops to straggle for the purpose of plundering and burning houses or villages on their march. "The French army," continues the same work, "followed us so closely that it always halted at the entrance of a village, while we did the same at the other end. In this manner it accompanied us to the banks of the Var, which we passed almost in its sight without the least danger. The French army would indeed have been taken for the escort of that of Piedmont. Never was such a way of carrying on war witnessed before."

1708.

(59) *Page* 109. *Beware lest another Louvois lay waste the empire with fire and sword*—This alludes to the devastations committed by order of that minister in the first years of the war, which commenced in 1688. To render this war more vigorous and durable, says St. Simon, he caused Worms and Spire, and the whole Palatinate, to be laid waste with fire and sword, to the gates of Mentz.—Madame de Maintenon, whose enmity to Louvois is well known, availed herself of these proceedings to inflame the king against the minister. The latter, not content with the dreadful execution which he had already occasioned, would have burned Treves also, and proposed the measure to the king as still more necessary than what had been done at Worms and Spire, as the former might be converted by the enemy into a military position much more dangerous to France. This circumstance gave rise to a curious scene between Louis and his minister. A few days afterwards, Louvois, going as usual to transact business with the king, in

Madame de Maintenon's apartment, told him when business was over, that finding religious scruples were the only reason that had prevented his consent to a measure so necessary for his interest, as the burning of Treves, he thought he should render his majesty an essential service by relieving *him from them*, and taking the matter upon himself; wherefore, without saying any thing to him, he had sent off a courier with orders that Treves should be set on fire immediately on his arrival. The king, contrary to his natural temper, was instantly so transported with rage, that snatching the tongs from the fire-place, he was going to attack Louvois with them, when Madame de Maintenon ran between them, exclaiming: "Ah! Sire, what are you doing?" and took the tongs out of his hand. Louvois in the mean time ran out of the room. The king called him back. "Send off," said he, while his eyes sparkled with indignation, "a courier this moment, with counter-orders; let him arrive in time, and depend upon it you shall lose your head if a single house is burned." Louvois immediately retired more dead than alive, not to issue counter-orders, for he had taken good care not to send off the first courier, though he was waiting ready booted with the dispatches commanding the destruction of the city, till the return of Louvois from the king. Louis never knew any other but that this messenger had set out, and that the second had arrived in time to prevent the execution of the order.

(60) *Page* 116. *Vendôme collected the relics of the army, and took charge of the rear*—In this engagement the allies had about two thousand killed, and three thousand wounded. Of the French four thousand were killed, upwards of two thousand wounded, and seven thousand taken prisoners, as stated in the text. They lost forty nine pair of colors, but no cannon, having only four light pieces in the action.

(61) *Page* 119. *The brave and skilful Boufflers*—Louis François, Duke de Boufflers, the son of Count Boufflers, was born in 1644, entered early into the army, and served under Marshal Crequi in the conquest of Lorraine. In the war with Holland he served under the celebrated Turenne, and in 1675, when that general was killed, he commanded the rear-guard during the retreat of

the French army. After various services in Flanders, Germany, and on the frontiers of Spain, he was, in 1690, appointed general of the army of the Moselle. The following year he acted as lieutenant-general under the king in person. At the siege of Namur he was entrusted with the command of the covering army against King William III. and for his services was in 1693 raised to the rank of marshal of France. In 1694 he was appointed governor of French Flanders, and the following year, throwing himself by a skilful manœuvre into Namur, he held out sixty three days against the allied army. Contrary to the terms of the capitulation, Boufflers was detained a prisoner of war. The marshal enquiring the reason of this, was informed that it was by way of reprisal on account of the French having kept the garrison of Dixmude. "Then," said he, "mine ought to be detained rather than myself." He received this compliment in reply: "You, sir, are of more value than ten thousand men." In the conferences which terminated in the peace of Ryswick, he had a principal share. To his conduct in the following war, Prince Eugene has done ample justice; but it should also be observed that the magnanimity of Boufflers was equal to his military talents; for when a partisan represented to him that it would not be difficult to kill Eugene, the marshal told him he might expect a great reward for taking the prince, but the severest punishment if any thing were attempted against his life. His conduct at the battle of Malplaquet, when though a senior officer, he served agreeably to his own offer under Villars, is described in its proper place. He died at Fontainebleau in 1711, leaving the character of a true patriot as well as of a great commander. It was well observed of him by Madame de Maintenon, that his heart was the last part that died. His conduct was uninfluenced by private interest, and superior to court intrigue. St. Simon, whose praise is bestowed with a very sparing hand, pays a just tribute to the merits of Boufflers.

(62) *Page* 120. *Marlborough sent me word that Berwick*—The Duke of Berwick was a natural son of James II. of England, by Mrs. Arabella Churchill, sister

to the great Duke of Marlborough. At the revolution he followed the fortunes of his father, whom he accompanied to France, where he was recommended to the court by his superior merit. He was created marshal of France, Duke and Peer of France, grandee of Spain, and commander-in-chief of the French armies; in all which stations his behavior was such that few equalled and none perhaps ever excelled him. He lived in an age when many of the greatest men commanded against him. His courage was of the cool, steady kind, always possessing himself; taking all advantages; not foolishly, rashly, or wantonly throwing away the lives of his soldiers. On all occasions he kept up the strictest discipline; and when he had become a naturalized Frenchman, he never suffered the private interest of the Stuart family to interfere with his duty to the sovereign whom he served. Without being a bigot, he was a moral and religious man, a character which he proved to be not incompatible with the life of a statesman and a great general. Berwick possessed none of that suppleness which is considered so essential a requisite in a courtier. For this reason the Queen of Spain, during his command in that country, observed: "He is a great surly devil of an Englishman, who always goes straight forward." Finding him less flexible than she wished, she procured his recall, but was near paying for her dislike with the loss of her crown. He was killed by a cannon ball at the siege of Philipsburg, in 1738.

(63) *Page* 120. *The king sent his booby Chamillard*— Chamillard was brought up to the profession of the law; and though various circumstances related of him by St. Simon and others are highly creditable to his principles and his heart, yet it is on all hands agreed that he was a man of no abilities. His dexterity at billiards introduced him to the notice of Louis XIV. in whose favor, as well as in Madame de Maintenon's, he contrived to establish himself so firmly that the king at length invested him with the highest offices. In 1699, when Pontchartrain became chancellor, he succeeded him in the department of the finances, and on the death of Pomponne, in 1700, was appointed minister of state. On the death of Bar-

besieux in the following year, Chamillard became secretary of state for the war department, in conjunction with the finances. The duties of these situations, especially during a period remarkably disastrous for France, might be considered too arduous for any one man however eminent his genius and talents; it cannot therefore appear surprising if Chamillard found himself inadequate to the task; his health declined under the consequent fatigues and anxieties, and in 1709, he begged leave to resign his offices, which Louis XIV. at length granted, but with great reluctance. He died in 1721.

(64) *Page* 123. *The Chevalier de Luxembourg introduced ammunition, of which the besieged were in great want*—This officer, son of the celebrated marshal of that name, and himself afterwards raised to the same rank, was not inferior to his father in boldness, valor, and prudence, as will in some degree appear from a more circumstantial account of the enterprise alluded to by the author. Marshal Boufflers having found means to inform him that he was in want of powder, the chevalier resolved to carry him a supply. He chose from the different regiments of cavalry two thousand five hundred men, well mounted, and of whose bravery and resolution he was well assured. They consisted of carbineers, dragoons, and troopers. The latter had each a bag of powder of sixty pounds weight behind him, while each of the dragoons and carbineers carried three muskets and a quantity of flints. This force was to be followed by a body of unencumbered troops and another of grenadiers. When every thing was ready for the expedition, the chevalier sent out detachments in various directions, as if to oppose the enemy's parties that infested the French provinces contiguous to the Low Countries; but in reality to divert the attention of the besiegers from his design. He then apprized Boufflers that he would enter by a certain gate, and setting out one very dark night at the head of his corps, he reached the barrier of the camp of the besiegers. He had with him an officer who spoke the Dutch language fluently. When the advanced sentry cried in Dutch: "Who's there?" This officer, who knew

most of the regiments in Marlborough's army, replied that they came from that army, having been detached by his grace. They were permitted to advance to the barrier, where the captain of the guard questioned them very minutely; but the French officer having very patiently answered all his enquiries, they were suffered to pass. As soon as they had gained a free passage through the barrier, they began to defile with all possible dispatch. Half had already passed, when one of the officers, seeing that his men were rather too far asunder, imprudently cried in French: "Closer! closer!" The captain of the guard partly suspecting the truth, ordered those who had not yet passed to stop, but as they paid no attention to this, he ordered them to be fired upon. This produced an explosion of some of the bags of powder, by which more than sixty of the troopers were killed with their horses. Alarmed by this noise Witgenstein's dragoons, whose quarters were near the spot, seized their arms and ran out in their shirts. The hereditary Prince of Hesse likewise repaired thither, and ordered all the cavalry under his command to take horse. Meanwhile those of the French, who had passed the barrier, had time to get into the town; and the others took the road to Douai. Both were pursued, but sustained little injury.

(65) *Page.* 123. *Every body is acquainted with the stupidity of Lamotte*—The Count de Lamotte set out from Bruges to intercept the English convoy with a force twice as strong as that by which it was escorted. It is asserted that he might have taken it without fighting; but he thought fit to attack the escort, which was so advantageously posted in a wood to cover the march, and behaved with such gallantry, that the assailants were repulsed and completely routed with the loss of three thousand killed, and a considerable number wounded and prisoners. St. Simon states that the Duke of Berwick was solicited by some of the principal officers to take upon himself the conduct of this enterprise, but that he shewed them an express order from the court appointing la Motte, "that is to say," he continues, "the most short-sighted and the most obstinate perhaps of all the French lieutenant-generals."

(66) *Page* 129. *I went very soon to pay him a visit, and in truth, to do homage to his merit*—The conduct of Boufflers, during this celebrated siege, is spoken of by St. Simon, in the following terms:—"Accessible at all times, attentive as much as possible to prevent others incurring useless fatigue and dangers, he shunned no hardships, was every where, examined and directed every thing personally, and was continually exposing himself. He did not go to bed three times from the opening of the trenches to the capitulation, merely lying down in his clothes. It is difficult to conceive how a man at his age could sustain such fatigue. He was reproached with exposing his person, but he did so that he might see every thing himself. Several times he was wounded; but concealed it as much as he could, and altered nothing on that account in his daily conduct: but having once been knocked down by a blow on the head, he was carried home, and it was proposed to bleed him. This operation he refused to submit to, for fear it should weaken him, and would have gone out again. His house was surrounded by his soldiers, who declared that they would quit their posts if they saw him again before the expiration of twenty-four hours. Thus besieged, he was obliged to consent to be let blood and to lie down; and never was such joy expressed as when he appeared abroad again. In regard to provisions, he fared the same as his troops; he not only expended the money which he carried with him, but more which he borrowed, for the good of the service, distributing it among the soldiers, and assisting the officers with admirable simplicity."

(67) *Page* 131. *While we are speaking, he is playing very deep*—Charles XII. was just at this time preparing to march into Russia, on the rash expedition which terminated very shortly in the unfortunate battle of Pultowa, where he lost in one day the fruits of all his former conquests.

1709.

(68) *Page* 135. *We determined upon the battle of Malplaquet*—"For many ages," says the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, "there had not been seen so many men

assembled for the purpose of mutual destruction; their number fell little short of three hundred thousand. Each army had a numerous artillery; the allies one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, and the enemy not fewer. In valor, both sides were equal. The allies possessed the advantage of confidence in two able chiefs, and boldness resulting from their late successes; while the French, on the other hand, were covered by hedges, ditches, and excellent entrenchments. In short, every thing contributed to produce a more dreadful carnage than was ever beheld. In truth, neither the battle of Zenta, nor that of Hochstedt, nor scarcely any other, exhibited a spectacle so afflicting to humanity, as the prodigious quantity of blood that was spilled in the plains of Malplaquet."

(69) *Page* 137. *Dangerously wounded below the knee*—Villars remained lame ever afterwards, but for his conduct on this occasion, when the French, as usual, claimed the victory, Louis XIV. created him a duke and peer of France. Boufflers, whose services were perhaps not less conspicuous, was disappointed of any reward; but then Villars was a favorite of the all-powerful Maintenon.

Villars, in his letter to the king after the engagement, states the loss of the allies at four times that of the French, without specifying any number. The author of the history to which I have so often referred in these notes, says, that of twenty accounts of this battle in his possession, no two agree in this respect; but that it is certain the loss of the allies in killed exceeded that of the French by at least one half. It is asserted, says he, that they had twenty thousand men killed in the field, among whom are reckoned eleven thousand Dutch, and above six thousand wounded. The French, on their side, admit eight thousand killed, and four thousand five hundred wounded.

1710.

(70) *Page* 141. *Rendered them cautious and Villars too*—Villars, in his memoirs, asserts that he was desirous of an engagement. "The king," he says, "without

absolutely forbidding me to fight, insinuated that he should prefer entrenchments to a battle, apparently satisfied if I could save Arras and Cambrai. It was not considered that a battle was more suitable to the genius of the nation which impels the French to seek a pitched battle with their enemies, rather than to entrench themselves and reduce the affair to an attack of posts. For this reason, after the taking of Douai, I did not think fit to surround myself with entrenchments, as well that I might not take from the enemy the inclination to meet me, which he affected and I desired, though he was stronger than we by thirty to forty thousand men; as to keep up the courage of our troops when they saw that I did not hide myself. I merely strove to place myself in such a manner as always to have time to throw up a little earth before me, and was particularly careful to take the best posts." I leave the reader to judge whether there does not appear to be some degree of contradiction between the former and the latter part of this passage.

1711.

(71) *Page* 143. *Put an end to this tedious rebellion*— This rebellion commenced in 1703. The leader of the insurgents, Prince Francis Ragotzi, was the son of George Ragotzi, and Helëna Veronica, daughter of Count Serini, who married for her second husband Count Emerick Tekeli, and is so highly celebrated for the heroism with which she defended the fortress of Montgatz against the imperial troops. This prince laid claim to the sovereignty of Transylvania, of which his ancestors had been Waywodes, till his father, putting himself under the protection of the Emperor Ferdinand III. so exasperated the Ottoman Porte, that the latter deposed, and drove him with great ease out of his dominions, the court of Vienna having neglected to give him timely assistance. The Turks then declared Michael Abaffi Waywode of Transylvania. On his death, the emperor having weakened the Turks in Hungary, conceived the design of securing possession of that province. With this view, he filled it with his troops; and when the young

profound mortification—This disastrous business cost the allied army ten thousand men, in killed, drowned, and prisoners. The French, who had only seven or eight hundred killed, took above one hundred pieces of cannon, three hundred thousand pounds of powder, and a prodigious quantity of military and other stores.

(76) *Page* 153. *I could not prevent Villars from taking Douay*—During the siege, Villars made himself master of the fort of la Scarpe, according to his own account, in the following manner: The garrison, says he, beat a parley. I was in the trenches. The officers who came out demanded four days' time to receive the orders of the Prince of Savoy. "You can have no objection," answered I, "to my calling a council to consider of your proposal." "By no means," was their reply. I called the grenadiers. "It is you, gentlemen," said I, "that I want to consult." "What!" exclaimed the officers, "a council of grenadiers!" "On such occasions I never call any other." Then addressing the grenadiers, I said: "My friends, these captains demand four days, that they may have time to receive orders from their general; what is your opinion? "Their answer was: "Let us go to work, and in a quarter of an hour we'll do their business for them." "Gentlemen," said I, "they will do as they say, so make up your mind." The deliberation was not long; they surrendered at discretion, and one thousand three hundred and fifty men, four captains, and one colonel, marched out of the fort, and were sent to Amiens.

(77) *Page* 157. *Leaving Vaubonne to defend the passage of the mountains*—Vaubonne was a native of Bedouin, a large village in the county of Avignon, of low parentage. He entered young into the service, and carried the musket. The difficulty of obtaining promotion in France induced him to accept a commission in the imperial army, in which he rose to the highest rank, and died with the character of a brave officer.

(78) *Page* 165. *Cutting the throats of the Hugonots in the Cevennes*—An interesting account of these insurgents in Languedoc is given in the memoirs of Marshal Villars, who was sent to suppress them in 1704.

1715.

(79) *Page* 176. *'Tis easy to be modest when one is successful*—The loss of the Turks in this engagement was never exactly ascertained. Their killed exceeded six thousand, while the imperialists lost at least half that number, and had near two thousand wounded. One hundred and sixty-four pieces of cannon and mortars, one hundred and fifty pair of colors, and five horse-tails fell into the hands of the conquerors.

(80) *Page* 177. *We took by assault the Palanka*—This was a work fortified and surrounded with a ditch and stone wall, in the Turkish fashion, and covering a suburb of Temeswar, which contained more inhabitants than all the rest of the town. The Turks defended this place with the greatest obstinacy; the action lasted four hours and cost the imperialists upwards of four hundred killed, and one thousand three hundred wounded.

1717.

(81) *Page* 182. *Marcilly was killed while bravely defending himself in a post, which I had directed him to entrench*—Achille de Pawlet, Marquis de Marcilli, was a Frenchman by birth, but of English extraction. An affair of honor with a Mons. de Montgeorges occasioned him to enter into the imperial service, in which he so highly distinguished himself, that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. After the battle of Peterwaradin, he received a very flattering letter from the emperor, in consequence of the high compliments paid by Prince Eugene to his valor and conduct.

(82) *Page* 185. *d'Estrades, governor of the Prince de Dombes*—Godefroi Louis, Count d'Estrades, marechal-de-camp in the French army, was descended from an illustrious family, which produced many celebrated characters. He died in a few days, in consequence of this accident.

(83) *Page* 188. *Either by land or water*—In the engagement which led to the surrender of Belgrade, ten thousand of the Turks were slain in the field of battle,

and three thousand in the pursuit; five thousand were wounded, and the same number taken prisoners. The imperialists had two thousand killed on the spot, and three thousand wounded. The booty taken in the Turkish camp was very great, as was also the quantity of artillery which fell into the hands of the conquerors in the battle and in the city, amounting to six hundred and sixty-five pieces of cannon, and one hundred and four mortars.

1718.

(84) *Page* 193: *It was a cardinal, who ought to have been an enemy of Mahomet, that saved his empire*—This was Cardinal Alberoni, who having raised himself from the lowest station, to the elevated post of prime minister of Spain, made that power respected, if not feared, by the rest of Europe. His projects, which about this time excited considerable apprehension in the countries against which they were directed, were, to place Philip V. as the oldest representative of the house of Bourbon, on the throne of France; to seat the Pretender on that of England; and to add Naples to the Spanish dominions. Naples then belonged to the emperor, who thought fit to conclude a peace with the Mahometans, in order to defend himself against his Christian enemies.

The reader is referred to St. Simon's memoirs for a humorous account of Alberoni's first introduction to the Duke de Vendôme, which laid the foundation of his future greatness. His ambitious projects involved Spain in a war with France, and the regent duke of Orleans made his disgrace one of the conditions of peace with the S h monarch. He was accordingly banished from the k m in 1720, and retired to Italy, where he died at Rome in 1752, aged 87 years.

1719.

(85) *Page* 194. *He caused Aniessens, the father of the city, to be beheaded*—The commencement of the disturbances in the Low Countries was this. The emperor had

thought fit to appoint a new council at Brussels, for the administration of the affairs of Brabant, and this council directed a fresh oath to be administered to the different companies of the city, in the person of the nine deans or masters. The burgomaster accordingly summoned them to the town-house, and read a letter which he said was written by the emperor, directing the form of the oath to be taken by them. The masters requested to see the letter, but as the magistrate absolutely refused to shew it, they, with one single exception, withdrew, declaring their resolution to suffer death, rather than do any thing contrary to their rights and privileges. The people, espousing the cause of the masters, flocked to the town-house to wreak their vengeance on the individual who had taken the prescribed oath; but being disappointed of their object, they attacked and demolished the house of the burgomaster. A detachment of the garrison was sent to quell the rioters, but their numbers had increased to such a degree, that the troops returned without attempting any thing.

A second disturbance broke out on occasion of a subsidy demanded by the emperor, and which could not be levied without the consent of the guilds. The masters, however, declared that they would hear of no imposts to be laid upon the people, till the council had annulled all sentences and decrees against their companies, to the prejudice of their ancient rights and privileges. This requisition, deemed insolent, and tending to undermine the imperial authority, was rejected with contempt, and gave rise to fresh riots, in which the houses of some obnoxious magistrates were demolished or burned. Though the rioters were charged by the troops, and several of them killed, the tumults continued; and as the country people threatened to join the townsmen, the royal authority was obliged to yield and to comply with the demands of the guilds.

On this, a considerable force was sent to the Low Countries; the garrison of Brussels was increased to ten thousand men, and the citizens were forbidden to take arms under pain of death. An investigation into the late disturbances was instituted, and proofs sufficient to con-

vict several of the masters of companies of disobedience to the emperor were soon procured. They were brought to trial, and found guilty. Sentence was passed, and executed the same day, on fourteen of the ringleaders. Among these was Anniessens, a venerable old man of seventy. None ever shewed greater fortitude than he did on this occasion. He heard his sentence read without the least emotion, merely replied to all the charges that he was innocent, and that he had never sought to disturb the tranquillity of the city. When ordered to sign his sentence, according to the custom of the country, he bluntly refused, and replied with great composure, that he never imagined the emperor had not forces sufficient to put an end to a life so far advanced as his. When upon the scaffold, he attempted to harangue the populace, but the noise made by the soldiers who surrounded him prevented his being heard. Not only did the people, as the prince observes, dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, but he was universally styled the Martyr of his country, and received a magnificent funeral at the public expence.

(86) *Page* 194. *Egmont and Hoorn*—Two distinguished patriots of the Low Countries, who were unjustly tried by command of the sanguinary Alva, and beheaded at Brussels in 1568.

(87) *Page* 195. *The squabbles of Prié and Bonneval*—The following extract, from a memoir written by Bonneval himself, for the purpose of being presented to the king of Spain, will elucidate this passage. The Marquis des Faux, a young and handsome Flemish gentleman, made love to Madame d'Apremont, daughter of the Marquis de Prié, vice-governor of the Austrian Netherlands, during the life-time of her husband. No sooner was she a widow, than he was anxious to get away from her; for not a moment was lost by the Priés, to propose to him to step into the place of the deceased. He at first declined the honor in civil and general terms, but fearing some violent measures, he obtained permission from the court of Vienna, unknown to Prié, to go to Spain. Before he set off, he left a letter with the Count de Lannoy, for Madame d'Apremont, in which he promised to return as

soon as possible, and assured her, that he regretted the necessity of this separation, but without the slightest allusion to marriage. For some months he continued to write to the widow, but then his letters ceased entirely. He had been three years absent, when the Priés, exasperated against him, resolved to effect his destruction in Spain, or his expulsion from that country, not doubting that if they could get him into their clutches, they should find means to oblige him to marry their daughter.

The slight disgrace which the consort of his Catholic Majesty Don Louis had incurred by certain childish inadvertencies, afforded them an opportunity of traducing her in the vilest, and at the same time the most imprudent manner that could possibly be imagined. They loudly proclaimed that the cause of this disgrace, the occasion of which was kept secret, was an intrigue between that princess and the Marquis des Eaux, and that the king, her husband, being apprized of it, had ordered the Marquis to be stabbed in the queen's chamber, and his body to be thrown out of the window into the street. This story they repeated to every body, and circulated with such industry, that it soon became current in every ale-house and coffee-house, in every town of the Netherlands. Count de Lannoy, who was in the service of the King of Spain, and to whom the Marquis de Prié related this fable, replied before a whole company, that it could not be true, because the chamber of the Queen of Spain was not so easy of access as Madame d'Apremont's, which greatly disconcerted both the mother and the daughter. The Count de Bonneval, who, notwithstanding the engagements which then bound him to the house of Austria, always entertained the warmest attachment to his Majesty the King of Spain, and the whole royal family of France thought he could not better refute these calumnies, than by declaring one day when he had company at his house, that those who circulated such stories against the honor and virtue of so great a princess as the Queen of Spain were scoundrels if they were men, and w—s if they were women, be they who they would, nay, even if such language had been held in the house of the Marquis de Prié, or of the Marchioness his wife,

or in that of Madame d'Apremont, but without naming them.

The count being greatly beloved in the Netherlands, such a declaration from him broke all the measures of the Priés against the Marquis des Eaux, and shewed the public the source of these calumnies to their utter confusion. They resolved to be revenged on him. He was sent to the citadel of Antwerp, and Prince Eugene, at Vienna, espoused the cause of the Priés with as much warmth as if he had been personally attacked; but notwithstanding all his influence, Prié was dismissed from the deputy-government, and he was himself removed from his government of Flanders. This only increased his animosity against the Count de Bonneval, whom he accused among other things of stirring up a business that might lead to a war. He was confined for a year in the Castle of Spielberg, in Moravia, and dismissed from all his employments in the emperor's service; that great and wise monarch having sacrificed the Count de Bonneval, to compensate Prince Eugene, in some measure for the mortification he felt for the fall of the Priés, and the loss of his government of the Netherlands.

Some months afterwards, however, his imperial majesty sent Count Zinzendorf, high chancellor of his court, to Prince Eugene, to tell him, that his majesty would be pleased to see this affair with the Count de Bonneval adjusted; that he was an officer who had rendered him important services, and he wished his highness would contrive means to restore matters to their former state. The prince angrily replied: "Sir, the emperor is master here; but if the Count de Bonneval enters Vienna at one gate, I shall leave it at another."

Finding the door thus shut against his readmission into the imperial service, and that measures would be pursued to prevent his being received into that of Spain or France, the count came to the resolution of seeking his fortune in Turkey.

1722.

(88) *Page* 199. *Charles VI. displayed his magnifi-*

cence at the marriage of his niece—The Archduchess Maria Amelia, second daughter of the emperor Joseph, who was united to Prince Charles Albert of Bavaria.

1723.

(89) *Page* 203. *Who did not pay proper attention to him*—This circumstance Villars in his memoirs mentions in these words:—"He flew into such a passion one day at a public dinner, as to strike one of his attendants, who did not serve him so expeditiously as he wished. His father, the emperor, looked at him with emotion, and said:—'You might at least forbear to expose yourself before strangers."

1725.

(90) *Page* 210. *We were delighted with his redoubled pains to please us*—Louis Francois Armand du Plessis, Duke de Richelieu, and Marshal of France, was not more notorious for his own early amours with females of the highest rank in France, than for the part which he acted in promoting those of Louis XV. He equally distinguished himself by his services in the cabinet, in his embassies to Vienna, Dresden, and Genoa; and in the field, by the victory of Fontenoy, the reduction of Minorca, and the capitulation of Clostersevern. Those who would form a correct idea of the horrible depravity and licentiousness which prevailed in the court of France during the last century, are referred to the memoirs of this nobleman by the Abbé Soulavie.

1728.

(91) *Page* 212. *Gay as his little court of Lorraine*—This prince having ceded the Duchy of Lorraine to France, afterwards married the emperor's only child, Maria Theresa, and ascended the imperial throne by the title of Francis I. He was born in 1708, and died in 1765.

1732

(92) *Page* 215. *The King of Prussia*—Frederic

William I. whose father assumed the royal title. He was born in 1688, commenced his reign in 1713, and died in 1740. He married Sophia, daughter of the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England, by whom he was father to his successor, Frederic the Great. Frederic William was particularly remarkable for his partiality to soldiers of extraordinary stature, and his attention to all the minutiæ of the dress and evolutions of his troops. These subjects, together with the accumulation of money, were his favorite studies. Most of his generals, whatever their merit might be in their own line, scarcely knew how to sign their names. So great indeed was the ignorance of the king himself, that he banished from his dominions the celebrated philosopher, Wolf, merely because he maintained the doctrine of pre-established harmony; upon which a theologian asserted that on such principles his Majesty's grenadiers were not culpable when they deserted, as it was only the necessary consequence of the impulse which their machine had received from their Creator. Frederic William also exposed his character to the imputation of cruelty from the manner in which he conducted himself towards his own son.

1733.

(93) *Page* 217. *In spite of France, who was desirous of again seating Stanislaus on the throne.*—Stanislaus Leczinski, the son of a Polish nobleman, was born in 1677. In 1704 he was sent ambassador by the assembly of Warsaw to Charles XII. of Sweden, who had conquered Poland. Charles conceived such a friendship for him, that he gave him the throne of that kingdom, and caused him to be crowned in 1705. Stanislaus was involved in 1709 in the misfortunes of his protector and driven from his throne, which he could never afterwards regain. He took refuge in France, where he lived in obscurity till 1725, when Louis XV. espoused his daughter Mary. On the death of Augustus in 1733, he returned to Poland, in hopes of recovering the crown, but the young Elector of Saxony being supported by

Russia and Austria, was declared king. On the conclusion of peace between France and the Emperor of Germany in 1736, it was agreed that Stanislaus should abdicate the throne, and be put in possession of the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, which after his death were to be united for ever to France. His death in 1766, occasioned by his night-gown taking fire, produced a public mourning; indeed the tears of his subjects were the best eulogium on the character of this excellent prince, whose chief delight consisted in doing good.

1734.

(94) *Page* 221. *Breaker of horse shoes*—Augustus II. Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was remarkable for his strength, which was so great that he could break a horse-shoe in his hand with the greatest ease.

(95) *Page* 222. *The son of Augustus II. had been elected Piast.*—Piastus, a native of Poland, was raised in the ninth century from the humble station of a wheelwright to the ducal throne of that country. In this new dignity he displayed so many excellent qualities, that in memory of him all the natives of Poland who have since been elected to the ducal or regal crown have been called *Piastes*, in contradistinction to foreigners.

(96) *Page* 224. *His head was carried off by a cannon ball eight days after the opening of the trenches.*—For a brief character of the Duke of Berwick see a preceding note.

(97) *Page* 224. *I was envious on this occasion, and it was for the first time in my life.*—It is related of Marshal Villars, that on hearing of Berwick's death he exclaimed with the same kind of feeling: "That man was always fortunate."

(98) *Page* 224. *Who appeared a young man of infinite promise.*—This was the prince whose military exploits afterwards astonished the world and procured him the epithet of *Great*. The circumstance from which Prince Eugene drew his presentiment, was as follows:—Frederic having accompanied the commander-in-chief,

when he went to reconnoitre, was on his return through a very open wood, exposed to the cannon of the enemy's lines, which thundered incessantly. The balls broke a number of branches on every side of him; notwithstanding which he never caused his horse to move quicker, nor did the hand which held the bridle alter its motion even for a moment. He continued to converse with the generals who attended him, and never shewed the smallest sign of apprehension.

(99) *Page* 224. *Never did I see any thing so strong: his ditches or trous de loups were conical, and superior to those of Condé at Arras*--These entrenchments, says the author of the *Histoire du Prince Eugene*, were the most formidable that ever were seen. They were the contrivance of Baron d'Asfeld, afterwards Marshal of France, and the greatest engineer of the age. They formed a kind of bow, to which the Rhine was the string, and Philipsburg the arrow. There were three ditches and three parapets lined with one hundred and ten pieces of heavy cannon, a great number of mortars and swivels. All along the parapets were holes about six feet in diameter, twelve deep, and three asunder. This practice was not new; it was adopted by Cæsar of old, and since his time by the Archduke and the Great Condé, at the siege of Arras. But the holes made by Condé on this occasion, more than sixteen centuries after Cæsar, were like those of the Roman general, of a circular figure, and were soon filled by means of ladders and fascines; but d'Asfeld's terminated in a cone, and consequently could not be so well filled up by fascines thrown into them in haste, as that the horses' feet would not sink down in them. The last entrenchment was intersected by excellent traverses, defended by a prodigious fire of musketry, so that the prince looked upon any attempt to force these lines as temerity, nay absolute madness.

(100) *Page* 228. *Eugene was fond of bad company and bad friends, and these are enough to ruin any body*—Keysler in his travels gives the following character of this prince, of whom at that time the highest hopes were entertained.—All those qualifications and endowments that

can procure love and esteem shine conspicuous in this young prince; a graceful person, the most engaging affability and sweetness of temper, a quick u- ' anding, an heroic ardour, a skill in the sciences and ot . parts of polite literature, which is the more extraordinary in a pri ce of fifteen years, justify the exalted hopes entertained of him. He shews a strong inclination to a military life, and is already inuring himself to it, so that a bare board serves him for a pillow. The king has taken the greatest care of his education, and suffered him to be ignorant of no branch of knowledge, which may contribute to his future advancement. To keep him out of public diversions and other dissipations, he has hitherto resided at a distance from the court, having apartments at the riding academy; there he gives himself up to the study of the sciences with such application and intenseness, that he scarcely comes to court once a week, or appears at any public diversions.

(101) *Page* 231. *The preliminaries were signed*—By this treaty the Elector of Saxony was put into quiet possession of the crown of Poland, and the Duchy of Lorraine and Bar ceded to the dethroned King Stanislaus, after whose death it was to be united to France.

(102) *Page* 4. *If I should live a little longer*—It was but a very short time before the attacks of the disorder alluded to by the prince, caused serious apprehensions for his life. By the skill and attention of the Chevalier Carelli, first physician to the emperor, he however recovered sufficient strength to receive company, and also to continue his evening visits to the Countess de Bathiany. On the 20th of April, 1736, being at her house, and having played a game at piquet, he found himself so weak, that he was obliged to leave his friends very early. He returned to his palace and went to bed, having, as he said, more appetite for sleep than for supper. When his valet reminded him of the draught, sent for him by Carelli, he replied: "There is no hurry; it is the same thing whether I take it to-night or to-morrow. I had rather wait till morning." At ten o'clock the following day his attendants found him dead in his bed. His func-

ral obsequies were performed with the greatest magnificence, in the Church of St. Stephen, at Vienna, where his remains were deposited.

The following summary of the character of this great man by his historian will not be deemed by the reader an improper conclusion to this work.

Prince Eugene, though of middling stature, was very well made. His face was rather long, of a dark complexion, and such as becomes a soldier: his eyes were black, lively, and full of fire; his mouth was neither large nor small, and he kept it almost always open. His nose was well-shaped, though rather long, and he had accustomed himself to take a great deal of snuff. His face was thin and his cheeks somewhat hollow. He had black hair, which he wore till it began to grow grey, when he had it cut off, and supplied its place with a wig. He had naturally a grave and serious look; but on proper occasions he could promote hilarity as well as any man. When he shewed himself to his troops, there appeared in his person a certain air of greatness and majesty, which created respect in all who beheld him, from the highest general to the meanest soldier. He was particularly beloved by the troops on account of the resources, by means of which he contrived that they should want for nothing in a country where under any other general they would have been starved to death. In the long wars carried on by the three emperors, under whom Prince Eugene lived, the troops were often left without money and many other necessaries; but Eugene always found means to provide for their wants. I mean not to assert that he ever melted down his plate to pay the army, like Turenne; but he often caused provisions to be distributed at his expence among the troops, when he could not supply them at the expence of the country in which he happened to be. I know not that Prince Eugene ever refused the contributions which were brought him, as Turenne did; but nobody can charge him with avarice, which Marlborough and Villars have so justly been accused of. Eugene was generous but not prodigal. It cannot be denied that he enriched himself as much by war as by the favors of the emperors; neither can

any one refuse him the justice to admit, that in peace he made a worthy use of the wealth which he had amassed.

As he was fond of the fine arts, several eminent professors of them were partakers of his bounty. At a time when the plague had made great ravages in Vienna, and the necessaries of life were very dear in that city, Prince Eugene employed fifteen hundred hands in the embellishment of his palace, and gave them double wages, though he had no occasion for two-thirds of their number. The beauty of this palace, his furniture, his paintings, his cabinets of curiosities, his library, his grounds, his fountains, his statues, and his menagerie, attest the grandeur and good taste of this hero; and the splendid entertainments which he was in the daily habit of giving, displayed the liberality and magnificence of his disposition. Though in the bottom religious, he was no bigot. He was an enemy to intemperate zeal, and a spirit of persecution; and though he had no indulgence for those who would scruple to eat an egg on Good Friday, but would not hesitate to kill a fellow creature on Easter Sunday, under the pretext of aven ˙ng the deity; yet he was punctual in the performance of the duties of his religion.

The qualities of his mind corresponded with those of his heart. It was highly cultivated, improved by extensive reading and profound study, and endowed with extraordinary penetration. His judgment was sound, and seldom was he mistaken in regard to the characters of others; discovering in a moment their most hidden features. He spoke very little, but that little always bore the stamp of good sense. He never slandered any one, but on the other hand he was frugal in his praise, which he never bestowed except on real merit. If he could not speak well of a person, he was wholly silent. Nobody ever excelled him in keeping a secret; and never did he suffer any thing to escape him that could betray what he had once resolved not to communicate. He readily forgave his enemies; he had many whom he well knew, but on whom he never sought to revenge himself.

The prince would never marry, as it was a maxim

with him, that a wife is a troublesome appendage to a soldier, who forgets his duty to think of her, and is often too sparing of his life for her sake. He did not, however, avoid the company of females, and no one better understood the art of rendering to the fair sex whatever is justly due to it, politeness, affability, complaisance, and attention. All these were natural to him in the society of ladies, and he behaved to them with such gallantry, that it might have been supposed he was enamored of some one of them, had he not conducted himself in the same manner to all indiscriminately. He nevertheless treated the Countess de Bathiany with a certain kind of distinction. The prince was frequently at her house; he dined, played, and spent his evenings with her, and seemed to enjoy himself there more than in any other place. The reason was this:—the Countess de Bathiany was a lady of extraordinary understanding, of the most refined and engaging manners, who spoke several languages, and did every thing with grace; but then her virtues were equal to her accomplishments. She encouraged the prince's visits, on account of his rank, his illustrious birth, and the splendor of his achievements, things calculated to make an impression on women: and Eugene was fond of seeing the countess, because her wit and humour and her conversation pleased and amused him, and caused him to pass the time more agreeably with her than any where else. In short, I may venture to assert, without deviating from the rigid truth, that the strong passion which Prince Eugene always felt for war, had as it were suspended and absorbed every other, so that it is not surprising that he should have been invariably sober, chaste, and temperate; regardless of pleasure, and attentive only to reputation, and the means of acquiring immortal renown.

THE END.

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